

Teenage Fanclub, Metal Baby

Metal baby, I met her, baby
I'm her mother and she's got me on her arm

Metal baby, I met her, baby
Got her finger round the trigger of her gun.

I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...

Metal baby, my metal baby
Made me take her to the heavy metal show

Metal baby, my metal baby
Drank the perfume when I didn't want to go

I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...

Metal baby, my metal baby
I'm not ready to be party to her plan

Metal baby, my metal baby
Left the city with the heavy metal band

I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...
So...