

## **Trask Stephen**

### **"WIG IN A BOX"**

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On nights like this  
when the world's a bit amiss  
and the lights go down  
across the trailer park  
I get down  
I feel had  
I feel on the verge of going mad  
and then it's time to punch the clock

I put on some make-up  
and turn up the tape deck  
and pull the wig down on my head  
suddenly I'm Miss Midwest  
Midnight Checkout Queen  
until I head home  
and put myself to bed

I look back on where I'm from  
look at the woman I've become  
and the strangest things  
seem suddenly routine  
I look up from my Vermouth on the rocks  
a gift-wrapped wig still in the box  
of towering velveteen.

I put on some make-up  
and some LaVern Baker  
and pull the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm Miss Beehive 1963  
Until I wake up  
And turn back to myself

Some girls they have natural ease  
they wear it any way they please  
with their French flip curls  
and perfumed magazines  
Wear it up  
Let it down  
This is the best way that I've found  
to be the best you've ever seen

I put on some make-up  
and turn up the eight-track  
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm Miss Farrah Fawcett  
from TV  
until I wake up  
and turn back to myself

Shag, bi-level, bob  
Dorothy Hammil do,  
Sausage curls, chicken wings  
It's all because of you  
With your blow dried, feather back,  
Toni home wave, too  
flip, fro, frizz, flop,  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you

I put on some make-up  
turn up the eight-track  
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm this punk rock star  
of stage and screen  
and I ain't never  
I'm never turning back

Song written by Stephen Trask

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