

Lipgloss

Pulp

No wonder you're looking thin,
When all that you live on is lipgloss and cigarettes.
And scraps at the end of the day when he's given the rest,
To someone with long black hair.
All those nights up making such a mess of the bed.
Oh you never ever want to go home.
And he wants you so you may as well hang around for a while,
Call your dad on the phone.

He changed his mind last Monday,
So you've gotta leave by Sunday, yeah.
You've lost your lipgloss Honey, Oh yeah.
Now nothing you do can turn him on,
There's something wrong.
You had it once but now it's gone.

And you feel such a fool,
For laughing at bad jokes,
And putting up with all of his friends,
And kissing in public.
What are they gonna say when they run into you again?
That your stomach looks bigger and your hair is a mess,
And your eyes are just holes in your face.
And it rains every day,
And when it doesn't,
The sun makes you feel worse anyway.

He changed his mind last Monday,
Now you've gotta leave by Sunday, yeah.
You've lost your lipgloss Honey, Oh yeah.
Now nothing you do can turn him on,
There's something wrong.
You had it once but now it's gone.

Though you knew,
There was no way it was gonna last for ever,
It still shook you,
When he told you in a letter,
That he didn't want to see you.
You nearly lost your mind, Oh yeah.

You've lost your lipgloss Honey, Oh yeah.
Now nothing you do can turn him on,
There's something wrong.
You had it once but now it's gone, Oh yeah.
You've lost your lipgloss Honey, Oh yeah.
Now nothing you do can turn him on,
There's something wrong.
You had it once but now it's gone.
Oh yeah.