

Tony Hightower, Dina Doesn't Talk To Boys

She sits in the corner playing Scrabble
getting the small words and the big points
She sits with her back to the door
Her cap tight on her head, trying hard to ignore
The attacks from the guys she attracts
Who're ignoring the facts 'cause there's something they lack
And it seems everyday they again have to say
Everyone go away, and they don't

Dina doesn't talk to the boys anymore
They don't give her what she wants
Dina doesn't talk to the boys anymore
They don't give her what she wants

She discovered the cafe through her lover's best friend
She didn't know places like this existed
She'd sit and make friends and drink coffee
And just when she thought she could relax and be cool
Someone would plop down and start a conversation
With no invitation, it wore down her patience
She now feels the need to go incognito
She doesn't resent it yet, but

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An angel with her wings clipped
Some people fall when they're tripped
Some angel's clip their own wings
Desperate boys say the darnedest things

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She wants to enjoy herself in the open
She's happily involved, don't ask with who
She wants to drink coffee and talk about Seinfeld
Or Alice In Chains or whatever
And no, she don't want to go out
On a date with some lout, she can do fine without
You can give her respect, she don't want to connect
Understand she'll protect herself

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