

Her Mystery Not of High Heels and Eye Shadow

Jonathan Richman

Well she don't act cool and she dont blow hot and cold

Her mystery not of high heels and eyeshadow

Well she laughs when she wants like you do when you're
five years old

she loves the faded colours of the dark just like I do

she rocks she swings she delights in the faded things

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she laughs, she delights, she delights in the faded
colours of night

just like i do, just like I do

well she dont act cool, dont act like a femme fetal

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she laughs when she laughs she's the breeze she's the
natural

she love the faded colours of three am

just like i do

she rocks she swings she delights in the faded things

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just like i do, just like I do