

# Kate Miller-Heidke, Australian Idol

I was having a bad week I crashed the car and the cat carked it  
Weighed myself outside Woolies and I'd put on 4 kilos  
Arranged to meet an old friend for coffee  
I poured my heart out told her all about  
Poor dead fluffy, and the bloody car, and did she think I should go on a diet?  
She studied my face, trying to frame the words to say  
Just the right blend of empathy and advice  
She took a big breath. And looked into my eyes and she said:  
You should go on Australian Idol!  
Even if you don't win, you'll have a great time.  
Don't worry that you don't look like a supermodel  
They're even letting fatties on there now so you should be fine.  
I said 'Thanks, I feel a lot better now'  
Then I erased her number from my phone  
I didn't know how much we'd grown apart.  
The very next day was my birthday.  
No one called, except my grandma  
And she was drunk, she just needed a lift home from the pub  
Then that Sunday night, I went to dinner with my rellies  
They said Happy Birthday! Do you mind if we put the tv on?  
It's nearly the final of Australian Idol and  
Katie, you should go on Australian Idol  
You're much prettier than her she looks like a pudding  
You'll win it no worries love' said my uncle  
And I just turned and looked at him like he was something that I stood in.  
And don't get me wrong if I turn on the tv and it's on  
I can't stop watching. Even with the ads  
Even with those two dickheads blabbing on between songs  
I love to see their spirits crushed, their egos shattered  
I love the ones that really suck in the first auditions  
I love to watch them sob, their dreams in tatters  
And I laugh while I eat my dinner  
They're crying in their 5-star hotel, and I'm cackling on my cack-brown couch  
And it's not that I am jealous, I'm not jealous, I'm not jealous.  
The next Sunday, I had a pretty bad hangover  
Feeling kinda grumpy,  
Sitting on the couch, eating Pringles feeling sorry for myself.  
I flipped to Channel 10 and before I knew it I was watching a really short guy  
Singing that really annoying song by Craig David.  
Suddenly I rose to my feet it must have been divine intervention  
I saw the light in front of me, and I screamed!  
Why am I watching Australian Idol? (God!)  
Am I really reduced to this pitiful state? Jesus!  
I may as well just head down to my local karaoke bar  
Or better still just change to SBS.  
You better believe it I'll change to ABC  
So Marcia, Dico, whatever your name is  
Shove it up your ass!