

# Tabloid Queen

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You read Heat magazine  
You want to see what's going on  
In the world where you believe  
It's where you want to belong

You look at what not to wear  
You look at their make up and how they do their hair  
You are not them they are not you  
So stop trying to do it how they do

It's the glossy magazines and the tabloid thugs  
That bully you to diets and taking drugs  
If you tried individuality  
You may get by more happily

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You believe what you read  
Even though it may not be true  
We all fall into that trap sometimes  
But you cannot let it continue

You question who you are  
Questions whether you'll make it that far  
Where you won't have to wear a wonder bra  
Cuz your breasts will be paid for by your footballer

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Try it

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The Tabloid Queen  
She's already messed up  
She's only seventeen  
It's yet to be seen if she'll carry on hanging on the tabloid scene  
She's so far to gone so much to grow but she needs to know  
How to be herself

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