

Vreid

"Bored With Overindulgence, Poverty Became Fashionable"

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A figure like yours can get away with that
This time of year white's so appropriate
You've got the right walk and the attitude
Everyone here wants to get next to you

And I thought I was overdressed in my t-shirt and jeans
Who's got it right?
I don't, I don't
Love me tonight
You won't, you won't

Oh this old thing?
It's just been hanging up in a closet somewhere
Forgot that I owned it
Gathering dust
And now you've gained their trust
It's just a dress
But we're all so impressed

And all the while my stomach turned
I will never learn
But the knock on the door
Fashion can't be ignored
So I'll sing of my pain
Like a gospel refrain

I don't believe that you've got nothing to wear

Sold all I had
Became an anarchist
Shaved my head
Got tattooed to the wrist
Founded a cult
Then got political
Started a trend
And made important friends
Millionaires wore linen shirts
Clawing in the tide
Oh the knock on the door says it won't be ignored
So I'll sing of my pain 'cause I don't want to stay here
with you

I don't believe that you've got nothing to wear
I've seen your closet, decadence resides there

The voice of reason
We showed you photographs

I think you're angry
Because I had the last laugh

I'll see you tomorrow
Your looks could kill me then
You know I'll break down
The circus will not end

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