Not a fancy girl.

If you think you found it,
You’re in the wrong dimension.
Anxiety of a different sort, here.

I don’t spend my nights in worry,
For how I’m gonna fix that broken nail.
I’ve got more mind than that,
More important things to make concern.

I like soft shirts and fussy hair,
But what about surviving?
That’s what’s bothering me.
Shallow concerns just elusive.

She sure is a beauty.
Those shoes are gonna break her back.
Why doesn’t she think of that?
They’re just slowing her down.

She sure has pretty hair,
But her eyebrows don’t match.
Looks like it cost her much money,
And time-spent better on other things.

Seductive eyes she has,
But what’s behind them?
She’s using them right,
Distracts you from her lack of words.

You took her home?
Got her undressed, did yah?
Her breasts fell to the floor?
What were you expecting?

Thought you found true love?
I wouldn’t say thought...
Found something different,
Than what you saw?

You were trying so hard,
But you weren’t thinking at all.
Neither does she.
Both sets of eyes and no headway.

Doesn’t shock me.
You wanted fancy