Spring Collection

The Vapors

Wide eyes and corkscrew hair
Tied with lace you found somewhere
Hard gloss on lipstick smile
Wound up tight to spin for a while
Black jeans with tortured seams
Don't mean that much to me
Cool shades and dayglo tears
All hide your sixteen years

But I don't like to say my thoughts out loud
But I'm liking too much what I see
You flirt with every little boy in town
You dress to kill and now you're killing me

[Chorus:]
In your spring collection
You're just another girl with stars in your eyes
I could have been there and back
But I don't want to go home with you

Don't like your plastic shoes
Don't like your hair dyed blue
Don't like your damned new rose
Don't like your casual pose
I don't wanna go out tonight
But I don't wanna sit here 'cause there's nothing on the radio
You're coming 'round tonight
In your parachute suit that you bought in Portobello

I often call your name out loud
And try to tell you what I'm going through
You'd sooner hang around with all your crowd
'Cause they all pose and think and dress like you

[Chorus]

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