

Wig In A Box

Lord Of The Lost

On nights like this
When the world's a bit amiss
And the lights go down
Across the trailer park
I get down, I feel had
I feel on the verge of going mad
And then it's time to punch the clock

I put on some make-up
And turn on the tape deck
And pull the wig back on my head

Suddenly I'm Miss Midwest Midnight Checkout Queen
Until I head home
And I put myself to bed

I look back on where I'm from
Look at the woman I've become
And the strangest things seem suddenly routine

I look up from my vermouth on the rocks
A gift-wrapped wig still in the box
Of towering velveteen

I put on some make-up
Some LaVern Baker
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf

Suddenly I'm Miss Beehive 1963
Until I wake up
And I turn back to myself

Some girls they have natural ease
They wear it any way they please
With their French flip curls and perfumed magazines

Wear it up, let it down
This is the best way that I've found
To be the best you've ever seen

I put on some make-up
Turn on the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf

Suddenly I'm Miss Farrah Fawcett from TV
Until I wake up
And I turn back to myself

Shag, bi-level, bob
Dorothy Hamill do
Sausage curls, chicken wings
It's all because of you
With your blow dried, feather back
Toni home wave, too
Flip, fro, frizz, flop
It's all because of you
It's all because of you

It's all because of you

Okay

I put on some make-up
Turn on the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf

Suddenly I'm this punk rock star
Of stage and screen
And I ain't never
Never turning back