

That Don't Impress Me Much

HAIM

I've known a few guys who thought they were pretty smart
But you've got being right down to an art
You think you're a genius—you drive me up the wall
You're a regular original, a know-it-all Oh-oo-oh, you think you're special
Oh-oo-oh, you think you're something else Okay, so you're a rocket scientist That don't impress
me much

So you got the brains, but have you got the touch?
Now, don't get me wrong—yeah, I think you're alright
But that won't keep me warm in the middle of the night
That don't impress me much

I never knew a guy who carried a mirror in his pocket
And a comb up his sleeve—just in case
And all that extra hold gel in your hair oughta lock it
'Cause heaven forbid it should fall outta place Oh-oo-oh, you think you're special
Oh-oo-oh, you think you're something else Okay, so you're Brad Pitt That don't impress me much

So you got the looks, but have you got the touch?
Now, don't get me wrong—yeah, I think you're alright
But that won't keep me warm in the middle of the night
That don't impress me much You're one of those guys who likes to shine his machine
You make me take off my shoes before you let me get in
I can't believe you kiss your car good night
Come on, baby, tell me ... you must be joking, right?
Oh-oo-oh, you think you're something special
Oh-oo-oh, you think you're something else Okay, so you've got a car
That don't impress me much

So you got the moves, but have you got the touch?
Now, don't get me wrong—yeah, I think you're alright
But that won't keep me warm in the middle of the night
That don't impress me much

You think you're cool, but have you got the touch?
Now, now, don't get me wrong—yeah, I think you're alright
But that won't keep me warm on the long, cold, lonely night
That don't impress me much

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