

Robbie Fulks

"That bangle girl"

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A long time ago in south California, oh oh way oh
In the land of the tall jacaranda, oh whoa-da way oh.
Lived a girl group singing pop-rock favorites, oh oh
way oh
So good that they soon got famous, oh whoa-da way
oh.

Their sound and looks I liked the first time I saw them
When the little one took the mike, I knew I'd fallen

I like the Bangle girl/She's too groovy
I love the way she sings and I/I saw her movie.
I like the Bangle girl/And I'm not joking
I wanna be her friend, and there's/No harm in hoping.

Some say a good singer's got to be angry, oh oh way
oh
But the Bangle girl sings good and she's not angry, oh
whoa-da way oh.
Some say the Bangle girl's a slave to the camera, oh oh
way-oh
But her song's gonna stand like the tall jacaranda, oh
whoa-da way oh.

I'd show her books I've read/I'd play her my records
I'd listen to the things she said/I so respect her.

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