

It appears darling I'm helpless
'Cause I don't look a thing like Elvis
Am I two decades a baby?
Or almost slightly crazy?
Help me
Help me please, tell me

Nothing matters when you're wearing fur
I can't keep myself away from her
And I can't believe wearing forgery feels so real

There's wars too dark to understand
And someone's blood on someone's hands
And I can't afford the train or bus
'Cause I spent my money on stupid stuff
Tell me
Maybe, please

Nothing matters when you're wearing fur
I can't keep myself away from her
And I can't believe troubled skin deep feels so real

And I know that all the troubles that you ever had to have
Would kill you if they could
Maybe they can
Maybe they should
All the troubled sinking suns
Of the elegant youth, tell me

Nothing matters when you're wearing fur
I still can't keep myself away from her
I can't believe wearing forgery feels so real