

They Might Be Giants

"88 Lines About 44 Women"

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Deborah was a Catholic girl
She held out till the bitter end
Carla was a different type
She's the one who put it in
Mary was a black girl
And I was afraid of a girl like that
Susan painted pictures sitting down
Like a Buddhist sat

Reno was an aimless girl
With geographic memory
Cathy was a Jesus freak
She liked that kind of misery
Vicky had a special way of
Turning sex into a song
Camela, who couldn't sing,
Kept the beat and kept it strong

Zillah was an archetype
The voodoo queen, the queen of wrath
Joan thought men were second best to
Masturbating in the bath
Sheri was a feminist
She really had that gift of gab
Kathleen's point of view was this:
Take whatever you can grab

Seattle was another girl who
Left her mark upon the map
Karen liked to tie me up
And left me hanging by a strap
Jeanie had this nightclub walk
That made grown men feel underage
Maryella, who had a son,
Said "I must go," but finally stayed

Gloria, the last taboo,
Was shattered by her tongue one night
Mimi brought the taboo back
And held it up before the light
Marilyn, who knew no shame,

Was never, ever satisfied
Julie came and went so fast
She never even said goodbye

Well, Rhonda had a house in Venice
Lived on brown rice and cocaine
Pattie had a house in Houston
Shot cough syrup in her veins
Linda thought her life was empty
Filled it up with alcohol
Catherine was much too pretty
She didn't do that shit at all
Uh-uh, not Catherine

Pauline thought that love was simple
Turn it on, and turn it off
Jean Marie was complicated
Like some French film-maker's plot
Deenah was the perfect lady
Always kept her stockings straight
Jackie was a rich punk rocker
Silver spoon and a paper plate

Sarah was a modern dancer
Lean, pristine transparency
Janet wrote bad poetry
In a crazy kind of urgency
Tanya Turkish like to fuck while
Wearing leather biker boots
Brenda's strange obsession was for
Certain vegetables and fruits

Rowena was an artist's daughter
The deeper image shook her up
Deedee's mother left her father
Took his money and his truck
Debbie Ray had no such problems
Perfect Norman Rockwell home
Nina's sixteen, had a baby,
Left her parents, lived alone

Bobbie joined a New Wave band and
Changed her name to Bobby Sox
Eloise, who played guitar,
Sang songs about whales and cops
Cherry, who didn't give a shit,
Was just a realist
But Ronnie was much more my style
She wrote songs just like this

Jezebel went forty days

Drinking nothing but Perrier
Dinah drove her Chevrolet
Into the San Francisco Bay
Judy came from ohio
She's a Scientologist Amaranda, here's a kiss I chose
to end this list Eighty-eight lines about forty-four
women

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