

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