

The Dresden Dolls, Bank Of Boston Beauty Queen

I've tried dolls that were guaranteed sixteen or under none were very exciting
sorta like a laugh track or whacking off they'll get you off but it's just not the real thing
It's been decades since my pit days
but I haven't shaken it - I sit there like an idiot
still caught up in the old punk protocol
and dreaming that the teenagers will think that I'm a radical

and I still wait for the bus to come where high school got torn down
still expecting to find true love among the skateboarders hanging out
in back of the bank in my hometown

all this talk and no action's got me stiff from the tit to the bone
so I'm living in lala land - but at least I'm not living at home
same old catcall same old chemicals
same old thrills stealing stockings from the shopping mall
It's simple enough to grow the fuck up happy with the rough-cut
nobody's in the market for a diamond in the rough but

I still wait for my mom to come and pick me up at holly's house
10 years after they cashed it in to make a multi-level parking lot for a seven-eleven and burger king

I've got cryptographs I've got all the phones tapped
I've got proof enough it is indisputable
love's not good enough I want pies and graphs
something that will teach me my arithmetic at last..

better rope the folks in - I'm on the loose again
and getting more ridiculous the more I think I ought to get my mind out of the gutter
(it's getting dangerous, Amanda, god - you're old enough to be his fucking...)
my own private highway from the cradle to the grave
I save a bundle skipping middle age and Saturdays

and I still wait for the cops to come where the station since burned down
still convinced that they'll pick me up for all the sins I committed in the back of the banged-up picku

I've got autographs, backstage passes and leather jacket back patches up the...
ask me anything I've got evidence
single serving saccharine packets dripping black with lipstick kisses

I still wait for the bus to come back where the high school got torn down
still expecting to find true love among the skateboarders hanging out
in back of the bank in my home-

I'm no pederast it was nice to ask
thank you ,but I'm capable of getting up and getting dressed
love's not good enough I want photographs
something that will stand the test of...
time and time again
I think ill head downtown again
oh god
I'm thirty
no, I'm ten
I'm seventeen
and a bank of Boston beauty queen....