

Preppy Boy

John Grant

He wore cuffed khakis, crisp and clean
Brown top-siders
And he doesn't use sunscreen
Navy blue polo shirt
While you're chasing that girl in the whale skirt

I see you out there
Playing lacrosse, I
I know you wanna be the boss, and
As far as I'm concerned you can, but
You know, she'll never understand

Come on now, preppy boy
If you got an opening, then I am unemployed
So sick and tired of waiting in line
Call me up if you're down, and you've got the time

He wore a candy striped button down
He's got razor-white teeth
They sparkle like a crown
He's got highlights in his hair
From the sun, of course
I gave him my number
So that after the divorce

He could call me up
If he wants to chat
You know I waited so long
Now I'm up to bat
He's no Treat Williams, but neither am I
It might be wishful thinkin', but you got to try, now

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