

The Pretenders, The Adultriss

I'm the adultriss
But I didn't want to be and I'm convenient
And I make good tea
I stand accused
Of the worst crime in history
That's my mystery
I'm the adultriss

I go to the park
With a bag of crumbs for the birds
That's where we meet without words
He takes my hand
And stares into the wood
There's nothing to understand
It's understood
I'm the adultriss

Look at the fool
Made up to go out
She's desperate and lonely
But she's puttin' it about
Look at the spinster
Comin' down off the shelf
She's in love and she hates herself

Don't try to stop me
Don't get in my way
It's too late
I've made my play
Does misery love company
I'll be in the bar
You'll find me