

Too Fancy

Debbie Gibson

He likes Armani suits
To wear with ties of silk
Bought a herd of cows
To milk his own milk
I like his heart of gold, his personality
He's just too fancy for me

He's got a Cartier and a Mercedes Benz
And that was all ok
When we were only friends
But when we're on a date
It's all too plain to see
He's just too fancy for me

I like a man who can roll up his jeans
And wade in the water
And still has some dreams
I like a man who can understand
Simplicity

Don't want 'em finely tuned
Cause quirky men are cool
The Concorde's caviar
Ain't like Balducci's food
Those thousand dollar suits
May suit society
But they're just too fancy for me

Give me a fishing boat
Give me a wide eyed grin
Don't even try to gloat
Cause you won't even win

Don't want the courtside seats
I want my nose to bleed
He's just too fancy for me
He's just too fancy for me