

Queen Of The Underground

Michael Franks

You're the queen of the underground

I met you Sunday at the Dalai Lama's
You bought some pictures in those silk pyjamas
And you seemed like someone from another planet
With your eyes so jet and your lips so pomegranate

And the coiffure you wore was Early Rocket
You wet your hair then find the nearest socket
And your blondie boyfriend wore a studded collar
Is that so he'll come when he hears you holler

Back in the apple, high on the hog
You socialize with empty dialogue
They think you're clever, they think you're smart
You're so convincing when you play the part

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Went to your concert but the show was sold out
So I bought a program with a color foldout
In your padded shoulders you looked fantastic
It all seemed to say you were so iconclastic

One little problem still puzzles me
Ain't you a daughter of the bourgeoisie
I thought I saw you mending the sails
Buying guerillawear at Bloomingdale's

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