

October 30th Syndrome

letlive.

Take my picture, draw my face,
And make me over with purple's grace
If you pass inspection, while wearing lace,
You've now acquired your personal taste

There's nothing left for you to show...
Turn out the lights
It's your time to shine

There comes a time in every young man's life,
Where you realize you're a woman
There comes a time in every young man's life
Where you fight, so let's fight

Say 'wow', you're gray

On the day we get dressed up there's nothing left for you to wear
You've picked out the same design for the last ten years
You cannot hide behind plastic wrap, because clearly it's clear
You cannot hide behind make up, it runs with the tears