

Juliette Lewis, Fantasy Bar

Come on watch the models
Putting on their makeup
You could smell it from a mile away it's destruction and corrupt
Let's go to Hollywood
March down that Sunset Strip
Burn our dreams in a single night till the fright light comes in

You can never be too sure who you're gonna end up next to
It's a Fantasy bar with Cuban cigars smoke so thick yeah
Then you wanna break up the dance floor
Where you watch the people come and go
It's a dreamland so finish it off

Let's catch the pretension up on the west side
inside the velvet ropes where the pretty people hide
Or maybe you like the downtown scene walk
past the dirty windows and preen
We're living the dream so get it all

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You can sell a blind man the idea of lust
in a smoked out room just above that
Neon sign that glows fantasy bar just behind the mirage
Isn't this what we're all aching for the taste of sugar
on the dance floor so finish it off
More more more yeah