

## Luscious Jackson

### "Ladykillers"

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Here we go. I'm hanging out in Camden.  
Drinking with my girlfriend on a Saturday night.  
This guy says ?Come and meet my girlfriend.  
She's sitting in a corner looking rather uptight?  
So I say ?hello,? and I try to be nice.  
But I see he's feeling itchy.  
Trying to play us off each other  
?Girls, Girls, Please don't fight?  
(You get the picture).

Hey you, with muscles and the long hair.  
Telling me that women are superior to men.  
Most guys just don't appreciate this.  
You just try convincing me you're better than them.  
So he talks for hours 'bout his sensitive soul.  
And his favorite subject is sex.  
I don't even think he really wanted it,  
But Christ, this guy's too much.  
(I want to tell him...)  
I'm as human as the next girl.  
I like a bit of flattery.  
But I don't need your practiced lines.  
Your school of charm mentality. So...  
Save your breath for someone else, and  
Credit me with something more.  
When it comes to men like you, I know the score,  
I've heard it all before.

(Here comes the next one)  
Blondie was with me for a summer.  
He flirted like a maniac, but I wouldn't bite.  
I'm weak, and he was so persistent.  
He only had to have 'cause I put up a fight.  
Oh, God. The boy had such an ego.  
He liked to talk about himself all day and all night.  
You think you're such a ladykiller.  
But you were nothing special, till you turned out the  
light.  
When he's nice to me, he's just nice to himself,  
And he's watching his reflection.  
I'm a five-foot morror for adoring himself.

Here's seven years bad luck.  
(I want to tell him...)  
When you say you love me,  
You're just flattering your vanity.  
But I don't need your practiced lines.  
Your school of charm mentality. So...  
Save your breath for someone else, and  
Credit me with something more.  
When it comes to men like you, I know the score,  
I've heard it all before

Ooh. You're such a Ladykiller.  
Always on a winner, thinking that you're in there.  
Oh, boy. You're such a Ladykiller.  
Super-sexy mister, call it what you will, oh.  
You think you're such a Ladykiller.  
I'll just bet you're still there, posing in the mirror.  
Hey, Girls. He's such a Ladykiller.  
But we know where he's coming from, and we know the  
score.

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