

Vogue

"P.S. I Read Your Diary"

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But what you wrote in your diary about purity
Sounded more like pornography to me.
But what you wrote in your diary about purity
Sounded more like pornography to me.

Summertime twin.
You've got a bubblegum tongue.
You've got a knack for mimicking my features.

Summertime twin.
The palm trees reek of sex and vodka.
The promenade is poison.

Oh, are you my platinum lover?
Oh, are you my beverly hills valentine?
Oh, are you my platinum lover?
Oh, are you my beverly hills valentine?

But what you wrote in your diary about purity
Sounded more like pornography to me.
But what you wrote in your diary about purity
Sounded more like pornography to me.

Living to guzzle the brew boiling in your bones
Only to let it slip like a smoke from a burning loveletter.

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