

# Courtesans

## The Magnetic Fields

Well, courtesans shed no tears  
When you leave them high and dry  
They just go on, they just go on  
To the next guy 'Cause courtesans only want  
Compensation for their time  
A few kind words, a few kind words  
They need not rhyme A sable coat, maybe a hat  
Oh, I wish I could be like that But courtesans are not like me  
They don't take love very hard  
Their hearts are free, their hearts are free  
How avant-garde If no one loves them when they're old  
They'll sit and count their chains of gold You say you'll love them till you die  
And they don't care if it's a lie 'Cause courtesans don't believe  
In anybody but themselves  
And Santa Claus, and Santa Claus  
And his twelve elves

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