

## **Pipettes**

# **"Really That Bad"**

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He's the boy that always sits  
At the back of the class  
He never does what he is told  
(Oh no, he never does)

They say he's several years older  
Than the rest of us  
But I don't, don't know if that is true  
(Oh yes, you'd better believe it)

I once sat next to him in geography  
When he was thrown out of his class  
He's got a tattoo on his arm  
(I wonder where else)

They say he'll only come to harm  
But I can see that he has got a certain charm

But what's beneath his smile?  
But what's beneath his smile?  
But what's beneath his smile?

He's good enough to smile at me  
When he passes me in the corridor  
He's good enough to know my name  
'Cause I heard him once

So can he really be that bad?  
Can he be that bad?  
Can he really, really, really be that bad?

He's the boy that always stands  
By the bike sheds smoking on his own  
And he once offered me a try  
(Oh, did you really? Did you try?)

But I was always too shy  
Though I regret I know  
Just to be near him for a while

I doubt he needs much longer  
I doubt he needs much longer

I doubt he needs much longer

He's good enough to smile at me  
When he passes me in the corridor  
He's good enough to know my name  
'Cause I heard him once

So can he really be that bad?  
Can he be that bad?  
Can he really, really, really be that bad?

He's good enough to smile at me  
When he passes me in the corridor  
He's good enough to know my name  
'Cause I heard him once

So can he really be that bad?  
Can he be that bad?  
Can he really, really, really, really  
Really, really, really, really  
Really, really, really be that bad?

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