

Dada, Posters

She was seventeen going on fifty
I'm not quite sure exactly what that means
But her speakers screamed Sinatra and the Zombies
Her hair hung red around her ripped blue jeans

She said she was Jim Morrison incarnate
A psychic on La Brea told her so
She asked me if I ever read Lolita
She took my hand and lead me to her door

And she said....
Let's go to my room
I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm al lover

She locked the door behind me she lit a candle
Then blew it out said the moon would do just fine
The lizard king and T. Rex for wall paper
Above her bed hung a No-Parking sign

She asked me if I liked her decorator
As she stripped behind a wall of raining beads
I woke up with her pillow and her diary
She took her bath as I began to read

And she said...
Let's go to my room
I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm a lover