

Vapors, Spring Collection

By Dave Fenton

Wide eyes and corkscrew hair

Tied with lace you found somewhere

Hard gloss on lipstick smile
Wound up tight to spin for a while

Black jeans with tortured seams
Don't mean that much to me

Cool shades and dayglo tears

All hide your sixteen years

But I don't like to say my thoughts out loud

But I'm liking too much what I see

You flirt with every little boy in town

In your spring collection

You dress to kill and now you're killing me

I could have been there and back
You're just another girl with stars in your eyes

But I don't want to go home with you

Don't like your plastic shoes
Don't like your hair dyed blue

Don't like your damned new rose

Don't like your casual pose

I don't wanna go out tonight

But I don't wanna sit here 'cos there's nothing on the radio

You're coming round tonight

In your parachute suit that you bought in Portobello

I often call your name out loud
And try to tell you what I'm going through

You'd sooner hang around with all your crowd

'Cos they all pose and think and dress like you

In your spring collection

You're just another girl with stars in your eyes

We could have been there and back

But I don't wanna go home with you