Popsie, Single

Where's my boy with the jumping joy? I always mingle but I'm still single Where's my boy with the jumping joy? My eyes they tingle but I'm still single

I dye my hair and polish my nails, tan my skin, starve to stay tin I pump iron and run my laps, work my ass in aerobic class My friends say you're a kind of vain Your desperate manhunt drives you insane But what am I supposed to do? I don't have the faintest clue

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In night care mask and Carmen curlers, I fall deep in a beauty sleep When I wake up I read my own bible Vouge, Elle and eat Dietorelle My friends say you're a kind of vain Your desperate manhunt drives you insane But what am I supposed to do? I don't have the faintest clue

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I'm in my own work of art, that's my pride and joy of heart It takes a lot of energy, to keep my dear vanity

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