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

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

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

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 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

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 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