

The Ingenue

Little Feat

She ain't real friendly for no good reason
Claims her life's been filled with treason
Says she's cursed by a toothless gypsy
Wonderin' why her life's so greasy

With doulbe blades she dulls her senses
Spiteful girl by all consensus
All her life it's been the same
Hell she don't even like her name

She longs to be the ingenue
To leading men tall dark and handsome
But now the play has passed her by... oh my
There's no exit
Oh no there's no way out at all
There's no exit

Jumped a train in Italy
On her way to gay Paris
Down in the Loire Valley
She got sho drunk she couldn't see
Stumblin' through a metro station
In a mood for conversation
Fortune teller read her palm
Told her that her time was gone

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She used to model as a child
With Bardot's looks and Gigi's laughter
Enfant terrible creation
Of a sockless adman's mind
Played her first recital at the tender age of nine
Strains of Clare de Lune
Mater sipping wine
Pater in the garden gazing
At those ponies grazing
The spoils of a lonely child

She longs to be the ingenue
To leading men tall dark and handsome
Once just a jet-trash kid
Down at Les Halles
Her frequent trips to Nice
In Monaco she was always welcome
She was embraced by all society
Along the way she lost her charms
Now the play has passed her by