

Lucksmiths, The

"Danielle Steel"

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She'd look beautiful in a tea towel
But she's dressed up to the nines
She's covered herself in make-up
But she can't make up her mind
She's a damsel in distress
She feels a damn fool in this dress
She lives alone
And I know how she feels
She has the mind of Sharon Stone
And the heart of Danielle Steel
Spends hours in front of the bookcase
A beast with two paperbacks in bed
She's read them all from go to woe
And arranged them from A to Z
And you can judge a book by it's cover
A kingdom for a horse, a condom for a lover
She lives alone
And I know how she feels
She has the mind of Sharon Stone
And the heart of Danielle Steel
I understand
She's up in arms and down at heel
But it's getting out of hand
She has the heart of Danielle Steel
So take off your horn-rimmed rose-coloured glasses
And shake out your shining hair again
Behind every princess, in an ill-fitting pink dress
There's a lonely librarian

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