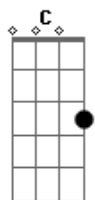


Marina And The Diamonds - Supermodel's Legs

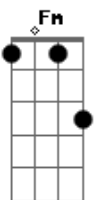
tom:
 This morning it occurred to me
 I might not look quite like a natural blonde
 And I can't help but feel conned
 The picture on the package
 Showed a model with no baggage
 Promising wild sex and marriage
 With a big colour chart wand
 This morning it occurred to me
 I never will quite have
 A supermodel's legs (never in a million years!)
 Unless I cut each one in half
 Become half an octopus
 The two become synonymous
 With cocaine, glamour
 Riches, beauty, and crack
 I took a trip to the National Gallery for
 Something more refreshing in what Rubens saw
 My supermodel's legs
 Think they were plucked from a Ruben-esque world (Oh oh, oh oh)
 My supermodel's legs
 Look pretty crap on a five-foot-four girl (Oh oh ohh)
 Women, men, and in-betweens

Why don't you just stop dieting?
 Go bake! Eat cake! Go cheer! Drink beer!
 Worrying is boring
 If people said "eat loads of cake"
 You wouldn't want much anyway
 And then you would stuff your face
 And look like King Henry the Eighth
 Present we're told off every day
 For living our lives the wrong damn way
 "Suck my left one"'s what I say
 If I want six coffees a day
 Women, men, and in-betweens
 Why don't you just stop dieting?
 Go bake! Eat cake! Go cheer! Drink beer!
 Worrying is boring me
 Oh I get more turned on by big cupcakes than heroin
 Not 'rock and roll' and much more 'Mary Poppins'
 Oh supermodel's legs
 They never held up much weight in my world (Oh oh, oh oh)
 Oh supermodel's legs
 'Cause women should be women
 Girls should be allowed to be girls (Oh oh, oh oh)
 (Too right!)

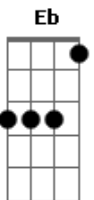
Acordes



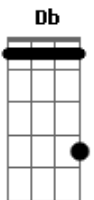
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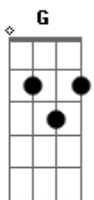
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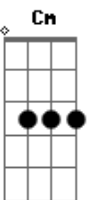
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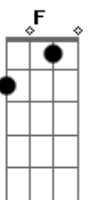
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