

Sleater Kinney, Prisstina

She was a very good girl

Did all her homework in school
Always came home with top marks

Teachers said you will go far

And she never had time for those looks
So she buried her nose in her books

Had grown into a figure number eight
For the boys had noticed her frame

She went on to study ivy-league

And to rack up points for her degree

While the other girls fondled their dates
She fooled around with her Bunsen plate

But one night she was walking around

She passed a club with music so loud
She wondered what it would be like

To stay out with a co-ed all night

Call her your Prisstina

Would you put her under glass?

Would you like to study?

'Cause she's got such perfect class
Oh, you want to tempt her

With your dirty rock n' roll
Call her your Prisstina

She's such a pretty girl

The party's already started and the music's drifting in
Don't wait on your fairy godmother she's late on her way to you

Should you trust that old Prince Charming

You know he never did you any good

But have yourself a ball, Prisstina, do all the things I would!

She will go to the head of the class

And all you boys need to get a late pass
'Cause she'll leave those dull lads behind

Yeah that girl is ahead of her time