

## Eighties Fan

Camera Obscura

You know it really won't surprise me  
If you're a wreck by the age of fourteen  
The way you look  
The way you look is fine

So often color-coordinated  
Your sister she's an eighties fan  
That's all right  
Have I told you so is mine

You say your life will be the death of you  
Tell me, do you wash your hair in honeydew  
And long for all of them to fall in love with you  
But they never do

Drinking vodka on the fire  
Your mother has a watchful eye  
So look out kid  
She's onto you this time

Run away to a bed and breakfast  
Console yourself with the Reader's Digest  
Ringing yellow pages on the moon

You say your life will be the death of you  
Tell me, do you wash your hair in honeydew  
And long for all of them to fall in love with you  
But they never do  
No they never do

I'm gonna tell you something good about yourself  
I'll say it now and I'll never say it about no one else

I'm gonna tell you something good about yourself  
I'll say it now and I'll never say it about no one else  
About no one else