Premiata Forneria Marconi, Is My Face On Straig

Inflate you waistcoat, wind down your eyes,

Tie on your best smile, check your disguise.

Dryclean your old jokes, practise despair,

Hide your relations under the stairs.

You're invited to attend the turkey party convention;

Isn't that nice?

You can leave your troubles at the door

We have ways to make you cheer

As long as you're not sick or poor

A negro or a queer.

We can fit you with a suit of clothes

That will make you look like us,

An appointments book and a new outlook

A ladder or a truss

Have another cup of reality

Drink and drink some more!

You can own a boat, a house, a car,

Or live like Howard Hughes;

Come on what have you got to lose...

And if you're discreet there are pleasures sweet

You can even swap your wife

If you'11 only sign the dotted une

You'11 be fine... Oh so fine...

Thank you for joining here are your pills

The man in the white coat will send you the bill.

Would you like to meet

Our most distinguished member... a doctor Faustus by name!

Is my face on straight?

Will they laugh at the gate

Oh I mustn' t be late

Is my face on straight?

Is my face on straight?

Will they let me throught the gate

Oh I mustn't be late

Is my face on straight... Is my face on straight...

Is my face on straight?