

Badlees, Next Big Thing

The kings of America were falling out of fashion
The system systematically was shooting out their lights
Driven to the level of paparazzi comers
They bid the public an ugly goodnight

Well, the shaved and depraved
The concealed and the well-healed
The maintained and the drained
The walking dead and the well-read

All have a stake in the model and the make
Of the latest star attractions

CHORUS

Can you tell us who's the next big thing
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We know they ain't gonna last
But it's always a blast to devour every second

The girl in the pressure cooker's losing her mystique now
The brains at The Star say she's dying by degrees
With tales of self abuse and a criminal citation
Her sun is setting in the Hollywood sea

Well, the ares and the ain'ts
The gratified and the fried
The diseased and the pleased
The endowed and the street crowd

All want a piece of the latest release
To stroke the head of their condition

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