

Smiths, The "Supermodels"

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The summer sun has come to stay,
Bikinis, tans, outrageous legs,
They're all retarded and they all look the same,
And barbie's body is melting down,
On her face a big fat frown,
'cause Mr. Cellulite moved into town.

(Chorus)

Well me and B we hate supermodels,
It's not that we know anyone personally
It's just that I'm tired of being compared.

The boys they come here,
With expectations for the summer,
And I refuse to take any part of this barbaric ritual,
God has given me a mind,
That I will use from time to time,
And I got more on my head,
Than what's made by Paul Mitchell.

(Repeat chorus)

(Bridge)

Was it worth the tears you cried...
to fit the size?

Think it over once or twice,
What lasts the longest in this life,
Character, or rock hard thighs?
And in the end do you believe,
That beauty lies in what you see?
'cause if you do, then baby
Youve been deceived.

(Repeat chorus)

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