

Blonde

Avery Anna

You think I think playing golf takes all day
And it's just them boys on the boat at the lake
Privacy screens are for strangers on planes
Not for you hiding some girl named Grace

I swear I've never noticed
Every time you bring me roses
There's her perfume all over you

I'm just a blonde
I don't know a thing
I got my head in the clouds
I'm too pretty to think for myself
But boy, you can't tell
That I'm just playing along
Like I'm just a blonde

You talk like you got a big Harvard degree
But you look so stupid talking down to me
'Cause one plus one is two, you see
And add another one is three
And three strikes, I'm out of your league

I'm just a blonde
I don't know a thing
I got my head in the clouds
I'm too pretty to think for myself
But boy, you can't tell
That I'm just playing along
Like I'm just a blonde

I'm just a blonde

Treat me like arm candy
Well, that's fine and dandy
But darling, you're missing one thing
I'm not just a blonde
This is just bleach
I get it done just about every three or four weeks
But I'll let you think

I'm just a blonde
I don't know a thing (I don't know a thing)
I got my head in the clouds
I'm too pretty to think for myself (I'm too pretty to think)
But boy, you can't tell
That I'm just playing along
Like I'm just a blonde

Oh, I'm just a blonde