Fashion Awards

Eels

Let's go down to the fashion show
With all the pretty people that you don't know
We'll sit down in the velvet chairs
They'll hand awards out for best hair
And if we don't win one, well, thenWe'll blow off our heads in despair
We'll blow off our heads in despairI smell magic in the room
Flashing lights and sonic booms
Lovely saps all without a care
Nobody said that the world was fair
And if they did say so, well, thenWe'll blow off our heads in despair
We'll blow off our heads in despairLet's go down to the fashion show
With all the pretty people and piles of blow
We'll sit down in the velvet chairs
And hang on tight to our bus fare
And if it falls between the seatsWe'll blow off our heads in despair
We'll blow off our heads in despair

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