

She's shopping for kicks, got the weekend to get through
Keeping the rain off her Saturday hairdo
She stops for a coffee, she smiles at the waiter
He winks at his friends and they laugh at her later

He's cleaning his car on his pebbledash driveway
New chamois leather he got for his birthday
He reads Harold Robbins, flirts with his neighbour
Ignores her at breakfast, he's reading the paper

He dreams of a roller, she dreams of a fast getaway.

He's not a prince, he's not a king
She's not a work of art or anything
It makes no sense another year
What kind of A to Z would get you here
He's nothing special, she's not too smart
He studies fashion, she studies art
I thought I told you right from the start
You were just my inbetween
Just my inbetween
You're such an inbetween.

She went to the dream boys, got tickets from Keith Prowse
She cancelled his lifelong subscription to Penthouse
She goes round the corner she sees Harry Conway
She says to herself that she'll leave him on Monday

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Now it's much too late to ask me where I've been
You were just my inbetween