Supermodel

Bran Van 3000

Ooh, look at all this company coming 'round tonight
Even Catherine O'Hara's come by to say hello
You really wanna know?
Well, I'll tell you, might have to pour myself
Another little moonshine, here we goWas a sweet and frosty May
In the town of Thunder Bay
When Dale and Wendy Day
Went out to Sweet brush LakeFound a weeping willow to sit down
And do the Thunder Bay a go-go
While the wind was real soft
Poor little Wendy just had to breakLater on that month, Dale went for Pepper lunch
At the 'We're All In This Together Diner'
Yeah, the pea soup was fine, the corn cob on time
Chili dog's even finerThe real reason was that Wendy was working counter
Two little kids just couldn't get enough of each other
Dale broke out like a man and said
"Wendy, I think I want to take your hand
And make little children, live beyond the sand""In respect to the clouds
And the colony of your eyes
That day we made love
I'm going to call my little child Amber Jones"(Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free)
Which is exactly what happened
(There ain't no genie in the bottle or in that magazine)
Let me ask you one question and it goes
(Hey supermodel)
What's it like being pretty?Now, everyone knows
That if you're going to run a successful cafe
You have to hire the prettiest waitressAmber turns out had been working
At the Pepperlunch Caf
Just like her mother did 20 years earlier
And it boils down to this very simple doctrine
Given by Ralph Habbasham, the ownerRalph says the customer is always right
The customers here are mostly men
And though it don't seem
From table 2 to 16, all men do is dream
Of falling in love, just like womenNow watching from table 20 was a man from New York city
Who is most impressed with Amber's poses
He said, "Come over here, missy, I got a kind of proposition
That is, if you're willing to listen"(Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free)

(There ain't no genie in the bottle or in that magazine)
Come with me
(Hey supermodel)And she was just everywhere
I mean little girls wanted to be like her
Little boys wanted to be with her
And even mothers somehow altered their physique
Just to be a little close to what Amber representedOne day Amber, who likes the Sweetbrush diner
Where she used to work, really missed those coconut cake cucumbers
And made out with one giant missile on the top of her forehead
Poor little Amber couldn't do a thing about itAnd her poor career went kinda downhill
As the people outside her hotel room penthouse cried out
Well, you know what they cried out(Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free)
Sing along with me gals
(There ain't no genie in the bottle, or in that magazine)
(Hey supermodel)
What's it like being a teen dream?Shackles, shackles, shackles on my heart
I loved you from the very first day, from the start
But you left, call it theft of the heart, bring me back the spark
Pretty girl, pretty princess, that is leftBright lights in the glitter, the shine of the night, right
You dreamed of the city 'cause you dreamed of flight
But it's Timber, watch these trees that are falling
Pretty little princess with no one to callIt's a small town, now girl, it doesn't seem so small
First love, fifth grade, first kiss at the mall with me
Y'all, check it with the degrees, bring it back on the MIC
'Cause the man's on his knees
Small town ways in the G's from grade
Bring me back sunny days, we's that praise, hazeY'all tripping through the maze everyday
In the mind want the grape from the vine that was mine
Come back, y'all, to the very first day that we met
'Cause I must call it theft, y'allProtection and selection of my memories
Poet on the mic with degrees saying, please
Princess, y'all, my supermodel girl
Bring you back, pretty princess
'Cause I like to rock your world
One time, smooth, sweet like wine

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