

Posters

Dada

She was seventeen goin' on fifty
I'm not quite sure exactly what that means
But her speakers screamed Sinatra and the Zombies
And her hair hung red around her ripped blue jeans
She said she was Jim Morrison incarnate
A psychic on La Brea told her so
She asked me if I ever read Lolita
She took my hand and lead me to her door
And she said, "Let's go to my room, I'll show my posters
Let's go to my room, baby, I'll show you I'm a lover"
She locked the door behind me, she lit a candle
Then blew it out, said, the moon would do just fine
The Lizard King and T. Rex for wallpaper
Above her bed hung a no-parking sign
She asked me if I liked her decorator
As she stripped behind a wall of raining beads
I woke up with a pillow and her diary
She took a bath as I began to read
And she said, "Let's go to my room, I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room, baby, I'll show you I'm a lover"
"Let's go to my room, I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room, baby, I'll show you I'm a lover"
Let's go to my room, baby, let's go to my room, baby
I'll show you my posters, I'll show you my posters
I'll show you my posters, I'll show you my posters
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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