

She left her school for the factory
From pocket money to a salary,
From a pac-a-mac to a compact case
And every morning she inspects her face.
She discovers pulling pints in pubs
That the good looks will never cover up for
Her dumbness in taking the stock
Sees her reflection in a butcher's shop.
She finds it all quite rare
That her meat's all vanity fair.

She has her eyes on medallion men
Who get her home on the dot at ten,
She combs her hair when she gets excused
The deal she wants always ends up screwed.
Paints her nails on the bathroom scales
Gargles her breath like a landed whale,
Her beauty is as deep as her skin
Keeps her eyebrows in a tobacco tin.
She poses foot on the chair
Coconut shy but vanity fair.

In her vanity case her compact case
In her compact case her eyes,
Not bad for a sister
But her vanity's fair and her sense of humour's dry.
She comes home late with another screw loose
She swears to have had just a pineapple juice,
Falls asleep fully clothed in her bed
With her makeup remover by her head.
And she might not be all there
But her dream's all vanity fair.