

In the Wings

Mother Mother

Mama said I was allowed, to love myself
Instead I found a crown, to counterfeit.
Put it on my head, strut around.
Putting on the ritz
I put it in a book I write, inside my mind.
A quintessential classic in my mind.

I am waiting in the wings.
Me and my thespian, we're ready to get in.
I've got people in my skin.
Crawling around I could be any one of them.

Out for dinner with a girl. Ugly girl.
She asked me where I work. City girl.
I'm the prince of thieves, come to bed.
I steal the imagery
and put it in a mood I set up in my head.
Of violence and sex up in my head.

I am waiting in the wings.
Me and my Fred Astaire, we're dying to get in there.
I have people in my skin.
Crawling around, I could be any one of them.

I'd like to thank the academy
Ma and pa for never feeding me.
All the drugs for creativity
Love me, love me, love me, love me, love me.

I am waiting in the wings.
Me and my thespian we're waiting to get in
I've got people in my skin.
Crawling around I could be any one of them.

I am waiting in the wings. Me and my Fred Astaire, we're dying
to get in there
I've got people in my skin, crawling around I could be any one
of them.

We're all waiting in the wings.
We're all waiting in the wings
I got people in my skin.