

Popsie, Single

Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
I always mingle but I'm still single
Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
My eyes they tingle but I'm still single

I dye my hair and polish my nails, tan my skin, starve to stay thin
I pump iron and run my laps, work my ass in aerobic class
My friends say you're a kind of vain
Your desperate manhunt drives you insane
But what am I supposed to do?
I don't have the faintest clue

Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
I always mingle but I'm still single
Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
My eyes they tingle but I'm still single.

In night care mask and Carmen curlers,
I fall deep in a beauty sleep When I wake up
I read my own bible Vouge, Elle and eat Dietorelle
My friends say you're a kind of vain
Your desperate manhunt drives you insane
But what am I supposed to do?
I don't have the faintest clue

Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
I always mingle but I'm still single
Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
My eyes they tingle but I'm still single.

I'm in my own work of art, that's my pride and joy of heart
It takes a lot of energy, to keep my dear vanity

Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
I always mingle but I'm still single
Where's my boy with the jumping joy?
My eyes they tingle but I'm still single.