

Your days of going through a phase
Are finally lashing back at you
There's more to shut up and ignore
But there's even less and less to do
And there's nothing to say, and they're looking away
What have you got yourself into?

One little miss apprehension got you
Now they're lining up around the block
To watch you screw yourself up
For this bitter cup, which pains you the most
When it's too late to say you're sorry
And pretend that it's a toast, Naomi

You struggle with the reality myth
When you're talking on the TV screen
About choke chains and Mary Janes
In Seventeen Magazine
And you're thinking of your J-C Penny lingerie
That nobody has ever seen

No one understands your comments
Or why you're so obsessed with undergarments
From multi-cultured pearl to Glamor girl
Took less than a day
And your Wonderbra world of Disney
Was just a make-over away

Naomi, it's just a matter of time

What's that they're saying now?
Oh wow, she looks good in tears
That you can't allow
But now you haven't looked this young in years

You look sweet walking down the street
But no one's even slowing down
They can't decide, should they offer you a ride
Or the head of Helen Gurley Brown

Naomi, it's just a matter of time.