One Way Widow

Les Savy Fav

She was sweet sixteen,
Baby beauty queen.
Straight white teeth,
Bathed in beauty cream.
Priss don't drink
And priss don't smoke.
Shit don't stink
And don't take jokes.
Botoxed in bobby socks.
Cold as ice.
All the boys were like
White on rice.
The end result is still the same,
You can't go back the way you came.Drunk on mint juleps on the tennis court,
The wealthy widow wanted more than sport.
The tennis pro thought it was inappropriate,
The wealthy widow thought that they should go for it.
She giggled, pickled, tanned as leather.
Sacks of sand in her cashmere sweater.
Oh Madame, the way you waste my time,
It's so divine.
Kissing the concrete you'd swear it was skin,
Her manicure secretes original sin.
Oh Madame, your taste for steak and wine serves to impress me.You're so vain
You probably don't think this song is about you, Champagne Jane.So many eager sinners, only 7 deadly sins;
Hell's so Goddamn crowded that there's no one getting in.
The line goes to the river Styx, but she can get you in.It was work,
But the work was fun.
What will they say when they see what we done?
What will they say when they see what we do?
10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-
One of us has got to go.
One of us has got to cum.
Bury me in mistletoe.
Put a dollar on my tongue.You're so vain.

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