

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
So she buried her nose in her books
And she never had time for those looks
For the boys had noticed her frame
Had grown into a figure number eight

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

She went on to study ivy-league
And to rack up points on 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

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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!

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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