

DaDa "Posters"

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She was sixteen going on fifty
I'm not quite sure exactly
what that means
But her speakers screamed Sinatra
and the Zombies
Her hair hung red around her
ripped blue jeans
She said she was Jim Morrison
incarnate
A psychic on La Brea told her so
She asked me if I ever read Lolita
She took my hand and lead me to
her door
And she said ...
Let's go to my room
I'll show my posters
Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm a lover
She locked the door behind me
She lit a candle
Then blew it out said the moon
would do just fine
The lizard king and T. Rex for wall
paper
Above her bed hung a
No-Parking sign
She asked me if I liked her
decorator
As she stripped behind a wall of
raining beads
I woke up with her pillow and her
diary
She took her bath as I began to
read
And she said ...
Let's go to my room
I'll show you my posters
Let's go to my room
I'll show you I'm a lover

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