

Paul Overstreet

"She's A Model"

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She's a model in the city,
She loves the crowds and the noise.
She's got a motor, she got the money,
She's got so many toys.
When she walks in the room you can tell at once,
There's something about her poise,
She's got a way with the boys.
You want to touch her but she's too much,
She's not the type you can trust.
She's got her face on every poster
Like some object of lust
And when she's talking you've got to listen
There's something about her voice,
She's got a way with the boys.
You don't want to fall for her but you can't resist her,
You want to tell your friends that you once kissed her,
You once kissed her...
She had a husband then she left him
But that was long ago,
She's independant, she doesn't need him
And I believe her I believe her.
She's a model in the city,
She doesn't need anything,
It isn't hard to understand her
Or take her under your wing
But as you lie in your bed with her there's no joy
You're just like one of her toys,
She's got a way with the boys.

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