

## Chanel No. 5

American Music Club

All the sweet mouth really wanted  
Just fell from her grip  
The worst hell you can drag your soul through  
Is trying to make all the lies stick

You might as well not make an effort  
Lots of bills lying around unpaid  
Still I guess some things seem better than  
Lying in a bed an old child made

She's got her Walkman on  
She's got Chanel Number Five  
Look at her walk  
She's holding her head upright  
Wants to show she's got some pride  
To the headlights

All over town people looking for  
Their little piece of goodnight  
Maybe it's finally time  
To turn away from the light  
All her sweet mouth really wanted  
Was lost in her smile  
And her soul just lost the taste that makes  
Any good lie worthwhile

I know I never asked you to read their minds  
So why did you have to go ahead and do it anyway  
You think maybe someday if you're good  
They'll let you disappear from the scene  
But nothing can hide a beating

She's got her Walkman on  
She's got Chanel Number Five  
Look at her walk  
She's holding her head upright  
Wants to show she's got some pride  
To the headlights  
Doesn't she look good