

## Camille West "Ladies Against Fanny Floss"

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When our stretch marks look like the New Jersey  
Turnpike  
mapped from navel to knees,  
when the bottom's best feature is its interesting texture  
(the sign of a fine cottage cheese),  
when we search for the perfect bathing suit  
that will cover our assets -and still look cute-  
is this an impossible, hopeless pursuit?  
Or are we just hard to please?

When will we finally find the designer we need  
who will heed our demand?  
Or a style at the shore (where less isn't more)  
to guard the parts that are best left untanned?  
We need more protection than spandex rags;  
something cut larger than luggage tags  
tied with dental floss onto our saddle bags.  
Don't hide your heads in the sand.

chorus:  
We're talking to you, Fashion Avenue  
We're not going to take any more  
We're your mothers and mistresses, wives and sisters  
united from shore to shore,  
We are standing erect with our hands on our chests  
four inches above the floor  
And we're asking you, Fashion Avenue  
for a little more support.

Swimsuits abound for the 98-pounder  
whose legs alone measure five feet.  
Here's a fine idea: try a line this year  
for women who actually eat.  
Not for half-naked nymphs found posing between  
the pages--- of course!--- of a sports magazine,  
but swimsuits for those of us more likely seen  
between pages of Bon Appetit.

Our legs do not end where our armpits begin;  
we want a realistic design,  
a little more coverage, a little less skin  
(some vertical stripes would be simply divine.)

Swimwear that won't self-destruct with a wave,  
fashion to flatter the not-so-brave,  
at least let us know where to stop when we shave.  
Where do we draw the line?

chorus ...with our hands on our chests  
two inches above the floor...

One day we may see our feminist family  
rise from the underground,  
despite Father Time and weird Uncle Gravity  
constantly pulling us down.  
This dysfunctional system will finally heal,  
even our sisters with abs of steel  
will all too suddenly know how we feel  
ten years and two babies from now.

And when we connect and command your respect,  
effectively paying our dues,  
your very language shall be more correct.  
Fat is a word you will no longer use.  
Those negative terms only grate on our nerves.  
Give adipose tissue the name it deserves.  
Call it ... "personal strategic energy reserves"  
and call stretch marks "organic tattoos"

chorus ...with our hands on our chests  
---upon the floor.

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