Cut-out

You're one of a kind, smooth and sublime a hella cool dude, a wonderful guy So what is it like to be liked, to be right, all of the time? And every time I wander by the plastic of smiles, the corners of eyes... I wanna race them lemmings into the sea look up through the water touch bottom. To my Mother, to my friends, I'm all right. Am I all right? It's mine, all mine. Tu-ra lu-ra Cut-out, you're a doll. You're cut out to fit right in. And you fit right in.