

## Mister Heavenly

### "Your Girl"

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And I wonder to myself  
If your baby's feeling alright  
Is your baby coming out tonight?  
Well if she does, you can call me up

I can show you to the central park  
I can chauffeur in the rental car  
But all I ask, is one small dance

Speaking french on the dance floor  
While I hid behind french doors  
You don't seem to get she's not your girl

Ooh girl it's good you're home alone  
You've got a gash, let's get that sown  
I saw hunger in your bones

I see your man's none too impressed  
I flipped you off your feet and under your dress  
And I hope you like a mess

All alone in the middle of the night  
I could've sworn I did everything right  
So how come she's now your girl?

And I was made to believe  
We had a future, just you and me  
Do you want to throw that away?

(Ohh ooh oh oh)  
Baby, I can't believe  
He looked into my eyes  
He took you away from me  
And said  
"Sorry, she's not your girl, anymore"

And I wonder to myself  
C'est la vie

