

John Hiatt, Pink Bedroom

She paints her fingernails forbidden tones
She wants nervous youth on the telephone
He don't call
She sticks another pin
In her doll
And puts him next to her stuffed animals

She got the tubetop
She got the french heels
She got the blowdry
She got her eyes peeled
She got the tight jeans
Seventeen magazine
She got it all
She got it all
She got it all
In her pink bedroom

She thinks all her boyfriends are so dumb
She drinks coca-cola with her valium
Mother calls
She sticks another pin
In her doll
And lets those fingers talk her into it

She got the lip gloss
She got the short-shorts
She got her records and
They're all imports
She got her good looks
She got her yearbook
She got it all

She got it all
She got it all
In her pink bedroom

They say they got her future down at the desk
And now they're drawing blood for the grownup test
Something crawls
Beneath her lily skin
And her doll
Is so relieved she's lost her innocence

It was a teen game
Now we're serious
It's all customized
Don't get curious
We got your pension
And your attention
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
We got it all
From your pink bedroom