

Julie Roberts, Girl Next Door

Small town Homecoming Queen,
she's the star in their scene
There's no way to deny she's lovely
Perfect skin, perfected hair; perfumed hearts everywhere
Tell myself that, inside, she's ugly
Maybe I'm just jealous: I can't help but hate her
Secretly, I wonder if my boyfriend wants to date her

She is the Prom Queen; I'm in a marchin' band
She is a cheerleader; I'm sittin' in the stands
She gets the top bunk; I'm sleepin' on the floor
She's Miss America an' I'm just the girl next door

Senior class president, she must be Heaven sent
She was never the last one standing
A back-seat debutante, everything that you want:
Never too harsh or too demanding
Maybe I'll admit it: I'm a little bitter
Everybody loves her but I just wanna hit her

She is the Prom Queen; I'm in a marchin' band
She is a cheerleader; I'm sittin' in the stands
She gets the top bunk; I'm sleepin' on the floor
She's Miss America an' I'm just the girl next door
Oh, I'm just the girl next door

I don't know why I'm feelin' sorry for myself
I spend all my time wishin' that I was someone else

She is the Prom Queen; I'm in a marchin' band
She is a cheerleader; I'm sittin' in the stands
I get a little bit; she gets a little more
She's Miss America; she's Miss America,
An' I'm just the girl next door

(Every smile, she fakes)
(Everything she takes)
I'm just the girl next door
(Every day I wait)
(And everything's okay)
I'm just the girl next door

(Every smile she fakes)
I'm just the girl next door
(Everything heart she breaks)

To fade