

## **Be Bop Deluxe "Beauty Secrets"**

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Hand me my costume  
Please won't you pass me my mask  
I have appointments that I must keep with my past  
Bring on the cabaret we can all have a laugh  
I've made the theatre of the absurd  
At last

Drink up and let's go home  
The demon is on the phone  
He's playing a dialing tone  
So drink up and let's go home

Orchestrations of a different nature  
Arrangements that I've made to end it all  
Years and years of love all turned to paper  
Dancing at the old musicians ball

And these beauty secrets that I've kept so long  
Have slightly faded like my old blue jeans  
But read them now because before too long  
They could fall apart at every seam

Play me my music  
Please won't you warm up the band  
It's my performance although nothing is planned  
Turn on the spotlight  
We can pretend there's a stage  
I'll be your hero only as long as I'm paid.

Drink up and let's go home  
(You're such a naughty boy)  
The demon is on the phone  
(He's got a special toy)  
He's playing a dialing tone  
(A thing to bring you joy)  
So drink up and let's go home

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