

Fighters Foo

"Stacked Actors"

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Oh mirror mirror, you're coming in clear
I'm finally somewhere in between
I'm impressed, what a beautiful chest
I never meant to make a big scene
Will you resign to the latest design
You look so messy when you dress up in dreams
One more for hire, a wonderful liar
I think it's time we all should come clean
Stack dead actors, stacked to the rafters
Line up the bastards all I want is the truth
Hey, hey now, can you fake it,
Can you make it look like we want
Hey hey now, can you take it
And we cry when they all die blonde
God bless, what a sensitive mess
Yeah, but things aren't always what they seem
Your teary eyes, your famous disguise
Never knowing who to believe
See through, yeah but what do you do
When you're just another aging drag queen

