

Kate Miller-Heidke

"Australian Idol"

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I was having a bad week Â– I crashed the car and the
cat carked it
Weighed myself outside Woolies and I'd put on 4 kilos

Arranged to meet an old friend for coffee
I poured my heart out Â– told her all about
Poor dead fluffy, and the bloody car, and did she think
I should go on a diet?

She studied my face, trying to frame the words to say
Just the right blend of sympathy and advice
She took a big breath. And looked into my eyes and she
said:

You should go on Australian Idol!
Even if you don't win, you'll have a great time.
Don't worry that you don't look like a supermodel
They're even letting fatties on there now so you should
be fine.

I said 'Thanks, I feel a lot better now'
Then I erased her number from my phone
I didn't know how much we'd grown apart.

The very next day was my birthday.
No one called, except my grandma
And she was drunk, she just needed a lift home from
the pub

Then that Sunday night, I went to dinner with my rellies
They said 'Happy Birthday! Do you mind if we put the tv
on?
It's nearly the final of Australian Idol and

You should go on Australian Idol
You're much prettier than her Â– she looks like a
pudding
'You'll win it no worries love' said my uncle
And I just turned and looked at him like he was
something that I stood in.

And don't get me wrong Â– if I turn on the tv and it's on

I can't stop watching. Even with the ads
Even with those two dickheads blabbing on between
songs
I love to see their spirits crushed, their egos shattered
I love the ones that really suck in the first auditions
I love to watch them sob, their dreams in tatters
And I laugh while I eat my dinner
They're crying in their 5-star hotel, and I'm cackling on
my cack-brown couch
And it's not that I am jealous, I'm not jealous, I'm not
jealous.
The next Sunday, I had a pretty bad hangover

Feeling pretty grumpy
Sitting on the couch, eating Pringles feeling sorry for
myself.
I flipped to Channel 10 and before I knew it I was
watching a really short guy
Singing that really annoying song by Craig David.

Suddenly I rose to my feet – it must have been divine
intervention
I saw the light in front of me, and I screamed!

Why am I watching Australian Idol? (God!)
Am I really reduced to this pitiful state? Jesus!
I may as well just head down to my local karaoke bar
Or better still just change to SBS.
You better believe it – I changed to SBS
So Marcia, Dicko, whatever your name is...
Shove it up your ass!

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