

She's the kind of girl who pays for herself  
And the money don't come rolling in  
Been living here outside of fifteen years  
Say how do you do where does she begin  
those lollipop eyes  
No longer surprised  
Still willing to try  
worried she'll get to be  
As big as a house  
Her apartment is small  
She's got to stay the size of a mouse  
walking around  
The old neighborhood  
There were several wiseguys  
She'd do over if she could  
please no more lies  
Warm September skies  
Still willing to try  
But the holidays  
Holidays are hard  
sun's so bright  
She pulls the shade  
Puts a dinky dinner in  
It's factory made  
she bought the book  
How to help yourself  
Climb up on the chair girl  
And take it down from the shelf  
cracks open a smile  
Ain't she got style  
Still willing to try  
but the holidays  
Holidays are hard