

The Magnetic Fields, California Girls

See them on their big bright screen
Tan and blonde and seventeen
Eating nonfood keeps them mean
But they're young forever

If they must grow up
They marry dukes and earls
I hate California girls

They ain't broke, so they put on airs
The faux folk sans derrieres
They breathe coke and they have affairs
With each passing rock star

They come on like squares
Then get off like squirrels
I hate California girls

Looking down their perfect noses at me and my kind
Do they think we won't? Well, never mind
Laughing through their perfect teeth at everyone I know
Do they think we won't get up and go? So...

I have planned my grand attacks
I will stand behind their backs
With my brand-new battle ax
Then will they taste my wrath

They will hear me say
As the pavement whirls
"I hate California girls"

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