

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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