

Pink Bedroom

Rosanne Cash

She paints her fingernails forbidden tones
She wants nervous youth on the telephone
He don't call, she sticks another pin in her doll
And puts it next to her stuffed animalsShe got the tube top, she got the French heels
She got the blow dry, she got her eyes peeled
She got the tight jeans, seventeen magazine
She got it all, she got it all, she got it all in her pink bedroomShe thinks all her boyfriends are so dumb
She drinks Coca-Cola with Valium
Mother calls, she sticks another pin in her doll
And lets those fingers talk her into itShe got the lip gloss, she got the short shorts
She got her records and they're all imports
She got her good looks, she got her yearbook
She got it all, she got it all, she got it all in her pink bedroomThey say they got her future down at the desk
Now they're drawing blood for the grown-up test
Something crawls beneath her lily skin
And her doll is so relieved, she's lost her innocenceIt was a teen game now we're serious
It's all customized, don't get curious
She got her pension and your attention
She got it all, she got it all, she got it all in her pink bedroom

Songwriters

JOHN HIATT

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