

A Balladeer

"Alright, Mr. DeMille"

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Alright, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up
I've been steady out of focus now for long enough
Don't talk about my heyday being way, way over
Just a touch of make-up here and I'm off

I'm gonna be loved
I'm gonna be loved

L.O.V.E.D.

You fake it till you make it and you fake it some more
then

A thing Monroe's a pretty good example of
In front of Miller and DiMaggio and millions of men
She ate her cake and she got stuffed

I wanna be loved
I wanna be loved

It's my way or no way
Or else I just won't play
But I need direction
A bit of direction
Set clear and everyone quiet, please
Camera, lights and action!

It was too late to be selected as a Brat Pack actor
Thank God for Missy Moore I never got the job
I could have beat her ass easy at a weeping contest
Now the gloves are coming off because

I wanna be loved
I wanna be loved

It's my way or no way
Or else I just won't play
But I need direction
A bit of direction
Set clear and everyone quiet, please
Camera, lights and action!

