

Salad

"One Imitation Smile"

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I can sleep in a chair
When the air is close
And the book is hardly started
You know I never pray
But i might one day
For those around departed

One imitation smile
Curls round your glass
I can see through white wine
One imitation smile
Curls round your lips
I can see right through you

I'm modelled in wax
But in good hands now
I'll burn up at both ends
Half dead with fatigue
In a social storm
I can gather all my close friends

I get the heaviest blues
And the shortest fuse
When the glutton party beckons
My rattle is a draw
On the restaurant floor
They'll soon be up for seconds

Right through

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