

Fish, Somebody Special

She's got a photograph of David Bowie
In a Victorian hand made frame
Signed backstage by a roadie in his name
She's got Hemingway in her bedside table
And a pistol under a pillow beside her head
The bullets round her neck

She wants to wear suits
A cocktail waitress smokes Gauloises Blondes
She's been taking tips from tables for too long
She drinks frozen Stolichnaya
She likes powders from Peru
She don't like no one to tell her what to do

Chorus

She wants to be somebody, be somebody, be somebody, Somebody special
She wants to be somebody, be somebody, be somebody, Somebody special
She wants to wear suits

She's got a nasty reputation as a cruel dude
She likes Japanese movies, she likes Chinese food
She's got handmade patent leather shoes riding on her feet
She knows the lifestyle that she wants and she's willing to compete

Chorus

She put her mind to the classroom but outside
She learned more from giving head
She gave her innocence to someone that she once considered a close friend
She gave her hand to the quarterback on loan to the local football team
He gave his world as security, his heart as deposit on the dream
But, she wants to wear suits

Chorus

She's got a wedding ring
That's Cartier as far as you can tell
She threw it down the local wishing well
She'd lost it in the kitchen sink
Or in a desert motel room
The insurance claim just couldn't come too soon
She wants to be somebody, be somebody, be somebody, Somebody special
She wants to be somebody, be somebody, be somebody, Somebody special
She's somebody special

Do you want to be somebody special

Could you be somebody special

Somebody special

(Dick/Boult/Paton)