

Jonas Friedman "Plastic Queens"

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I don't care
How you cut or die your hair
Or the make-up that is painted under your eyes
It's a mask that covers, why we became lovers
Let your skin breath, and your beauty doesn't hide

There's no captive gleam from,
Silly girls on the big screen, you...
All the stars covering the city babe
I hate it when you say you're not pretty

Magazines, plastic queens and everything in between

Sweetie they're heartless and a waste of our time
I am proud when they pass
All the clones wearing masks
They are the worlds and you... you are mine

There is no sign of appeal
From the imperfect or less real
You're all the stars covering the city babe,

I hate it when you say you're not pretty

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