

The Blonde

TV Girl

Who's gonna pay attention
To the redheads of the world
Who's gonna call them up at night
When they're naked and alone

Who's gonna kiss the brown haired girls
Who's gonna wipe away their tears
And what about the black haired girls
Who's gonna whisper filthy things into their ears

Cause anyone who ever had a brain
Wouldn't stand out in the rain
Or keep it up for very long
Just to prove somebody wrong

And anyone who ever had a heart
Or sang a lonesome song
Would sell their little souls
Just to make it with the blonde

It's just unearned admiration
Are you sick of all the stares
You don't need to hide yourself away
You only need to dye your hair

But it won't do you any good
Cause pretty soon your roots will be showing
And anytime you try to leave the room
They'll ask you just where the hell
Do you think you're going