

Bop Skizzim "Beauty Queen"

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This ain't no runway
This ain't no spray tan
This ain't no big hair
Out of a spray can

I got no diamonds on the soles of my shoes
I go ballistic with these mile high heel blues
I got the blues baby

I see the crooked architect
Making his model machine
Plastic molded perfect
But I ain't no beauty queen

Elbow, Elbow, Wrist Wrist
Wipe a tear, baby blow a kiss
Mirror, Mirror, On the wall
Build 'em up... and watch 'em fall

You wanna dress me up
And make me do tricks
Put on my make-up
And lick my lipstick

Don't need no white strips
Don't need no Vaseline
Don't need no Revlon
Don't need no Mabeline

I see the crooked architect
Making his model machine
Plastic molded perfect
But I ain't no beauty queen

Elbow, Elbow, Wrist Wrist
Wipe a tear, baby blow a kiss
Mirror, Mirror, On the wall
Build 'em up... and watch 'em fall

There she is...
Miss American Dream causin' a scene yeah
There she is...

How could such a pretty little thing be so mean?
Oh you're so mean...

I'm getting off this pedestal
That somehow appeared under my feet when you
walked in...

We're all just made of clay
And there will come a day
When we are old and grey
Like dust we'll blow away
Blow away... Blow away!

Elbow, Elbow, Wrist Wrist
Wipe a tear... Baby blow a kiss

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