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TITLE: A SINGER'S SONG

(VERSE 1)

I WALK OUT, SING A SONG, AND THEY APPLAUD
CLAPPING HANDS DON'T FILL THE HOLE
THE AUDIENCE ARE EXTRAS, DESPERATE ACTORS
AND I PLAY THE SINGER IN MY LOW BUDGET MOVIE ROLE

(PRE-CHORUS)

THEN IT'S ALL
FAKE KISS
HUG HUG
BIG FAN
LOVE YOUR BAND
GREAT TAN
LOVE THE SONG
COOL MAN

BEING SOMEONE ELSE, ISN'T THAT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?

(VERSE 2)

CURTAIN UP, CURTAIN DOWN, I SING MY PART IN THE SONG
I SING MY LINES, MAKE MY FACE, WHO AM I FOOLING
AT LEAST THERE IS APPLAUSE, UNLIKE MY REAL LIFE MOVIE
ON THE STREET WHERE ARE THE CURTAIN BOWS I AM YEARNING

(PRE-CHORUS)

THEN IT'S ALL
LOOK AT ME
LOOK AT HER
SEXY SINGER
SEXY GIRL
WHO AM I
WHAT AM I
IS THERE A PARTY IN MALIBU?

(CHORUS)

AND WE'RE ALL SINGERS
IN A SONG THAT NEVER ENDS,
EVERYBODY BEING COOL, BUT DEEP
INSIDE I NEED A FRIEND

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