

I wrote a letter to a private eye  
A missing person or a runaway  
You'll never find her in the U.S.A.  
All they got down here is liberty  
Talked to her brother down in Frisco Bay  
He ain't seen nothin' there but silicone  
I called her mommy up on Ozone Way  
She wouldn't put her on the telephone

Why won't she see me?  
She's not looking well  
Some girls just like to push their luck until they wind up  
D.O.A.  
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D.O.A.

I paid a visit to her Dr. J  
He thought it might have been her chromosome  
So he put blue jeans in her DNA  
I guess that's why she's not coming home  
Spend all my money on her luxuries  
I guess I'll need a bigger salary  
Her lonely life is such a mystery  
I keep her picture in my gallery

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