

She Takes Her Clothes Off

Stereophonics

She's got another fantasy,
She lives in flat number twenty three,
Picked first prize for carnival queen,
And now she takes her clothes off,

Collects the covers of her magazines,
She longs to be another teenage dream,
The problem is she's turning forty three,
She still takes her clothes off.

She got the nickname porta bubble Joan,
They found her dead, dead as nails at home.
And she said, I'm gonna be another Marilyn
Bleach my hair and get real thin,
And everybody's gonna wanna dance with me.

She loved to have her little fantasies,
She longed to be the wife of Jimmy Dean,
But Jimmy's head sits in Jimmy's knees,
She loves to take her clothes off.

Police are looking around at twenty three,
They found her hanging from her swollen feet,
They saw her dance last in Woolworth street,
She loved to take her clothes off.

She got the nickname porta bubble Joan,
They found her dead, dead as nails at home.
And she said, I'm gonna be another Marilyn
Bleach my head and get real thin,
And everybody's gonna wanna dance with me.

Everybody's gonna wanna dance with me,
Everybody wants to be the carnival queen.

Everybody's gonna wanna dance with me,
Everybody wants to be the carnival king or queen.

We all read the books.
She takes her clothes off,
One by one, one by one, off again.