

Loverboy, D.O.A.

I wrote a letter to a private eye
A missing person or a runaway
You'll never find her in the U.S.A.
All they got down here is liberty
Talked to her brother down in Frisco Bay
He ain't seen nothin' there but silicone
I called her mommy up on Ozone Way
She wouldn't put her on the telephone

Why won't she see me?
She's not looking well
Some girls just like to push thier luck until they wind up
D.O.A.
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I paid a visit to her Dr. J
He thought it might have been her cromosome
So he put blue jeans in her DNA
I guess that's why she's not coming home
Spend all my money on her luxuries
I guess i'll need a bigger salary
Her lonely life is such a mystery
I keep her picture in my gallery

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