

Barbara H.

Fountains of Wayne

For a small girl Barbara sure has got a big crush
The kind that makes you want to break stuff
And blame it on a man you don't know

She came down to New York City in a big bus
Nine hours driving and you can't just stay home
So it doesn't matter which way you go

And now all day the radio's been playing the same song
Can't shake that tune but it's ok
Maybe the world isn't so small
Barbara knows it doesn't matter at all

And each day Barbara wakes up in a bad way
Tells me quietly she has absolutely nothing to say
But I don't seem to mind

She says she won't listen to the band play
She hates songs that never seem to go away
Now neither will mine

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