

Saint Etienne **"Erica America"**

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Hair in curls
Not quite as tall as the other girls
I'd run away from the laughter upstairs
Wear high heels and I cut my hair

Try to conceal, so tired of their small town games
Whistle a tune of a horse with no name
Hang around by the stadium
Drinking a wine like a bowery bum

Erica, let's go out tonight
Staying out till the morning light
Erica, let's go out tonight
Every thing's gonna be alright

Diamond Joe
He took my watch and my stereo
I wished I hadn't got a permanent wave
Can't show my face at the town arcade
Can't stand that place anyway

Tired of their small town games
Whistle a tune of I gotta see Jane, yeah
Read the stars of an Aries girl
Wear the crown in another world

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