

One of those blond ladies had a certain hold on me  
I went to all her seminars by the Airport in the Double  
Tree  
I even let her use nephew's seaplane in the Bahamas for  
free

But she means nothing to me now  
I tell myself that everyday:  
She means nothing to me now  
I tell myself every single day,  
I'm quite convinced I escaped her sway

I burned all my clothes with eucalyptus juice;  
Ripped out the floors and painted all the platforms puce;  
And I went so far as to sacrifice a second snake to Zeus

So she means nothing to me now  
I tell myself that everyday:  
She means nothing to me now  
I tell myself every single day,  
I'm still convinced I escaped her sway

But when she mopes in the moonlight on her mesa in March,  
Does she kick up a thunderstorm  
When she thinks of my betrayal?

She means nothing to me now