

Still live, skin tight, make-up in the hall  
A photograph of Garbo passing time on the wall  
Every little thing but the truth

When you're big news, all used, cameras at the door  
The film of your life takes a ride to New York  
Every single frame has to end  
As your sex lends appeal to a friend

Happy birthday  
Have a nice day

Ripped off pin-up, cry out to belong  
They can't love a woman now they've paid for a doll  
Never trust a vulture to move  
When he's looking for a shot in the nude

Happy birthday Mr. President  
Have a nice day Mr. President

Your hair-man hovers round, make-up on the board  
It was just a note -- a private joke -- "While I'm still warm"  
The vultures queue up at the morgue  
A dollar for a shot at the corpse

Happy birthday  
Have a nice day  
Happy birthday Mr. President  
Have a nice day Mr. President  
"37-22-35" R.I.P