

Fashion is the only cure  
It always leaves you wanting more  
Fashion people know the score  
Ah? Fashion!

I'm just a slave to it all

Walking down the street feeling like she is complete  
She's got her Gucci, Prada, Louis, Saba  
Isn't that neat  
She thinks that everyone is looking as she's passing them by  
And everything looks better with heels three inches high

Fashion!  
Step back  
Every street's a catwalk when you're looking like that

I'm just a slave to it all  
Get rich, stay kitch, give me another hit  
I'm just a slave to it all  
Couture, some more, fashion's the only cure

Walking down the street with her new man no-one's seen  
She's laughing, joking, smiling hoping everyone sees  
She's got the perfect guy to match her image alright  
She loves it when she sees the girls have envious eyes

Fashion!  
Step back  
Every street's a catwalk when you're looking like that  
Fashion!  
It's so cool  
When life is like a video and magazine shoot

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