

Meg

"The Last Great Star In Hollywood"

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I've got my same old nose and no cheekbones.
I've got my stomach rolls, rather bare wardrobe.
They've got seven floors, one on the east coast.
Why they grin so wide, they've got their visions no one knows.
I think I'm on the bright side.
Got my hair cut short, I do my class report on time.
I hope I'm on the bright side.
What beauty is today is a fake from what's inside.
My teeth are yellow stars sleeping in my jaws, while
their lips enlarged, in a constant pout.
They're the types of girls who hide their wedding rings,
if it doesn't match their clothes.
They've got their visions no one knows.
And why we're patient no one knows.
Learn to let go of tired skin.
It's just a fence to hold me in.
I ask for a closing statement.
I ask for just one prayer that I can put me into.
We're the most modern man machines.
Under our masks not what we seem.
We must not sleep underneath the slow and steady
descent of the fools upstairs.

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