

# A Makeover

Shearwater

It's like a makeover when the filming's over  
And she doesn't know  
How to fix it so that it'll stay  
And she can't figure out  
How to tease out her hair that way herself  
And when she wakes up all the make-up  
Has rubbed away  
And she doesn't know how to find her face

It was only for one single day  
That you looked so beautiful, baby  
Now your cheeks have gone pale  
And your roots dark gray

And though they nod as they notice you're nice  
Baby, nobody's noticing twice  
Dim the lights as your memory of paradise fades

I'm like an architect who cashed his check  
But he doesn't let on  
That it's the last one he'll get  
Though he knows the funds have run dry  
He wants to have fun for one final night  
Staring out at a skyline that he'll never change

They're saying, "Though we like all things that you've  
made  
Notice no one remembers your name  
As you float through time  
Feel your powers decline day by day

You're like a convert who goes back to work  
When he can't retrieve how the clarity actually felt  
When his co-workers ask him the words won't come out

And in three weeks his new leaf has blown away  
And it feels just like an average day  
Facing walls talking into the phone  
Sitting dumbly in church all alone Picking back up the  
magazines he'd thrown away

Well, convert, what your god whispered into your ear  
You forgot once that god disappeared  
And that life-changing day  
Well, you just felt it fade  
But, of course you know, it's got to fade  
You know it's got to fade  
Oh you know, it's got to fade"

And, falling down on the couch, he says  
"It's perfectly that way"