Courtesans

The Magnetic Fields

Well, courtesans shed no tears
When you leave them high and dry
They just go on, they just go on
To the next guy
'Cause courtesans only want
Compensation for their time
A few kind words, a few kind words
They need not rhyme
A sable coat, maybe a hat
Oh, I wish I could be like that
But courtesans are not like me
They don't take love very hard

Their hearts are free, their hearts are free
How avant-garde
If no one loves them when they're old
They'll sit and count their chains of gold
You say you'll love them till you die
And they don't care if it's a lie
'Cause courtesans don't believe
In anybody but themselves
And Santa Claus, and Santa Claus
And his twelve elves

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