

# Autonomadic, Sugar & Spice

See her over there by the bar, that's my girl  
See the top of her stockings beneath her skirt  
Later on she'll be puking all over the floor --  
Getting drunk again -- yeah, that's my girl  
She likes to ride in a fast car, my girl  
She wants to hitch-hike all over the world  
I can't afford diamonds, these stolen pearls  
She wears -- and nothing else -- she is my girl

Candy canes, chocolates, pink and red hearts  
Teddy bears, sloppy valentine cards  
Pink ribbons, her soft lacy things  
Blown kisses, earrings, and diamond rings

We go to strip clubs, me and my girl  
She likes to get up and give it a twirl  
Then she knocks down whiskeys with the boys --  
But I'm the only one she takes home -- she is my girl  
Chinese is all she cooks, she's is my girl  
She's got a tattoo of a fleur  
That many men have seen -- and a few girls  
But they don't touch her like I touch my girl

She's always getting me in to fights  
But she cleans up the cuts every time  
We make love long into the night  
In a tangle we wake in the afternoon light  
She likes it when guys try to peek down her shirt --  
She's such an un-repentant flirt  
She's always hiking up her skirt --  
Shoplifting or card-sharking -- she is my girl

Sugar and spice, rose red lips, her painted eyes  
Beauty and grace, her sultry sense of style  
Fresh-cut flowers adorning her silken curls  
Her gleaming smile -- she is my girl