

## **Morcheeba**

# **"Woman Lose Weight"**

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What a surpriser  
Open your eyes, A  
Woman advisor

The name of this entertainment is women lose weight  
Our first years of marriage everything was just great  
But after two kids and the weight gain factor  
The fact is now she's completely unattractive  
Look, fat chicks, I don't mean to sound rude  
I tell her nice hit the gym and don't eat so much food  
But no, 'You're shallow, you need to run the course of  
unconditional love and  
so forth'  
But how, If desire's not there that's just delayment  
Divorce is, child support, alimony payments  
My happiness I doubt discouraged  
So hurry for an easier way out of this marriage

Meanwhile my secretary June, well groomed  
'When you gonna leave your wife?'  
I tell her soon monny soon I assume  
Or my destiny is blue  
Interestingly the only thing left for me to do  
Is to kill her

What a surpriser  
Open your eyes, A  
Woman advisor

I'm going to have to kill her  
Of course there's laws which enforces divorces  
I'm send that ass right  
To the morgue miss  
My plans against or shenanigans kinda ran thin  
Knowing nothing about poisoning and I can't swim  
Bad intentions pumping, might as wall become numb  
Cut her lungs or the obvious robbery gone wrong  
But the catch is do I have the nerve to dispatch this  
Who can I get to help me murder this fat chick?  
I guess I'll have to play a dude robbing  
On Wednesday the day she usually goes food  
shopping

Anyway, long story shor; hit the side of her Chrysler  
And sent it clean over the divider  
You bastard she said as the wreck went tumbling down  
the hill  
I thought she has to be dead  
Later on, ger a call from a Lieutenant O'Rourke  
Had me leaping like a frog  
"We need you at the morgue"  
So I selfishly pursue  
Boo Hoo there was nothing else left for me to do  
I have to kill her

What a surpriser

Screaming who done took my heart  
Acting shaken up a lot

At the funeral, though everyone was looking at me odd  
Like I did it  
Like I was the reason my mates slain  
Murmuring, I heard he was displeased with her weight  
gain  
While my secretary, sort of a sexy blonde, can't look  
All she doea is order from restaurants  
All of the sex you want  
I doubt could address  
Clothes not washed proper and house look a mess  
And talking to detectives that was waiting outside  
How I took a long lunch break day the wife died  
I darn near turned pale  
And because of betrayal  
They indicted me and gave me an impossible bail

Good fortune to anyone admiring the rawtent  
Moral of the story is desire is important  
So watch your weight it will keep your mate smitten  
It's a given  
Though looking back I realise I didn't have to kill her

What a surpriser

Well there you have it  
Keep trim keep your marriages healthy  
You know what I mean  
A small message from Morcheeba adn Slick Rick ruler

Peace

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