

## Super Deluxe "Farrah Fawcett"

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i'll get most everything i wanted  
except for farrah fawcett  
i never see her anymore  
i left you while my voice was still changing  
while writing and arranging my life's pathetic little  
score  
i don't know if i'll ever get over her  
you were the closest thing, almost identical  
as far as i could tell  
like one of charlie's angels  
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh  
yeah)  
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
promise, you'll never make a promise  
you put me on your hit-list  
(at least you never were a bore)  
i'll take any thoughts you don't use  
i give away what i lose  
everything that i adore  
i don't know if i'll ever get over you  
you were the closest thing, almost identical  
as far as i could tell  
like one of charlie's angels  
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh  
yeah)  
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
i was still a virgin when i lost it (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
everything seemed like it really, really was  
medals from my tournaments  
d'amour have left me kind of sour  
maybe i should get a whore and charge her after for  
the hour (woo-hoo)  
making out with you there in the closet (oh yeah, oh  
yeah)  
you reminded me of farrah fawcett (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
i was still a virgin when i lost it (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
everything seemed like it really, really was

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