

Fake Smile

Rebecca Ferguson

Put on your fake smile
And wipe away your real tears
What's real anyway?
What's real anyway?

Well, I'm not gonna lie
Doesn't work I've tried
I've choked up the bitterness with wine
Calling him up, fully drunk
But he declines
Count on my blessings
And now I'm down to none
He took the piss because I let him
Yeah, I was good while I was fun

Put on your fake smile
And wipe away your real tears
What's real anyway?
What's real anyway?
Put on your short skirt
And show him what he'll miss
It's not real anyway
It's not real anyway

So we're not getting on
Maybe the timing's wrong
But I thought we were getting better
And he just smiles as he tells me
I'm not the one
This film he's directing
All his feelings are missing
And I'm saying sorry on my phone
For all the awful things that I haven't done

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And wipe away your real tears
What's real anyway?
What's real anyway?
Put on your short skirt
And show him what he'll miss
It's not real anyway
It's not real anyway

Just when it's all gone
And I've had enough, son
I throw my towel in
His smile is real
As real as seeing

Put on that short skirt
And show him what he'll miss
We've all done it anyway
Let's be real anyway

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And wipe away your real tears
What's real anyway?

What's real anyway?
Put on your short skirt
And show him what he'll miss
We've all done it anyway
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