

Foo Fighters "Stacked Actors"

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Oh mirror mirror, you're coming in clear,
I'm finally somewhere in between.
I'm impressed, what a beautiful chest,
I never meant to make a big scene.
Will you resign to the latest design,
You look so messy when you dress up in dreams.
One more for hire, a wonderful liar,
I think it's time that I should come clean.
Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up the bastards all I want is the truth.

Hey, hey now, can you fake it,
Can you make it look like we won.
Hey, hey now, can you take it,
And we cry when they all die blonde.

God bless, what a sensitive mess,
Yeah, but things aren't always what they seem.
Your teary eyes, your famous disguise,
Never knowing who to believe.
See through, yeah but what do you do,
When you're just another aging drag queen.

Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up the bastards all I want is the truth.

Hey, hey now, can you fake it,
Can you make it look like we won.
Hey, hey now, can you take it,
And we cry when they all die blonde.

Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up all the bastards all I want is the truth.

Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up all the bastards and we cry when they all die
blonde.

Hey, hey now, can you fake it,
Can you make it look like we won.
Hey, hey now, can you take it,
And we cry when they all die blonde.

Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up all the bastards all I want is the truth.
Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters,
Line up the bastards.

Cry when they all die blonde.

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