

Naked and Famous

The Presidents of the United States of America

I can't explain glacial motion
Or why Los Angeles don't drop into the ocean
I can't unfold the layers of mystery
Or piece together the tragedy of history, cause
Those lucky suckers,
They don't have to work
Make 3D billboards and big
30-foot smurfs.

Everybody wants to be naked and famous,
Everybody wants to be just like me
I'm naked
And famous

I met a poet, said she didn't like the smell of it
Then took her clothes off in a restaurant for the hell of it
I met a DJ who lived in seclusion
Reality and sobriety were her only delusions, and
Those lucky bastards
They didn't have to work
Make 3D billboards and big
30-foot smurfs

Don't get a nosebleed,
Don't get upset
We can't be naked and famous
Just yet
There's a big old dollar sign
On the sunset strip
You can send your friend a postcard
It ain't worth the trip

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