

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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