

Superfabulous

BT

Won't you wake me up from this

Yeah, come on
You can turn it on
Yeah, come on

Wake me up, wake me up
Wake me up, wake me up

Yeah, come on
You can turn it on
Yeah, come on
But you never really die

Flashbulbs go off in my face
Thank a small town with disgrace
Just how did it come to this
All I seen is a vacant face

It goes over and over and over and over
Yeah, it's something beautiful
Over and over, goes over and over
Yeah, still something beautiful, mystical

Used to be so beautiful
And pretty goddam truthful to
You once said that I was deep
Well, that was before I walked asleep

Won't you wake me up from this
All I need is a prince to kiss
Then my beauty'll be back mine
It's my soul, my soul I'll find

Goin' Nike, Nike, Italy, France
Romance

The situation, the situation is:
Beethoven, roll over...

It goes over and over and over and over
Yeah, it's something beautiful
Over and over, goes over and over
Yeah, still something beautiful, mystical

BT: What? I don't fuckin' think so!
Rose: I'm not kidding! ...do you think this experience will...
BT: Wait, but you flipped him off, to start with.
Rose: I don't think the rest of them knew who I was, only the driver; the group was standing back.
BT: You flipped off the driver, who was a monk, at the Getty Museum, and then they wanted to take pictures with you?
Rose: All the rest of them did.

Stars collide and steal my fate
I'm the one they'll all embrace
I get down on my knees and pray

To think of your love some day

Silver's tarnished - blackened now
But I have faith I'll have my crown
Don't listen to sirens sing
Keep my truth I will take with me

Yeah, come on... you can turn it on
Yeah, come on... but you never really die
Yeah, come on... turn it on
Yeah, come on... but you never really die
Yeah, come on... turn it on
Yeah, come on... but you never really die

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