

Jenny I Read

Concrete Blonde

Jenny I read something you said about
Rock and roll and life and death, ah
Jenny I read they carried you home
Broken, beaten all alone Oh, Jenny, you said, Jenny, you thought
Give them all that they want, everything that you've got
Oh, Jenny, my dear, it's a wicked city
Once you're young, stupid and pretty And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises
(Kickin' back at the world)
And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls) Jenny, they cried, Jenny, they screamed
Your picture in every magazine
Yeah, you wanted it all but the American dream
Was nothin' to write home about She was the next big thing
And the telephone was ringing all of the time
You were wine and dine every night
Then one day it was over and where are you now they wonder And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises
(Kickin' back at the world)
And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls) Superstar, that's what you are And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises
(Kickin' back at the world)
And all the angry young boys
(And all the angry young girls) Behind their, their fingers, eyes aside, in sharp little whispers
They say it's her, it is her, what happened to her?
She knows this and she smiles
She doesn't look anything, anything like her pictures
She used to be, she used to be, she used to be But she knows this and she smiles
For she has miles of memories all to herself
Everything in between then and now
And all her images of everything in between now and then
And all they have are pictures, pictures

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