

(Marcella Detroit)
I met you in a magazine
A candy store, for every girl's dreams
Your black eyes seemed to cry and say
I never wanted to be this way

Oh, kidd
They use you and they say you're to blame
Accuse you
And you're the one who's wastin'
Away, you're wastin' away...

Come back when you're underfed
A diana doll, lookin' half-dead
Now that you're a superstar
You'll never notice how gone you are

Oh, kidd
They use you and they say you're to blame
Accuse you
And you're the one who's wastin'
Away, you're wastin' away.....

Down with the garbage
Where every good goddess goes
And when you're gone
Another lamb wears your clothes, oh kidd!!

They use you and they say you're to blame
Accuse you, and you're the one who's wastin'
Away, you're wastin;
Away, you're wastin
Away,
You're wastin' away.....