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A Little More Mascara

Reference number pt0094

Once again, I'm a little depressed by the tired old face that I
see:

Once again, it is time to be someone, who's anyone other
than me.

With a rare combination of girlish excitement and manly
restraint,

I position my precious assortment of powders and pencils
and paint.

So whenever I feel that my place in this world is beginning to
crash,

I apply one great stroke of mascara to my rather limp upper
lash,

and I can cope again,

Good God! There's hope again.

When life is a real bitch again
and my old sense of humor has up and gone,

It's time for the big switch again:

I put a little more mascara on.

When I count my crow's feet again
and tire of this perpetual marathon,

I put down the john seat again,

And put a little more mascara on.

And ev'rything's sparkle dust, bugle beads, ostrich plumes,
When it's a beaded lash that you look through;
'cause when I feel glamorous, elegant, beautiful,
the world that I'm looking at's beautiful too!

When my little road has a few bumps again,
and I need something level to lean upon,
I put on my sling pumps again,
and wham this ugly duckling is a swan!

So when my spirit starts to sag
I hustle out my highest drag
and put a little more mascara on.

And ev'rything's ankle straps, maribu, Shalimar!
It's worth sucking in my gut and gird'ling my rear;
'cause ev'rything's ravishing, sensual, fabulous,
when Albin is tucked away and Zaza is here!

When ev'rything slides down the old tubes again,
and my old self-esteem has begun to drift,
I strap on my fake boobs again,
and literally give myself a lift!

So when it's cold and when it's bleak
I simply rouge the other cheek,
for I can face another day
in slipper satin lingerie,
To make depression disappear
I screw some rhinestones on my ear,
and put my broaches and tiara
and a little more mascara on!