Balladeer, A "Alright, Mr. DeMille"

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alright, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up I've been steady out of focus now for long enough don't talk about my heyday being way, way over just a touch of make-up here and I'm off

I'm gonna be loved I'm gonna be loved

L.O.V.E.D.

you fake it till you make it and you fake it some more then a thing Monroe's a pretty good example of in front of Miller and DiMaggio and millions of men she ate her cake and she got stuffed

I wanna be loved I wanna be loved

it's my way or no way or else I just won't play but I need direction a bit of direction set clear and everyone quiet, please camera, lights and action!

it was too late to be selected as a Brat Pack actor thank God for Missy Moore I never got the job I could have beat her ass easy at a weeping contest now the gloves are coming off because

I wanna be loved I wanna be loved

it's my way or no way or else I just won't play but I need direction a bit of direction set clear and everyone quiet, please camera, lights and action! Visit <u>Balladeer</u>, <u>A</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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