Rosanne Cash, Pink Bedroom

(John Hiatt)

She paints her fingernails forbidden tones She wants nervous youth on the telephone He don't call She sticks another pin In her doll And puts it next to her stuffed animals

She got the tube top
She got the french heels
She got the blow dry
She got her eyes peeled
She got the tight jeans
Seventeen magazine
She got it all
She got it all
In her pink bedroom

She thinks all her boyfriends are so dumb She drinks coca-cola with valium Mother calls She sticks another pin In her doll And lets those fingers talk her into it

She got the lip gloss
She got the short shorts
She got her records
And they're all imports
She got her good looks
She got her yearbook
She got it all
She got it all
In her pink bedroom

They say they got her future down at the desk Now they're drawing blood for the grown-up test Something crawls Beneath her lily skin And her doll Is so relieved she's lost her innocence

It was a teen game Now we're serious It's all customised Don't get curious She got her pension And your attention She got it all She got it all In her pink bedroom