

Now come one come all to this tragic affair
Wipe off that makeup, what sin is despair?
So throw on the black dress, mix in with the lot
You might wake up and notice you're someone you're not

If you look in the mirror and don't like what you see
You can find out firsthand what it's like to be me
So gather 'round piggies and kiss this goodbye
I'd encourage your smiles I'll expect you won't cry

Another contusion, my funeral jag
Here's my resignation, I'll serve it in drag
You've got front row seats to the penitence ball
When I grow up I want to be nothing at all!

I said yeah, yeah!
I said yeah, yeah!

C'mon C'mon C'mon I said
(Save me!) Get me the hell out of here
(Save me!) Too young to die and my dear
(You can't!) If you can hear me just walk away and
(Take me!)