

Don McLean, Fashion Victim

Chorus:

I hate fashion, I hate it with a passion
are you a fashion victim, are you a fashion victim
are you a fashion victim, I bet you are.
I see them on the video, they're wearin' fashion shoes.
They're singin' 'bout their troubles. They never paid their dues.
The rhythm's in the background, the fashion's in the front.
They tricked us out of music with this latest fashion stunt.

(Chorus)

The candidate is handsome, he's wearin' tailored clothes.
He's following the pollster everywhere he goes.
His teeth have all been straightened, his hair is very full.
His stupidity is hidden by this image-making bull.

(Chorus)

School is just a showcase where fashion children go.
As long as they look cool, there's little they should know.
Ideas have no power when people cannot read.
Fashion can go sour, it's not cool to be in need.

(Chorus)

How did the land of Jefferson, how did the land of King
become the land of hamburgers and raisins that can sing?
Roosevelt was cripple, Lincoln was a geek.
They'd never get elected, their clothes were never chic.

(Chorus)