Walls are white Burning boredom And her shoes are tight They're never right Open shop, nothing left Because they tied the knot They lied a lot He tells her, she feeds him She hates him more His teacup, she spits in He loves her more Once again She frys his breakfast As she counts to ten Remembers when Alone at night The nylon head Upon his trophy wife Her talk show life She throws up, he comes down They watch TV They live in Disney Town She's his Barbie Ah? Ah? He tells her, she feeds him She hates him more His teacup, she spits in He loves her more She throws up, he comes down They watch TV They live in Disney Town She's his Barbie Ah?