

## Fifteen Minutes

Kirsty MacColl

Seven times in seven days  
I've sat and wished my life away  
I know the greyness comes and goes  
But the sun don't shine  
And the snow don't snow

There's Suzy-Ann with her tits and curls  
Where mediocrity excels  
For those vicious boys and their boring girls  
You know it makes me sick but it's a bozo's world

Then there's always the cash  
Selling yourself for some trash  
Smiling at people that you cannot stand  
You're in demand  
Your fifteen minutes start now

City banker looks are in  
The heartless heart, the chinless chin  
And you'd spill your beans for just a pint of gin  
How you got so holy  
And became so thin

In Sunday papers every week  
The silly words you love to speak  
The tacky photos and the phoney smiles  
Well it's a bozo's world  
And you're a bozo's child

Then there's always the cash  
Selling yourself for some trash  
Smiling at people that you cannot stand  
You're in demand  
Your fifteen minutes start now

Then there's always the fame!  
Autographs now and again  
People who saw you on Blankety Blank  
Or in the bank Cmin  
Your fifteen minutes start now