

## **Eels**

# **"Fashion Awards"**

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Let's go down to the fashion show  
With all the pretty people that you don't know  
We'll sit down in the velvet chairs  
They'll hand awards out for best hair  
And if we don't win one, well, then  
We'll blow off our heads in despair  
We'll blow off our heads in despair

I smell magic in the room  
Flashing lights and sonic booms  
Lovely saps all without a care  
Nobody said that the world was fair  
And if they did say so, well, then  
We'll blow off our heads in despair  
We'll blow off our heads in despair

Let's go down to the fashion show  
With all the pretty people and piles of blow  
We'll sit down in the velvet chairs  
And hang on tight to our bus fare  
And if it falls between the seats  
We'll blow off our heads in despair  
We'll blow off our heads in despair

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