

White Flame "Tall/thin/in"

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Your form is fine
It soothes my eye
For just one while
Until I find

You open Your mouth and we all realize it's a
Waste of time of waste of time

The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win
You're tall You're thin You must be in
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head

That Kenzo dress
Is fab I guess
It seems a mess
But makes up in bliss

Your brain and Your boobs are injected with ooze
Now You're fabulous
- by standards of his
The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win
You're tall You're thin You must be in
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head

The day You turn 30 You know it will end
You're tall - so what

The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win
You're tall You're thin You must be in
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin
Now nobody knows You no nobody cares if

The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win
You're tall You're thin You must be in
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head

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