

Pink Lady

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Now there's something sadly lacking
In her lady like cliché
As she looks down on the traffic
In her thin negligee
Mixing light hearted cocktails
With some heavy handed talk
She's a sparkling pink lady
With a snake charmer's walk

She's so helpless...
She's selfish...
She's selfish...

Romance is her religion
She's been worshipping so long
Her love is like makeup
She knows so well how to put it on
And she's got to come on helpless
To get any help
You know a pink lady
Ain't supposed to know
How to defend herself

She's so helpless...
She's selfish...
She's selfish...

She's got a bowl of wax bananas
And they're never gonna get ripe
She's got a new teakwood stereo
'Cause she's the stereo type
She's got a glittering palm tree shirt
Cowboy shirt boyfriend
In the palm of her hand
And don't she talk that secret language
Only playgirls understand?

She's so helpless...
She's selfish...
She's selfish...