

# 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