

Limp, Fine Girl

She was the finest girl I've ever seen
See her face in a magazine
And ironically I knew her when sincerity was in her grin
And she had this power that was within
Possessing men was commonplace
And one good look into her eyes
And the look on her face as she smiled

When I fell and her walk
all over me
And her talk
behind my back
Was just about all I could take of her new personality
And all the money in the world Couldn't buy her a new personality
And all the magazine covers Couldn't buy her a new personality