

Really That Bad

The Pipettes

He's the boy that always sits at the back of the class
He never does what he's told (oh no, he never does)
They say he's several years older than the rest of us
But I don't know if that's true (oh yes, you better believe it)

I once sat next to him in geography when he was thrown out of his class
He's got a tattoo on his arm (I wonder where else)
They say he'll only come to harm
But I can see that he has got a certain charm

But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile?

He's good enough to smile at me when he passes me in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name 'coz I heard him once
So can he really be that bad?
Can he be that bad?
Can he really, really, really be that bad?

He's the boy that always stands by the bike sheds smoking on his own
And he once offered me a try (oh, did you really, did you try?)
But I was always too shy, though I regret it now
Just to be near him for a while

I doubt he needs much longer
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