

Sam Phillips, Powder Room Politics

Verse 1:

Well, I walk inside just to fix my hair
And the girls at the mirror all start to stare
Then they look back at their reflection
And we all compare
And it's powder room politics
Oh, oh, oh, powder room politics
Yeah, powder room politics

Verse 2:

While I wish I could wear this one girl's size
Another girl was wishing that she had my eyes
And we were all feeling worthless 'til I realized
It's just powder room politics
Oh, oh, oh, powder room politics
Yeah, powder room politics

Bridge:

Oh, well, we feel like we're not worth much in any scene
If we don't look like the girls in magazines
And we're all being robbed of our self-esteem

Tag:

Oh, oh, oh, powder room politics
Yeah, powder room politics

Verse 3:

Well, I told that girl that she had nice eyes
And then I stopped worrying about my size
And as I left I was glad to leave the lies
Of powder room politics
Oh, oh, oh, powder room politics
Yeah, powder room politics