

Well she comes from the land  
Of Valencian winds  
Deciduous daydream  
Dressage round the bend  
See sometimes just maybe  
The mistress of when  
A triptych of new touch  
From heaven to men

She likes nice cars  
Invisible trends  
She bites the heads off  
Her mutual friends  
We dine at the table  
She sits at the end  
She likes big words  
And playing pretend

Come now dear boys  
How, where to begin?  
She's Ursula, major  
Of the prison within  
She's always in parties  
She's struggling to win  
Your sashes of New-Ro  
From psychic to sin

Let down your void  
Your need to defend  
So pseudo-mindacious  
She's cruel in bed  
You'd think she was precious  
Something like you said  
Cause she's got the secret  
In which fate depends

She likes nice cars  
Impossible trends  
She bites the heads off  
Her beautiful friends  
We dine at the table  
She sits at the end  
She likes big words  
Although we'll never comprehend

She likes nice cars  
Invisible trends  
She bites the heads off  
Her musical friends  
We dine at the table  
She sits at the end  
She likes big words

She likes nice cars  
Impossible trends  
She bites the heads off  
Her beautiful friends  
She lights all the candles  
They burn at both ends  
She likes the ones  
That you'll never understand

She likes big words