

## **Kinks, The**

### **"The Shirt"**

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As I walked into the charity store  
I saw a second-hand shirt hangin' up by the door  
The collar was frayed, there was a stain on the cuff  
Caused by ketchup or blood or some such stuff  
It wasn't made of polyester or nylon  
The label said "made in the uk" so I tried it on  
And I looked in the mirror and declared  
"i like this shirt, I want it"

It's not the label on the shirt that you wear  
It's the way that you wear it  
They say it's style and breeding and culture that counts  
But you can't change good taste on the expense  
account  
And if design or fashion makes you a hero  
You can dress all highbrow but still be an emotional  
zero  
But I declare "it's not the shirt you wear  
It's the way that you wear it"

I was looking for danger, I should have taken more  
care  
I was dressed to kill, I felt so debonair  
Wild expectations, arrogant air  
Then I walked into that bar, she was standing there  
I walked over with all my savoir fair  
And she said "you're a smart looking dude  
But your character's ugly, it clashes with my shoes  
And i, I can't stand your attitude"

I assumed it was leading to a romantic interlude  
I thought my conquest was made  
But I was stunned by the magnitude  
Of her ingratitude  
I spent a good thirty bucks on this babe  
Like the shirt I was wearing

This romantic affair was not destined to last  
The harder I tried, the louder she laughed  
I was reduced to despair, my emotions laid bare  
She knew I was hurt, made me feel like a jerk

I was humbled, humiliated, castrated  
My masculinity dragged through the dirt  
Then thrown in the air to be devoured by the lions  
The vultures, the jackals and all the scavengers of love  
I was strutting around with my chest stuck out  
Like a peacock preparing to get laid  
Thought I looked cool but she put me down  
She said "you look like a clown on a circus parade"  
Still the shirt has class, it looks well made  
She was a babe of the first degree  
She was totally fantabulous  
Like a goddess from greece and yet  
The epitome of the 20th century femininity  
She was in her own league  
She was meant for me, it was destiny  
Like adam and eve, synchronicity  
She brought out the testosterone in me

Last time I saw that babe she was smiling contentedly  
Now I'm trapped on this murder rap, a mistaken  
identity  
It wasn't me, it wasn't me, it wasn't me  
Now this cop says "it's up to you, death row or solitude  
Crime of passion, you should plead 'insane'  
You say you wouldn't lie, but we've just blown your alibi  
We've found your shirt and it's got a blood stain"

It was the shirt you were wearing  
It was the shirt you were wearing

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