She puts her makeup on like graffiti on the walls of the heartland she's got her little book of conspiracies right in her hand she is paranoid Like endangered species headed into extinction she is one of a kind she's the last of the American girls

She wears her overcoat
for the coming of the nuclear winter
she is riding her bike
like a fugitive of critical mass
she's on a hunger strike
for the ones who won't make it for dinner
she makes enough to survive
for a holiday of working class

She's a runaway of the establishment incorporated. she won't cooperate she's the last of the American girls

She plays her vinyl records singing songs on the even of destruction she's a sucker for all the criminals breaking the laws she will come in first for the end of the western civiliazation she's an endless war like a hero for the lost cause like a hurricane in the haert of the devastation she's a natural disaster she's the last of the American girls

She puts her makeup on like graffiti on the walls of the heartland she's got her little book of conspiracies right in her hand she will come in first for the end of western civilization she's a natural disaster she's the last of the American girls