

Elektra's Complex

Ludo

She's got Ansel Adams postcards on her wall
They validate her artsiness, she got 'em at the mall
Soulmate's not around, some guy she did on Outward Bound
The tragic inconvenience of it all.

Drama over coffee, girlfriend's having issues
Dispensing pop psychology, advice like it was tissues
She's a cookie-cutter, carbon-copy, cosmo-clone for life
Someday, she's gonna be somebody's wife.

What a ripe prototype
Educated, but dims her light
Beauty tips, birthing hips
Guaranteed function right

She's got Investment Banker Joe to win the bread
While tea-times lipo-suck and country-club her in the head
She's a Betty Crocker, soccer-mommy, Oscar nominee
For casseroles and faking it in bed.

She's got Prada, and Prozac, and fun when Joey's gone
Lemonade in lingerie for the men who mow the lawn
For years and years, her seven-figure life is slowly spent
Someday she'll stop and wonder where it went.

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She wants a caveman with spear and dental plan
Who could give her treats and hold her hand
Elektra's complex, you gotta understand
She's stranded candyless in Candyland
She wants a lollipop

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Go! Go! Go! Go! ...