

Joel Billy

"That's not her style"

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Some people think that she's one of those mink-coated ladies

They say she wakes up at one

And makes the paparazzi run till dawn

She wines and dines with Argentines and Kuwaitis

After she sips margaritas on the White House lawn

CHORUS

That's not her style I can tell you

That ain't my woman

It's just not her style I can tell you

Because I'm her man

The papers say she was seen in L.A. with a stranger

She found a perfect body with aa Maserati right outside

And then she chartered a Lear

When she heard her career was in danger

And the gave the pilot somethin' extra for a perfect ride

CHORUS

Not that she's never done something crazy or done something wild

It's just that she's better at doing whatever suits her style

And that's not her style

I've read where it's said that she sleeps in a bed made of satin

She's had her face done in every place you can try

They say she gets a piece of every lease in Manhattan

And says she's thirty when she's really pushing forty-five

CHORUS

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