

Connie

Syd Matters

Want to see Connie, Connie
Wants to see me, Connie
Cos I hate my body and I love hers
Got to see Connie, Connie
Has to know me, Connie
What a silly idea, but I love her

Soon the boy's feeling really bad
And it's creeping out of the line
Trying to escape from the sun
I think I've said enough
I cry and I laugh
Considering the both sides of my love

Some say I'm hiding a gun
Buried in the sand
When I only got love in my hand