

Katie

The New Yorker

Katie likes to run around
In cotton panties and a crown
She driving all the boys insane
Suckin' on a candy cane
She likes to play the tambourine
Her favorite color's army green
She's a vegetarian
She's a lovely loaded gun
Katie has a way
Of seeing things
That everybody else
Is just afraid to dream of
It's funny how it seems
But when you look at her
I swear, you see love
She wears diamonds oh her toes
She lets her belly button show
She puts perfume in her hair
You don't look at her, you stare
Katie has a way
Of seeing things
That everybody else
Is just afraid to dream of
It's funny how it seems
But when you look at her
I swear, you see love

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