

Bananarama, Boy Trouble

I got a boy, got boy trouble
I got a man I just don't want
Got myself in soapy bubble
He wants love but I don't
And when I see him on the street
I look the other way
And when he asks if we could meet
I tell him another day
Boy trouble, boy trouble
He thinks, he's here to stay
Boy trouble, boy trouble
I wish, he'd go away, I wish, he'd go away
He brings me sweets he brings me flowers
He says he wants to be my friend
He rings me nearly every hour
There goes that phone again
He wants to take me out somewhere
Got tickets for a show
I say, I've got to wash my hair
'Cause I don't wanna go
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Boy trouble, boy trouble
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[Unverified]