

Jenny I Read

Concrete Blonde

Jenny I read something you said about
Rock and roll and life and death
Ah, Jenny I read they carried you home
Broken, beaten all alone

Oh, Jenny you said
Jenny you thought
Give them all that they want
Everything that you got
Oh, Jenny my dear
It's a wicked city
Once you're young, stupid and pretty

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the world)
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Jenny they cried
Jenny they screamed
Your picture in every magazine
Yeah, ya wanted it all
But the American dream was nothing to write home about

She was the next big thing
And the telephone was ringing all of the time
You were wined and dined every night
Then one day it was over
And where are you now they wonder

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the the world)
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Superstar, that's what you are

And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)
They're making angry loud noises (kicking back at the the world)
And all the angry young boys (and all the angry young girls)

Behind their, their fingers
Eyes aside
In sharp little whispers
They say it's her
It is her
What happened to her
She knows this
And she smiles

She doesn't look anything
Anything like her pictures
She used to be
She used to be
She used to be

But she knows this and she smiles
For she has miles and miles of memories all to herself
Everything in between then and now

And all her images of everything in between now and then
And all they have are pictures
Pictures