

## Jenny I Read

### Concrete Blonde

Jenny I read something you said about  
Rock and roll and life and death  
Ah, Jenny I read they carried you home  
Broken, beaten all alone

Oh, Jenny you said  
Jenny you thought  
Give them all that they want  
Everything that you got  
Oh, Jenny my dear  
It's a wicked city  
Once you're young, stupid and pretty

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)  
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the world)  
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Jenny they cried  
Jenny they screamed  
Your picture in every magazine  
Yeah, ya wanted it all  
But the American dream was nothing to write home about

She was the next big thing  
And the telephone was ringing all of the time  
You were wined and dined every night  
Then one day it was over  
And where are you now they wonder

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)  
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the the world)  
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Superstar, that's what you are

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)  
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the the world)  
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Behind their, their fingers  
Eyes aside  
In sharp little whispers  
They say it's her  
It is her  
What happened to her  
She knows this  
And she smiles

She doesn't look anything  
Anything like her pictures  
She used to be  
She used to be  
She used to be

But she knows this and she smiles  
For she has miles and miles of memories all to herself  
Everything in between then and now

And all her images of everything in between now and then  
And all they have are pictures  
Pictures