

# L8 CMMR

## Lily Allen

Good lover, good lover  
Feels good like a long hot summer  
Late comer, he's a late comer  
My man is a bad motherfucker  
He can bring it, bring it all day long  
All other man, them been wrong  
Nobody will get to see  
'Cause he's gonna spend his life with me  
You can't have him  
No way, he's taken ladies  
I've got me his babies  
Look at my ring  
He's going nowhere till this fat lady sings  
And when I see his face  
I feel like I can win the race  
And when he calls, when he calls my name  
I know we're in the long game  
Why would I leave him for?  
I couldn't ask for any more  
I wouldn't send, I wouldn't send him  
back  
He won me game, set, and match  
Late comer, he's a late comer  
My lover, my lover  
Shoots and scores like he's Maradona  
Under cover, under the covers  
My man is a bad motherfucker  
Anybody, anyone could see  
I'd have caught him eventually  
Me and him have a thing that's rare  
Other girls can look elsewhere  
You can't have him  
No way, he's taken ladies  
I've got me his babies  
Look at my ring  
He's going nowhere till this fat lady sings  
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He won me game, set, and match  
You can look girl but you can't touch  
Don't know why I love him so much  
Can't put this thing into words  
My love for him's absurd  
You can look girl but you can't touch

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>