

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

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"37-22-35" R.I.P