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You Can Always Count On Me

Reference number PT0341

I'm come from a long line of good girls
who choose the wrong guy to be sweet on;
the girl with a face that says "welcome"
that men can wipe their feet on.
I'm there when he calls me,
the trusted girl Friday, alright,
but what good does it do me alone on a Saturday night?

I don't need a map,
I nat'rally head for the dead end street.
You can always count on me.
I'm caught in a trap;
when joy is approaching then I retreat.
I'm at home with misery.

I've been "the other woman" since my puberty began,
I crashed the junior prom and met the only married man.
I'm always on top for romance or choc'late that's bitter sweet.
You can always count on me .

A matter of fact,
if you want an ill-fated love affair,
You can always count on me.
Though I've made a pact to carry out research before I care,
men don't give a warranty.

One Joe who swore he's single got me sorta crocked, the beast;
I woke up only slightly shocked that I'd defrocked a priest.
Or else I attract the guys who are longing to do my hair.
You can always count on me.

I go for the riff raff who's treating me so so;
when I can play the second fiddle
I'm a virtuoso.

I should be playing for a wedding band,
but they're no wedding rings attached,
though you can bet they're strings attached.

Though my kind of dame
no doubt will die out like the dinosaurs,
you can always count on me.
I'm solely to blame,
my head gives advice that my heart ignores.
I'm my only enemy.

I choose the kind who cannot introduce the girl he's with; they're
lots of smirking motel clerks who call me, Missus Smith,
but I've made a name with hotel detectives who break down
doors.

Guess who they expect to see?
You can always count on,
bet a large amount on,
you can always count on me!