

Girlfriend

Christine and the Queens

[DâM-FunK:]

Chris

[Christine and the Queens:]

I'm gone in a flick, but back in a second
With salted skin, rash for no reason
Boys are loading their arms, girls gasp with envy
F-f-for whom are they mimicking endlessly?
Same old sadness in small lumps on my jaw
For lusting after is the usual freak show
May your girl come, birdie die under this spur
F-f-fingers angrily sunk on the jugular

Girlfriend

Don't feel like a girlfriend
But lover
Damn, I'd be your lover

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Yes sir, I am wet, for I abandoned my fame in the lake
Let's see now how fast you're breathing and how long this will all take
Those who used to pass by me think they are baffling a liar
F-f-fuck is you? You don't even taste much better!
Came back steaming in sweats in the morning
I muscled in for I wanted to hold him
Then shriveled to let those bird-dogs rage through
F-f-f is me? F-f-fuck is you? F-f-fuck is you now

[Christine and the Queens & DâM-FunK:]

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Chris, I don't know why you trippin'

Touché, touché, touché, touché...
Touché, touché, touché, touché...
Touché, touché, touché, touché...
(You got to keep on rollin' girl)
(Keep rollin', rollin')

Touché, touché, touché, touché... (B-b-b-baby)
Touché, touché, touché, touché... (B-b-b-baby)
Touché, touché, touché, touché... (B-b-b-baby)
Touché, touché, touché, touché... (Oh no)
Touché, touché, touché, touché...