

# Dressed Up

## Mustard Plug

I don't know how it started but it can't end too soon  
The way the tide is turning I think you're singing the wrong tune  
You're addicted to an image you can never attain  
The time and money spent enough to drive me insane  
You're fronting like a billboard but easier to read  
An ounce of introspection is what you probably need  
You don't have care  
Your bandwagon's rolling but it's going nowhere I'm not buying in  
You'll be all alone  
You're all dressed up  
With no place to go I'm lookin' through the pages of a magazine  
My stomach nearly turns at the images I see  
A plastic persona fronts on every page  
My blood starts to boil,  
I border on rage  
Could you really be so jaded just to throw yourself away  
I know what I see,  
cause I see it everyday  
it's so plain to see  
You're just another product,  
a commodity So long ago,  
I knew you then  
The truth be told,  
we were the closest of friends  
And you were so much more than you'll ever know  
So much deeper than appearances show  
But you traded all you had for a glossy shine  
And you choke down insincerity like vintage wine  
Just thinkin' back to the friend I knew  
I wish that things were different cause I won't be fooled  
No more

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