

## My Face

Wolfsbane

My face is my backstage pass  
Like the queen, you don't need cash  
You won't see me with an empty glass  
I got the future, got the pass

Rock the girls, saying I'm obscene  
Get your extra cinema seats  
Places I go and drink for free  
They say "Is it you?!" It's me!

I will rock you when I come clean  
I live a life of which you dream

I work guitar and bass and drums  
Singing all the same, singing all the run  
I am the saviour, I am the Christ  
I am the Satan who pays you the price

This is here I am at last  
With a rock black leather suit, first class  
Saw my face in a magazine  
She says "Is it you?!" It's me!

I will rock you when I come clean  
I live a life of which you dream

Dream on, dream on  
I got what you want

I was born... all the fuss...  
Eyes move... all over us...  
Eyes grow big... in my head...  
I tell the town from the boring men

You can dream on, dream on

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Dream on!