

Jackson Rohm "Vanity"

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Back in school you were the prom queen,
With the captain of the football team.
It was all about the face time,
Be in the right place, at the right time.
You had an image to protect
So you had to have the finest clothes
And the pearls around your neck.
It's been 20 years and nothings changed at all
Except the pain-killers and the alcohol
You take to get you through the day.
How did things end up this way?
Your life is such a mess,
So painfully obsessed,
With all that you possess.
I'm not impressed.
So now you're all alone,
With your booze and methadone.
The lights are on, but no ones home.
Vanity. vanity. vanity.
When you roll with high society and you're living large,
You gotta make ends meet.
The repo man came for all the stuff you bought.
Now your beemer's gone,
And your credit's shot.
Your boss finally handed you a pink slip
And the country club revoked your membership
And the only ones who give a damn,
Are your therapist and your one night stand,
You got to get you through the night,
Contemplating suicide.
Your life is such a mess,
So painfully obsessed,
With all that you possess.
I'm not impressed.
So now you're all alone,
With your booze and methadone.
The lights are on, but no ones home.
Vanity. vanity. vanity.
Mirror mirror,
On the wall this makes on sense at all.
How can this be my fault?
Vanity. vanity. vanity.

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