

# Wild Strawberries, Life Sized Marilyn Monroe

Booker T is playing on the radio  
Jimmy Dean he plays on my mind  
Someday soon I'm gonna' wipe your filthy boots  
When I expose you  
You Philistine, your Philistine eyes  
You can take your five and dime  
Shove it in your Elvis records  
You can send your valentines  
To your very own life sized Marilyn Monroe  
You keep singing everyday's the fourth of July  
I keep wondering why  
I don't know how I ever met you,  
Don't know why I can't forget the way you tease me  
You Philistine, your Philistine eyes  
You better stop calling  
Kicking my love around  
I don't care if you're another Rudolph Valentino  
I don't care if you're the marrying kind  
You better stop calling  
For my love