

Magazine, The Great Beautician In The Sky

Laughter staggers on
In between their gags
pounding their faces
he's on his last legs

I don't care to dance
I don't care to dance
I don't want to dance
I'm not going to dance

Angels twitch nervously
the brave and the bold weep
we all want to know who
we should pay tribute to

Hey good looker
hey good looker
you could tell me all about it
go on - tell me all about it
I know your secrets
I know your secrets
you could tell ...

I may have lost the thread
I was supposed to pull
may I say everyone
is irresistible

Everyone is irresistible
now I'm not sure which way I should turn
I can say 'Now I've seen everything'
at last there must be no more to learn

That's what you want to hear
sadly, also it's true
and I know all your ways
and I'm still hung up on you

Oh great beautician in the sky
your innocence just saddens me
I shall throw it all against the wall
take my pleasure in spite of it all

I know your secrets ...
Hey good looker ...
I could fall all night over you
Hey good looker ...
roses are red, violets are blue