

Camera Obscura, Eighties Fan

You know it really won't surprise me
If you're a wreck by the age of fourteen
The way you look
The way you look is fine

So often color-coordinated
Your sister she's an eighties fan
That's all right
Have I told you so is mine

You say your life will be the death of you
Tell me, do you wash your hair in honeydew
And long for all of them to fall in love with you
But they never do

Drinking vodka on the fire
Your mother has a watchful eye
So look out kid
She's onto you this time

Run away to a bed and breakfast
Console yourself with the Reader's Digest
Ringing yellow pages on the moon

You say your life will be the death of you
Tell me, do you wash your hair in honeydew
And long for all of them to fall in love with you
But they never do
No they never do

I'm gonna tell you something good about yourself
I'll say it now and I'll never say it about no one else

I'm gonna tell you something good about yourself
I'll say it now and I'll never say it about no one else
About no one else