

# Boob Job

David Wilcox

She had some extra money  
She wanted to buy time  
Her friends said it was dangerous  
But they couldn't change her mind  
She did it for her mirror  
And for the ocean's summer sand  
She just laid down to that scalpel  
That was in the surgeon's hand  
She got a boob job  
She got a what?  
A boob job, no, yeah?  
Put a pad of silicone up against the breastbone  
Treat her like a man made thing  
Well, the surgeons try to tell you  
That the world will love you better  
If you let 'em cut your body  
And make those mounds inside your sweater  
Just think of the investment  
Now how long those things will last?  
You know like, silicone is permanent  
Even after you have passed  
When the rest of you has faded  
In some box under some stone  
Yeah, you'll still have your silicone  
Balanced on your bones  
She got a boob job  
She got a what?  
A boob job, no, yeah?  
Put a pad of silicone up against the breastbone  
Boob job, huh, well get down  
Boob job, I pick 'em up again  
Boob job, ah good God  
Treat her like a man made thing, no

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