

Eighties Fan

Camera Obscura

You know, it really won't surprise me
If you're a wreck by the age of 14
The way you look, the way you look is fine
So often calico words in eighties You sister, she's an eighties fan
That's alright 'cause I've told you, so is mine
You say, our life would be the death of you Tell me, do you wash your hair in honey juice?
I'll long for all of them to fall in love with you, but they never do
Drinking vodka on the fire
Mother has a watchful eye, so look again
She's onto you this time Run away to a bed and breakfast
Console yourself with the readers digest
Gray and yellow pages all alone You say our life would be the death of you
Tell me, do you wash your hair in honey juice?
I'll long for all of them to fall in love with you But they never do, no they never do
But they never do, no they never do I'm going to tell you something good about yourself
And I'll say it loud and I'll never say it 'bout no one else

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