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I'm Not That Girl

Reference number pt0065

*MOLINA*

She wears satin, Spanish lace  
she feels wild chinchilla brush across her face  
She's lucky,  
She's a woman.

She wears diamonds bright as stars  
she has lovers open doors to fancy cars.  
She's lucky, so lucky,  
She's a woman.

A perfume by Lanvin to dab across her wrist  
a secret ribboned diary of all the men she's kissed  
So many men she's kissed.

Lilac waters bathe her skin  
at the op'ra ushers gasp when she sweeps in  
gifts of choc'late, roses too  
hand delivered notes confessing "I love you"  
Milky lotions, scented creams,  
she's the climax of your technicolor dreams  
How lucky can you be?  
So lucky you'll agree  
And I wish that she were me  
that woman.