

Super Deluxe, Farrah Fawcett

i'll get most everything i wanted
except for farrah fawcett
i never see her anymore
i left you while my voice was still changing
while writing and arranging my life's pathetic little score
i don't know if i'll ever get over her
you were the closest thing, almost identical
as far as i could tell
like one of charlie's angels
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh yeah)
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)
promise, you'll never make a promise
you put me on your hit-list
(at least you never were a bore)
i'll take any thoughts you don't use
i give away what i lose
everything that i adore
i don't know if i'll ever get over you
you were the closest thing, almost identical
as far as i could tell
like one of charlie's angels
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh yeah)
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)
i was still a virgin when i lost it (oh yeah, oh yeah)
everything seemed like it really, really was
medals from my tournaments
d'amour have left me kind of sour
maybe i should get a whore and charge her after for the hour (woo-hoo)
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh yeah)
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)
i was still a virgin when i lost it (oh yeah, oh yeah)
everything seemed like it really, really was