Sleeper
"Inbetweener"

Shopping for kicks, got the weekend to get through
She's keeping the rain off her Saturday hairdo
She stops for a coffee, she smiles at the waiter
He winks at his friends and they laugh at her later

He's cleaning the car on his pebble dash driveway
New chamois leather, he got for his birthday
He reads Harold Robbins, he flirts with his neighbor
Ignores her at breakfast, he's reading the paper

He dreams of a roller, she dreams of a fast getaway

He's not a prince, he's not a king
She's not a work of art or anything
It makes no sense another year
(No sense, another year)
What kind of A to Z would get you here?
He's nothing special, she's not too smart
He studies fashion, she studies art
I think I told you, right from the start
You were just my inbetween, just my inbetween
You're such an inbetweener

He went to the dream boys got tickets from Keith
Prowse
Canceled his lifelong subscription to Penthouse
She goes 'round the corner, she sees Harry Conway
She says to herself that she'll leave him on Monday

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What kind of A to Z would get you here?
He's nothing special, she's not too smart
He doesn't listen, she doesn't laugh
I think, I told you right from the start
Now it's much too late to ask me where I've been
You were just my inbetweener

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