

Miss Santa Cruz County

Cracker

So let's all be someone else
I'm tired of being myself
Let's all be someone else

You could be someone else
I know you're tired of yourself
You say you're so bored you could cry
Well let me tell you, so am I

Well, Lola came from Mesilla
She sometimes called herself Anita ([background shout:] Bebidas)
But no-one ever knew why
But things just seemed to work out right, right, right

So let's all be someone else (do do do doo do do do)
I'm tired of being myself (do do do doo do do do)
Let's all be someone else

The blue ladies rode the bikes
And what they were, we assumed rhymed with bikes
But then one day one did not get out of bed
She was dead, and a guy, that's what the paramedic said

So let's all be someone else (do do do doo do do do)
I'm tired of being myself (do do do doo do do do)
Let's all be someone else

So come on down Miss Santa Cruz County
Won't you come on down from you daddy's hydroponic farm?
'Cause there's no shame in being seen as the Artichoke Festival Queen
You know we like what you've become
You know we like what you've become

So let's all be someone else (do do do doo do do do)
I'm tired of being myself (do do do doo do do do)
So let's all be someone else

So let's all be someone else (do do do doo do do do)
I'm tired of being myself (do do do doo do do do)
Let's all be someone else
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So let's all be someone else

Let's all be someone else
Let's all be someone else
Let's all be someone else
Let's all be someone else
Someone else