

Erica America

Saint Etienne

Hair in curls
Not quite as tall as the other girls
I'd ran away from the laughter upstairs
Wear high heels and I cut my hair
Try to conceal so tired of their small town games
Whistle a tune of a horse with no name
Hang around by the stadium
Drinking a wine like a bowery bum

Erica let's go out tonight
Staying out till the morning light
Erica let's go out tonight
Everything's gonna be alright

Diamond Joe
He took my watch and my stereo
I wished I hadn't got a permanent wave
Can't show my face at the town arcade
Can't stand that place anyway

Tired of their small town games
Whistle a tune of I gotta see Jane yeah
Read the stars of an Aries girl
Wear the crown in another world