

Westlife "Women"

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When we fall out
I like to go driving in my car
Listen to something ironic
And end up in a bar

Get an earful of shit from a stranger
Who's got a broken heart
Weighting up what would be more painful,
Staying with your man
Or going back to her

Doesn't everybody feel this way sometimes?
It's a lose-lose situation
For a shitty little crime
You can never win with women
It's pointless trying to try
It's a lose-lose situation till the day you die

Everybody knows the score
She'll be crying to the mother-in-law
And I'll be sleeping out with the dog
Must give Inter Flora a call
A call, a call, a call, a call...

Doesn't everybody feel this way sometimes?
It's a lose-lose situation
For a shitty little crime
You can never win with women
It's pointless trying to try
It's a lose-lose situation till the day you die

Ooooh... Ooooh la-la-la
Ooooh... Ooooh la-la-la
Ooooh... Ooooh la-la-la
Ooooh... Ooooh la-la-la
Ooooh... Ooooh la-la-la
Ooooh...

Then we make up
I'll be walking on egg-shells for a day
And I'll clean the house
In the hope that I might get a lay

I think back to that drunken stranger
It's something that he said
You made your bed, so lie in it
She'll be quiet when you're dead

Doesn't everybody feel this way sometimes?
It's a lose-lose situation
For a shitty little crime
You can never win with women
It's pointless trying to try
It's a lose-lose situation till the day you die

And it's a lose-lose situation till the day you die

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