

Chris Cummings

"Girl"

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Is there anybody going to listen to my story,
All about the girl who came to stay?
She's the kind of girl you want so much it makes you
sorry,
Still you don't regret a single day,

Ah, girl... girl...

When I think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave
her,
She will turn to me and start to cry,
And she promises the earth to me and I believe her,
After all there's time I don't know why,

Ah, girl... girl...

She's the kind of girl who puts you down
When friends are there, you feel a fool,
When you say she's looking good,
She acts as if it's understood,
She's cool, cool, cool, cool,

Ah, girl... girl...

Was she told when she was young that pain would lead
to pleasure
Did she understand it when they said,
That a man must break his back to earn his day of
leisure,
Will she still believe him when he's dead?

Ah, girl... girl...

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