

You've lost again
Ten out of ten
Your talent tries...
Who'll recognize?
You win the truth:
You've lost your youth
For the big time
There's little time...

Stop sinking! Take a breath!
Stop thinking "This is death!"
Clear that mascara
That embarrassingly dries
On your sorry eyes
Answer each cattle call
Sing them each "Satin Doll"
Regard all catcalls
As just small pratfalls
On your rise
To the starry skies

You fear your friends
You're near the end
Nothing to trust
But girl, you must...

Stop sinking! Take a breath!
Nothing can kill like death!
Clear that mascara
That embarrassingly dries
On your sorry eyes
Answer each cattle call
Sing them each "Satin Doll"
Regard all catcalls
As just small pratfalls
On your rise
To the starry skies