

Airheads!

Sweet

Annabel was seventeen
Prettiest thing that you've ever seen
Worked real hard for a supermarket chain
Then two young dudes in a limousine
Said 'You'd look real cute in a magazine'
From that day things would never be the same

She's a kitten on the catwalk
Shouting it out loud
Strutting with her head up in the clouds

Airheads, living out the dream
In glossy magazines for girls and boys
Airheads, nothing in between
Empty boxes making lots of noise

Ok! Hello!
Gotta get up I gotta go
Paris, London, Tokio, New York
She was front-page news on the Daily Blah
Kiss and tell with a superstar
Someone should have told her not to talk
Yesterday she ran away
From the paparazzi lens
Is that the way to make new friends

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She's young, she's just having fun
So just let it be
She's just a fox on the run

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