

California Girls

The Magnetic Fields

See them on their big bright screen
Tan and blonde and seventeen
Eating nonfood keeps them mean
But they're young forever If they must grow up
They marry dukes and earls
I hate California girls They ain't broke, so they put on airs
The faux folk sans derrieres
They breathe coke and they have affairs
With each passing rock star They come on like squares
Then get off like squirrels
I hate California girls Looking down their perfect noses
At me and my kind
Do they think we won't?
Well, never mind Laughing through their perfect teeth
At everyone I know
Do they think we won't
Get up and go? So I have planned my grand attacks
I will stand behind their backs
With my brand-new battle ax
Then will they taste my wrath They will hear me say
As the pavement whirls
"I hate California girls" They will hear me say
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