

## Whatever

### "Tall/thin/in"

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Your form is fine  
It soothes my eye  
For just one while  
Until I find  
You open Your mouth and we all realize it's a  
Waste of time of waste of time  
The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win  
You're tall You're thin You must be in  
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin  
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head  
That Kenzo dress  
Is fab I guess  
It seems a mess  
But makes up in bliss  
Your brain and Your boobs are injected with ooze

Now You're fabulous  
- by standards of his  
The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win  
You're tall You're thin You must be in  
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin  
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head  
The day You turn 30 You know it will end  
You're tall - so what  
The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win  
You're tall You're thin You must be in  
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin  
Now nobody knows You no nobody cares if  
The tabloids will tell You that You're gonna win  
You're tall You're thin You must be in  
The smile on Your face just a surgical spin  
Now nobody knows what is going on inside Your head

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