

STILL DON'T KNOW Baby Jail 1992 (Text: Boni Koller)

300 miles a year, walking in the name of love
looking at nice asses and the faces above
Ooh my only friend is my well experienced hand
I'm just about to grow into a dirty old man

And I still don't know how to flirt
Still don't know how to fix a date
Still don't know how to say I want you
Still don't know what to do

I get out of the bus four Stopps too early
because I can't turn my eyes off that girlie
she's walking down the street, yeah
I got no chance to meet her
But there's a nice face, ooh
in the next bus too

Oh I still don't know how to flirt...

I think I got the knowledge, no doubt about that
The problem is it only happens in my head

I can't concentrate on the things you say
Sorry my thoughts are right over there
Behind you that lady with the flower tattoo
I gotta look at her while I'm talking to you

And I still don't know how to flirt...