

Supermodel

Bran Van 3000

Ooh, look at all this company coming round tonight
Even Catherine O'Hara's come by to say hello
You really wanna know?
Well, I'll tell you, I might have to pour myself another little moonshine...
Here we go:

It was a sweet and frosty May
In the town of Thunder Bay
When Dale and Wendy Day went out to Sweetbrush Lake

Found a weeping willow to sit down and do the Thunder Bay a go-go
While the wind was real soft
Poor little Wendy just had to break

Later on that month
Dale went for Pepper lunch at the "we're-all-in-this-together diner."
Yeah, the pea soup was fine
The corn cob on time
The chili dogs even finer
The real reason was that Wendy was working counter

Those two little kids just couldn't get enough of each other
Dale broke out like a man and said:
"Wendy I think I want to take your hand and make little children, live beyond the sand
In respect to the clouds and the colony of your eyes, that day we made love,
I'm going to call my little child Amber Jones"

Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free
(Which is exactly what happened)
There ain't no genie in the bottle, or in that magazine
(Let me ask you one question, and it goes)
Hey supermodel
(What's it like being pretty?)

Now everyone knows that if you're going to run a successful café
You have to hire the prettiest waitress
Amber it turns out had been working at the Pepperlunch café just like her mother did 20 years earlier
And it boils down to this very simple doctrine
Given by Ralph Habbasham the owner:

Ralph says the customer is always right
And the customers here are mostly men
And though it don't seem
From table 2 to 16
All men do is dream:
Of falling in love, just like women
Now sitting at table 20 was a man from New York city who was most impressed with Amber's poses
He said, "Come over here missy, I gots a kind of proposition, that is, if you're willing to listen."

Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free
There ain't no genie in the bottle, or in that magazine
(Come with me)
Hey supermodel

"But where will we go?"
"Backstage."
"Yeah?"
"Backstage is where it's at."
"Okay."

And she was just everywhere!
I mean little girls wanted to be like her
Little boys wanted to be with her
And even mothers somehow altered their physique just to be a little close to
what Amber represented

One day Amber, who likes the Sweetbrush diner where she used to work, really
missed those coconut cake cucumbers
And made out with one giant flesh missile on the top of her forehead
Poor little Amber couldn't do a thing about it

And her poor career went kinda downhill as the people outside her hotel room
penthouse cried out...
Well, you know what they cried out:

Hey supermodel, set the rest of us free
(Sing along with me gals)
There ain't no genie in the bottle, or in that magazine
Hey supermodel
(What's it like being a teen dream?)

Shackles, shackles, shackles on my heart
I loved you from the very first day, from the start
But you left, call it theft of the heart
Bring me back the spark
Pretty girl, pretty princess, that is left

Bright lights in the glitter
The shine of the night, right
You dreamed of the city 'cause you dreamed of flight
But it's timber, watch these trees that are falling
Pretty little princess with no one to call
It's a small town now girl, it doesn't seem so small
First love, fifth grade, first kiss at the mall, with me

Y'all check it with the degrees
Bring it back on the m-I-c
'Cause the man's on his knees
Small town ways
In the g's from grade
Bring me back sunny days
We's that praise, haze
Y'all tripping through the maze everyday
In the mind want the grape from the vine that was mine

Come back y'all to the very first day that we met
'Cause I must call it theft, y'all
Protection and selection of my memories
Poet on the mic
With degrees saying please
Princess y'all, my supermodel girl
Bring you back pretty princess
'Cause I like to rock your world
One time, smooth, sweet like wine