

# Single

## Popsie

Where's my boy with the jumping joy?  
I always mingle but I'm still single  
Where's my boy with the jumping joy?  
My eyes they tingle but I'm still single I dye my hair and polish my nails,  
tan my skin, starve to stay tin  
I pump iron and run my laps,  
work my ass in aerobic class  
My friends say you're a kind of vain  
Your desperate manhunt drives you insane  
But what am I supposed to do?  
I don't have the faintest clue Chorus In night care mask and Carmen curlers,  
I fall deep in a beauty sleep  
When I wake up I read my own bible  
Vouge, Elle and eat Dietorelle  
My friends say you're a kind of vain  
Your desperate manhunt drives you insane  
But what am I supposed to do?  
I don't have the faintest clue Chorus I'm in my own work of art,  
that's my pride and joy of heart  
It takes a lot of energy,  
to keep my dear vanity  
Chorus  
smarre@ebox.tninet.se

Lyrics provided by

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