

Briefs, The

"Getting Hit On At The Bank"

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I was standing in line getting hit on at the bank
What kind of man do you think I am?
Because I have a bad haircut
Because I wear a leather jacket
I can see the traces, oh
You show a bit of empathy
You'd be better off as (?)
Using some kind of telepathy

I'm a reject of the society
Your career might have maybe with credit history
You're so square, I won't be your pet
I'll find another teller go and give me the slip

I was cutting some tracks getting hit on at the studio
What kind of man do you think I am
Because my shades are cheap plastic
Because my suede shoes are red
I can hear the swish swish, oh
Of the wheels of the edit tape
Sticky situations, oh, that's not one that I'll take

I write pop songs, something called groovy
That does not mean I get fruity
You're the producer, now get on with your work
Understand my proposition (?)

I'm mis...under...stood
I'm mis...under...stood
I'm mis...under...stood

I was taking my time getting sexy at The Briefs show
I don't need no one to hold my hand
Not the girls at the record store
Baby, I'm an independent man
Yeah!

Getting hit on at the bank (bank!)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
No thanks
(Don't wanna, don't, don't wanna!)

[4x]

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