

You've lost again  
Ten out of ten  
Your talent tries...  
Who'll recognize?  
You win the truth:  
You've lost your youth  
For the big time  
There's little time...

Stop sinking! Take a breath!  
Stop thinking "This is death!"  
Clear that mascara  
That embarrassingly dries  
On your sorry eyes  
Answer each cattle call  
Sing them each "Satin Doll"  
Regard all catcalls  
As just small pratfalls  
On your rise  
To the starry skies

You fear your friends  
You're near the end  
Nothing to trust  
But girl, you must...

Stop sinking! Take a breath!  
Nothing can kill like death!  
Clear that mascara  
That embarrassingly dries  
On your sorry eyes  
Answer each cattle call  
Sing them each "Satin Doll"  
Regard all catcalls  
As just small pratfalls  
On your rise  
To the starry skies