

Trash All the Glam

Conchita Wurst

On the rocks my being's cut in half, I feel under glass
Don't look at me I'm over- and underwhelmed
Cover all the stares and trash all the glam
Just trash all the glam, 'cause

She - has come here to unleash a dream
Mounted with a view within
Shining the way in peace she leads

Bit by bit it starts
She overdoes and undermines her polish
Seeking for the truth within
And covering her shine, shine, shine
She's running dry and desperately
Is calling for resistance here
In no way she can keep this fallen illusion now alive
So she is dropping pretence, way more complex
No more sequence, she deletes and
Trashes all the glam, trashes all the glam
Trashes all the

On the rocks my being's cut in half, I feel under glass
Don't look at me I'm over- and underwhelmed
Cover all the stares and trash all the glam
Just trash all the glam, 'cause

I have come here to be me in peace
But settings seemed to disagree
Views too dull, too obsolete, still succeed

Obstinately I proceed in constant need of poetry
To heal my broken dreams and give me light on gloomy streets
I feel the more I trust in me the brighter all my colors be
And followed by the likes of me I dare to face and to compete
I go and tear to shreds all canting prayers
I cut off hands that hold me back
I'm trashing all the glam, trashing all the glam
Trashing all the glam