David Wilcox "Boob Job"

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She had some extra money
She wanted to buy time
Her friends said it was dangerous
But they couldn't change her mind
She did if for her mirror
And for the ocean's summer sand
She just laid down to that scalpel
That was in the surgeon's hand

She got a boob job
She got a what?
A boob job
No!
Yeah...
Put a pad of silicone, up against the breastbone
Treat her like a man-made thing

Well the surgeons try to tell you
That the world will love you better
If you let 'em cut your body
And put those mounds inside your sweater
But just think of the investment
Now how long those things will last
You know, silicone is permanent
Even after you have passed
When the rest of you has faded
In some box under some stone
Yeah you'll still have your silly cones
Balanced on your bones

She got a boob job
She got a what?
A boob job
No!
Yeah...
Put a pad of silicone up against the breastbone
Boob job, huh, well get down
Boob job, pick 'em up again
Boob job, good god, treat her like a man-made thing

|--|

No...

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