

## **John Hiatt**

### **"Pink Bedroom"**

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She paints her fingernails forbidden tones  
She wants nervous youth on the telephone  
He don't call  
She sticks another pin  
In her doll  
And puts him next to her stuffed animals

She got the tubetop  
She got the french heels  
She got the blowdry  
She got her eyes peeled  
She got the tight jeans  
Seventeen magazine  
She got it all  
She got it all  
She got it all  
In her pink bedroom

She thinks all her boyfriends are so dumb  
She drinks coca-cola with her valium  
Mother calls  
She sticks another pin  
In her doll  
And lets those fingers talk her into it

She got the lip gloss  
She got the short-shorts  
She got her records and  
They're all imports  
She got her good looks  
She got her yearbook  
She got it all  
She got it all  
She got it all  
In her pink bedroom

They say they got her future down at the desk  
And now they're drawing blood for the grownup test  
Something crawls  
Beneath her lily skin  
And her doll  
Is so relieved she's lost her innocence

It was a teen game  
Now we're serious  
It's all customized  
Don't get curious  
We got your pension  
And your attention  
We got it all  
We got it all  
We got it all  
We got it all  
We got it all  
We got it all  
From your pink bedroom

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