

# 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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