

Glenn Kaiser, Follywood Green

It ain't my real hair
It ain't my real name
It's just my p.r.
It ain't my real fame

Now ya' see it but ya' think you don't
You gonna buy it but ya' think you won't
Image imagine, electric facade
It's a trip, chip, clip of your wallet, honey
Gotchayou need that style

60-year-old investors
45-year-old boss
30-year-old shop owners
15-year-old consumers being massaged
By a worldwide industrialized computerized mirage

We've learned no style sells
Free-style as well
To the best-dressed self-obsessed people in hell
Cuz life ain't made of the stuff you got
And the cross ain't sellin' where the cattle shop
Gotchayou need that style

It's the price of hype
Down to the store-bought smile
And the price was right
It only cost ya' your life honey
Gotchayou need that style!