

Is there anybody going to listen to my story  
All about the girl who came to stay?  
She's the kind of girl  
You want so much, it makes you sorry  
Still you don't regret a single day  
Ah, girl, girl

When I think of all the times  
I tried so hard to leave her  
She will turn to me and start to cry  
And she promises the earth to me  
And I believe her  
After all this time I don't know why  
Ah, girl, girl

She's the kind of girl who puts you down  
When friends are there  
You feel a fool  
When you say she's looking good  
She acts as if it's understood  
She's cool, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Girl, girl, girl

Was she told when she was young  
That pain would lead to pleasure?  
Did she understand it when they said  
That a man must break his back  
To earn his day of leisure?  
Will she still believe it when he's dead?  
Ah, girl, girl, girl  
Ah, girl, girl