

Carole King, The Awful Truth

The awful truth
Concerning me
The creature-feature mystery
Is simply this
In the worst way
I wanna play
MRS. DRACULA

The challenge is tough
But I know I've got the stuff
To be just spectacular
Can't you see it in lights
ROSIE REALLY MEETS DRACULA!
So close your eyes
And visualize
Me in a cape
And fangs in my head
Loving a guy who's mostly dead
(I don't see him often
'Cause he sleeps in a coffin)
Nothing could be zanier
Than our lives in Transylvania
We're fabulous one day
And rotten the next
Variety says
THOSE TWO MUST BE HEXED!

At six in the morning
When my sweetie is yawning
I feed all the bats
A mush made of rats
Then I tidy the tomb
Cover all the trap doors
And wash any old blood stains
Offa the floors

DON'T YOU SEE
This juicy part
Was meant for me!
I got the looks
I got the style
I got the bloodshot eyes
And a ghastly smile
It's the dream of my life
To play DRACULA'S WIFE!
The reviews will all rave
This movie's a whopper
A super show-stopper
And no one can top her
Not Rosie!
Dear Academy,
Take note
I should get the Oscar vote
If I don't
I'll bite your throat!
Signing off now
Quote, unquote