

Wild Strawberries, Life Sized Marilyn Monroe

Booker T is playing on the radio
Jimmy Dean he plays on my mind
Someday soon I'm gonna' wipe your filthy boots
When I expose you
You Philistine, your Philistine eyes
You can take your five and dime
Shove it in your Elvis records
You can send your valentines
To your very own life sized Marilyn Monroe
You keep singing everyday's the fourth of July
I keep wondering why
I don't know how I ever met you,
Don't know why I can't forget the way you tease me
You Philistine, your Philistine eyes
You better stop calling
Kicking my love around
I don't care if you're another Rudolph Valentino
I don't care if you're the marrying kind
You better stop calling
For my love