

Chic, 26

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On a scale of one to ten, my baby's a twenty-six
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What's this I hear about these perfect tens
My colleagues squawk about
Them Ritzy girl friends
A hundred pounds, a hundred pounds of trash
They talk to me, they ramble on in my ears
And their conversation's boring
I would bet anyone fifty dollars
'Cause I only wagon on the surest things
Anywhere, anywhere she would go
I would follow five hundred miles away from home
Just for a fling, for a fling
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I haven't known too many women
Throughout my less than lustrous career
But of all the relationships I've been in
To my twenty-six the others can't compare
She's my best bosom buddy, she's my partner
In the things I find important to share
She is fine, incredibly fine, it's no wonder
That she catches, that she catches all the stares
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