

## Alright Mr. Demille

A Balladeer

Alright, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up  
I've been steady out of focus now for long enough  
Don't talk about my heyday being way, way over  
Just a touch of make-up here and I'm off

I'm gonna be loved  
I'm gonna be loved

L.O.V.E.D.

You fake it till you make it and you fake it some more then  
A thing Monroe's a pretty good example of  
In front of Miller and DiMaggio and millions of men  
She ate her cake and she got stuffed

I wanna be loved  
I wanna be loved

It's my way or no way  
Or else I just won't play  
But I need direction  
A bit of direction  
Set clear and everyone quiet, please  
Camera, lights and action!

It was too late to be selected as a Brat Pack actor  
Thank God for Missy Moore I never got the job  
I could have beat her ass easy at a weeping contest  
Now the gloves are coming off because

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I wanna be loved

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Or else I just won't play  
But I need direction  
A bit of direction  
Set clear and everyone quiet, please  
Camera, lights and action!