

Pretty face, simple mind.  
Take a look what's inside.  
Sugar coated shell, as sweet as cake.  
But you're as smart as a frosted flake.  
Since you were born you've always been a beauty queen.  
Every single little school girls fantasy.  
Every night you wake me up in my wet dream.  
But you're talented enough for porno magazines.  
Fashion girl, a living lie.  
Painted face, airbrushed thighs.  
Pay you millions, though you're talentless.  
It makes me wish I had tits.  
But what will you do when your glory days are over?  
Will you find yourself asking what's left for me?  
And what will you do when your torch has finally burned out?  
Who will you turn to and where will you be?  
And will you cry when you go to sleep at night knowing that your entire life has been skin deep?  
Who's gonna be your faceless partner to swim with you in your shallow waters who will be your victim who will you bleed?  
Beauty queen, one of a kind.  
Fashion world's left you behind.  
What's left for you?  
What have you got?  
Just memories and a place to rot.