

# Make Up

## The Script

Blood print stains on the floor of a powdered room  
Cracks in the mirror starting to show too soon  
Miss Caroline streaming down her face  
Her cocaine lipstick smile is such a waste

On the floor, she's almost dead  
She remembers the words that her father once said

No, you don't need make up to cover your face, love  
You're beautiful now, within and without, be good to yourself  
You're doing me proud  
No, you don't need make up to cover your scars up  
You're beautiful now, within and without, and never forget  
You're doing me proud

She's locked up in a prison made up of thoughts  
She puts no worth on anything she's got  
'Cause no one believes that she was born this way  
And heaven knows that God don't make mistakes, no

On the floor, he's almost dead  
He remembers the words that his father once said

No, you don't need make up to cover your face, love  
You're beautiful now, within and without, be good with yourself  
You're doing me proud  
No, you don't need make up to cover your scars up  
You're beautiful now, within and without, and never forget  
You're doing me proud

He's beating himself up before he's even leaving the house  
He's driving himself nuts, in case we're finding him out  
Yeah, he knows what society thinks  
When they see this man dressing so pretty in pink  
He's always loved to play dress up  
But daddy's got something to say  
"You're not a screw up, boy, no more hiding away"  
But she's a queen in a skin of a king  
Never happy who she is, that's the saddest fucking thing, yeah

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You're doing me proud  
No, you don't need make up to cover your scars up  
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Oh, if someone steals your lipstick  
And keeps your mascara dry  
If somebody's got you crying  
Make sure that they tease your joy  
No, you don't need make up