Ludo ''Elektra's Complex''

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She's got Ansel Adams postcards on her wall They validate her artsiness (she got 'em at the mall) Soulmate's not around, some guy she did on Outward Bound

The tragic inconvenience of it all.

Drama over coffee, girlfriend's having issues Dispensing pop-psychology, advice like it was tissues She's a cookie-cutter, carbon-copy, Cosmo-clone for life

Someday she's gonna be somebody's wife.

CHORUS

What a ripe prototype Educated, but dims her light Beauty tips, birthing hips Guaranteed function right.

She's got Investment Banker Joe to win the bread While tea-times lipo-suck and country-club her in the head

She's a Betty Crocker, soccer-mommy, Oscar nominee For casseroles and faking it in bed.

She's got Prada and Prozac and fun when Joey's gone Lemonade in lingerie for the men who mow the lawn For years and years, her seven-figure life is slowly spent

Someday she'll stop and wonder where it went

REPEAT CHORUS

She wants a caveman with spear and dental plan Who could give her treats and hold her hand Elektra's complex, you gotta understand She's stranded candyless in Candyland She wants a lollipop

SOLO

REPEAT CHORUS

Go! Go! Go! Go!...

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