

The Awful Truth

Carole King

The awful truth concerning me
The creature-feature mystery
Is simply this
In the worst way
I wanna play
Mrs. Dracula
The challenge is tough
But I know
I've got the stuff
To be just spectacular
Can't you see it in lights?
Rosie really meets Dracula
So close your eyes and visualize
Me in a cape
And fangs in my head
Loving a guy who's mostly dead
I don't see him often
'Cause he sleeps in a coffin
Nothing could be zanier
Than our lives in Transylvania
We're fabulous one day
And rotten the next
Variety says
Those two must be hexed
At six in the morning
When my sweetie is yawning
I feed all the bats, a mush made of rats
Then I tidy the tomb
Cover all the trap doors
And wash any old blood stains off-a the floors
Don't you see
This juicy part was meant for me?
I got the looks
I got the style
I got bloodshot eyes
And a ghastly smile
It's the dream of my life
To play Dracula's wife
The reviews will all rave

This movie's a whopper
A super show-stopper
And no one can top her
Not Rosie
Dear Academy, take note
I should get the Oscar vote
If I don't, I'll bite your throat
Signin' off now
Quote, unquote

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