

Lily Allen, Fag Hag

I like apple pie
And you like banoffee
We both love shopping for furniture
And meeting for coffee
We pretend we're into art galleries
'Cause it makes us feel clever
We're both in our element when we're on our knees
Whatever the weather

Chorus

I could be your fag hag
And you could be my gay
I'll never make you feel sad
When you come out to play

(repeat)

We don't give a f@#k
What people are thinking
I know you'll always look out for me
When we go out drinking
I can ask you things I can't ask anyone
And you'll give me direction

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Apart from me, you're the only other person I know
Who reads the travel section

Chorus

Be my gay

Chorus