

## **Premiata Forneria Marconi "Is My Face On Straight"**

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Inflate you waistcoat, wind down your eyes,  
Tie on your best smile, check your disguise.  
Dryclean your old jokes, practise despair,  
Hide your relations under the stairs.  
You're invited to attend the turkey party convention;  
Isn't that nice?  
You can leave your troubles at the door  
We have ways to make you cheer  
As long as you're not sick or poor  
A negro or a queer.  
We can fit you with a suit of clothes  
That will make you look like us,  
An appointments book and a new outlook  
A ladder or a truss  
Have another cup of reality  
Drink and drink some more!  
You can own a boat, a house, a car,  
Or live like Howard Hughes;  
Come on what have you got to lose...  
And if you're discreet there are pleasures sweet  
You can even swap your wife  
If you'll only sign the dotted line  
You'll be fine... Oh so fine...  
Thank you for joining here are your pills  
The man in the white coat will send you the bill.  
Would you like to meet  
Our most distinguished member... a doctor Faustus by  
name!  
Is my face on straight?  
Will they laugh at the gate  
Oh I mustn't be late  
Is my face on straight?  
Is my face on straight?  
Will they let me through the gate  
Oh I mustn't be late  
Is my face on straight... Is my face on straight...  
Is my face on straight?

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