

## Squeeze "Vanity Fair"

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She left her school for the factory  
From pocket money to a salary  
From a pac-a-mac to a compact case  
And every morning she inspects her face

She discovers pulling pints in pubs  
That the good looks will never cover up for  
Her dumbness in takin' the stock  
Sees her reflection in a butcher's shop

She finds it all quite rare  
That her meat's all vanity fair  
She finds it all quite rare  
That her meat's all vanity fair

She has her eyes on medallion men  
That get her home on the dot at ten  
She combs her hair when she gets excused  
The deal she wants always ends up screwed

Paints her nails on the bathroom scales  
Gargles her breath like a landed whale  
Her beauty is as deep as her skin  
Keeps her eyebrows in a tobacco tin

She poses foot on the chair  
Coconut shy but vanity fair  
She poses foot on the chair  
Coconut shy but vanity fair

In her vanity case, her compact case  
In her compact case, her eyes, not bad for a sister  
But her vanity's fair and her sense of humor's dry

She comes home late with another screw loose  
She swears to have had just a pineapple juice  
Falls asleep fully clothed in her bed  
With her makeup remover by her head

And she might not be all there  
But her dream's all vanity fair  
She might not be all there

But her dream? s all vanity fair

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