

You're So Fame

Roll your eyes
And let the games begin
Let the dogs perform some mimicry

My radar, my fears, my plans, and my conscience
They leave and swing the door
With a goodbye
And they wished us all the best for now

So roll your thighs and wipe your pretty mind
With a mouthful of memories
That you find hard to swallow

So you feel
Molested by the sky
By the sun and by my poetry

By the nurse in black furs
By priests in neoprene
By the doctors in their gladiator gear

So roll your thighs and wipe your pretty mind
With a mouthful of memories
That you find hard to swallow

So you wanna be part of our shows and
Wanna windmill the stage like you're Pete Townshend
And all the countless celebrities that you know
They're still talking about you being their all-time superhero
And all the cynical sisters with their blisters
Come in sandals to your show

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