

Emma Bunton, Who The Hell Are You

There's something strange going on around here
Why've you been acting like you're just fifteen?
Why the hell are you a-staring out the window
Watching and waiting till your coffee goes cold?

Baby I'm no genius
But I know when something ain't right

Who the hell are you?
Too cool, you ain't Mr. Right
Where the hell are you?
You're out messin' every night
Now who's kidding who?
Don't stop 'less you want a fight
Stop living a lie
(Stop living a lie)

I slap your face just to make it real clear
There's something missing but you've no idea
What it takes to treat me like a lady
Look in the mirror, it becomes so clear

Baby I'm no genius
But I know when something ain't right

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Too cool, you ain't Mr. Right
Where the hell are you?
You're out messin' every night
Now who's kidding who?
Don't stop 'less you want a fight
Stop living a lie
(Stop living a lie)

You're out messin' every night
You know I'm the loving type
You're out messin' every night

Stay out of my water, plenty fish in the sea
And keep it out of my face, quit bugging me
And I know what I like, I don't like you very much
There's one thing you can do, stay out of touch

Quit bugging me

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You know I'm the loving type

Oh, no, don't need you
Oh, no, don't need you
(repeat to fade)