

Wide eyes and corkscrew hair  
Tied with lace you found somewhere  
Hard gloss on lipstick smile  
Wound up tight to spin for a while  
Black jeans with tortured seams  
Don't mean that much to me  
Cool shades and dayglo tears  
All hide your sixteen years  
But I don't like to say my thoughts out loud  
But I'm liking too much what I see  
You flirt with every little boy in town  
You dress to kill and now you're killing me

In your spring collection  
You're just another girl with stars in your eyes  
I could have been there and back  
But I don't want to go home with you

Don't like your plastic shoes  
Don't like your hair dyed blue  
Don't like your damned new rose  
Don't like your casual pose  
I don't wanna go out tonight  
But I don't wanna sit here 'cos there's nothing on the radio  
You're coming round tonight  
In your parachute suit that you bought in Portobello  
I often call your name out loud  
And try to tell you what I'm going through  
You'd sooner hang around with all your crowd  
'Cos they all pose and think and dress like you

In your spring collection  
You're just another girl with stars in your eyes  
I could have been there and back  
But I don't wanna go home with you

Spring collection, spring collection  
Spring collection, spring collection  
Spring collection, spring collection  
Spring collection, spring collection