Ally McBeal-Davinci's Notebook (YES, this is the name of the group) From:Life & Times of Mike Fanning (2000)

Once upon a time you were on prime time
Made the Monday lineup on Fox at 9:00 — didn't you?
Your complaints and whines while defendin' crimes
In your high hemlines made Gloria Steinem — spit on you

And all the 90's women... heed your call
And share your deep desire to... have it all
But they don't see the way you stay so small
Behind the locked door of the bathroom stall
Sittin there, hunched over your last meal

Ally McBeal
Ally McBeal
Nothing but skin and bones
Just like a Kate Moss Clone
Without no muscle tone
Like a skeleton

You can try to lie, say your metabolism's high
but I ain't gonna buy it when you're outsized by —
Ethiopians
And I just can't stand you in your damn flannel jammies
dancin round plannin' which man'll get the grand tour—
of your fallopians

I just don't get what all the people see
In your self-involvement and hypocrisy
Your Pop-Tart feminism and cheap neuroses
As I stare into the vacuum of my TV
Scratching my head and trying to understand— your appeal

Ally McBeal
Ally McBeal
Think of all the chunks you've blown
And all the up you've thrown
Into your porcelain throne
Regurgitat-tion