

Stacked Actors

Foo Fighters

Oh mirror mirror
You're coming in clear
I'm finally somewhere in between
I'm impressed
What a beautiful chest
I never meant to make a big scene

Will you resign to the latest design
You look so messy when you dress up in dreams
One more for hire
Or wonderful liar?
I think its time we all should come clean

Stack dead actors
Stacked to the rafters
Line up the bastards
All I want is the truth

Hey hey now, can you fake it?
Can you make it look like we want?
Hey hey now, can you take it?
And we cry when they all die blond?

God bless, what a sensitive mess
Yeah but things aren't always what they seem
Your teary eyes
Your famous disguise
Never knowing who to believe

See through
Yeah, but what do you do?
When you're just another aging drag queen?

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And we cry when they all die blond?

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