

## Of Montreal

# "Bunny Ain't No Kind Of Rider"

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Saw her at Go kissing girls, what a shock  
I said you must be an artist  
She muttered her reply, I was judging her friend  
As the DJ played a dead jam

No one wants to dance  
They're outside smoking cigarettes

Matthew was there, yes, he gave me the eye  
Saying, "It doesn't kill to try" then blue lights all around

Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me  
To me you're just some faggy girl  
And I need a lover with soul power  
And you ain't got no soul power

Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me  
To me you're just some faggy girl  
And I need a lover with soul power  
No, you ain't got no soul

She lead me outside to the church with the swing  
There I was her confessor  
Her come on made me blush, was her crush for the  
night?  
Until I screamed, 'Stop'

"Hey, you must be aware I'm not alone  
I've got a tigress back at home and besides  
You wouldn't know what to do with me"

And under the blue lights you see them gossiping  
Gossiping, gossiping, gossiping, gossiping  
Gossiping, gossiping

Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me  
To me you're just some faggy girl  
And I need a lover with soul power  
And you ain't got no soul power

Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me  
To me you're just some faggy girl

And I need a lover with soul power  
And you ain't got no soul power  
No, you ain't got no soul power

No, you ain't got no soul power  
No, you ain't got no soul power  
Say you ain't got no soul power  
No, you ain't got no soul

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