

# Fifteen Minutes

[Kirsty MacColl](#)

Seven times in seven days  
I've sat and wished my life away  
I know the greyness comes and goes  
But the sun don't shine and the snow don't snow  
There's Suzy Ann with her tits and curls  
Where mediocrity excels  
For those vicious boys and their boring girls  
You know it makes me sick but it's a bozo's world  
Then there's always the cash  
Selling yourself for some trash  
Smiling at people that you cannot stand  
You're in demand, your fifteen minutes start now  
City banker looks are in  
The heartless heart, the chinless chin  
And you'd spill your beans for just a pint of gin  
How you got so holy and became so thin  
In Sunday papers every week  
The silly words you love to speak  
The tacky photos and the phoney smiles  
Well it's a bozo's world and you're a bozo's child  
Then there's always the cash  
Selling yourself for some trash  
Smiling at people that you cannot stand  
You're in demand, your fifteen minutes start now  
Then there's always the fame  
Autographs now and again  
People who saw you on Blankety Blank  
Or in the bank, your fifteen minutes start now

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