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