

Paul Lewis

"Ladykiller"

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Your brand new car don't do it for me
It don't turn me on
I'm not impressed by your daddys gold card
Or how fast you run
I just can't stand the smell of your low price aftershave

Don't you think you're overdoing it a bit
When I can smell it a mile away

Hey man, right on
You make me so hot
Not!
Hey man, you got it
You're really turning me on
You're dead wrong!
Hey man, not over my
Not over my dead body, baby
Hey man, not over my
Not over my dead body, baby

Your pick up lines isn't working on me
I'm not in the mood
I'm not amused by the story of your life
Or your attitude
You white trash brat with back slicked hair
Is not my cup of tea

You must be feeling really good about yourself
But you will never feel your way with me

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