

Trash Glam Baby

The Boomtown Rats

Oh no, another shit Saturday night
My jeans don't fit and the money is tight
Adele is working down at the charity shop
She's got a pair of boots in so maybe she'll swap
For my Biba blouse and my pink feather boa
Is shedding all its feathers I don't wanna live no more
I got my diamante and my stick-on stars
I got my New York Dolls, I got my Spiders From Mars

Trash Glam Baby, it's a trash can world
She's a glitter ball honey, she's a glitter bomb
Dancing by herself at the Moth Club tonight
You're maybe getting burned dancing too close to the lights

In class they teach "World Civilization"
I can't get my head around the whole situation
I mean how can you have an adult conversation
Without talking about Trash Glam Nation

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Trash Glam Baby, trash can world
Glitter ball honey, glitter bomb
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Yea I'm a Tank Top Terrorist, I'm making the scene
My fishnets gotten ladders all along the seams
I'm your basic vacant youth if you know what I mean
It ain't Retro, it's just Metro 2017

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