

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