

# John Cameron Mitchell, Wig In A Box

On nights like this  
When the world's a bit amiss  
And the lights go down  
Across the trailer park  
I get down, I feel had  
Feel on the verge of going mad  
And then it's time to punch the clock

I put on some make-up  
Turn on the tape deck  
And put the wig back on my head  
Suddenly I'm Miss Midwest Midnight Checkout Queen  
Until I head home  
And I put myself to bed

I look back on where I'm from  
Look at the woman I've become  
And the strangest things seem suddenly routine  
I look up from my Vermouth on the rocks  
The gift wrapped wig's still in the box  
Of towering velveteen

I put on some make-up  
Some LaVern Baker  
And pull the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm Miss Beehive 1963  
Until I wake up  
And I turn back to myself

Some girls, they got natural ease  
They wear it any way they please  
With their French flip curls  
From perfumed magazines  
Wear it up, let it down  
This is the best way that I've found  
To be the best you've ever seen

I put on some make-up  
Turn on the eight-track  
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm Miss Farrah Fawcett  
From TV  
Until I wake up  
And I turn back to myself

Shag, bi-level, bob  
Dorothy Hamill do,  
Sausage curl, chicken wings  
It's all because of you  
With your blow dried, feather backed  
Toni home wave, too  
Flip, fro , frizz, flop  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you  
It's all because of you

(okay...everybody...)

I put on some make-up  
Turn on the eight track  
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf  
Suddenly I'm Miss Punk Rock Star  
Of stage and screen  
And I ain't ever

I'm never turning back