## Long Blondes, The "Fulwood Babylon"

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People think I'm being perverse on purpose.. (x7) But they don't know.

You tried to give me your heart
But her fingermarks
Were all over it.
I tried to look impressed
It was as futile a gesture
As a futile gesture, futile gesture gets.

Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand If you don't plan to be around five minutes later, Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand And don't just say the things that you think I want to hear.

You were there to fill my time It was dark (but you)
But you had nice eyes.
I wasn't too impressed
You hadn't told me anything
Anything amusing yet.

Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand If you don't plan to be around five minutes later, Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand And don't just say the things that you think I want to hear.

It's hard enough getting someone to like you And then you find out that they're nothing like you And it's been a waste of time.

"Girls fantasise on school trips to galleries
Of men who don't meet their parents' expectations
Who want to introduce them to illicit Russ Meyer films,
And dance 'til dawn to old Kinks records.
These are the things you don't understand
Quarter to ten, you're wasting your time
If you want to know me, watch how I dance."

Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand If you don't plan to be around five minutes later, Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand And don't just say the things that you think I want to hear.

It's hard enough getting someone to like you And then you find out that they're nothing like you And it's been a waste of time.

People think I'm being perverse on purpose... (x8)

I don't know you... (x6)

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