

The Magnetic Fields, Courtesans

Where courtesans shed no tears
When men leave them high and dry
They just go on, they just go on
To the next guy

For courtesans only want
Compensation for their time
A few kind words, a few kind words
They need not want

A sable coat, maybe a hat
Oh, I wish I could be like that

But courtesans are not like me
They don't take love very hard
Their hearts are free, their hearts are free
How avant-garde

If no one loves them when they're old
They sit upon their chains of gold

You say you'll love them till you die
And they don't care if it's a lie

'Cause courtesans don't believe
In anybody but themselves
And Santa Claus, and Santa Claus
And his twelve elves