

Wig In A Box

On nights like this
when the world's a bit amiss
and the lights go down
across the trailer park
I get down
I feel had
I feel on the verge of going mad
and then it's time to punch the clock
I put on some make-up
and turn up the tape deck
and pull the wig down on my head
suddenly I'm Miss Midwest
Midnight Checkout Queen
until I head home
and put myself to bed
I look back on where I'm from
look at the woman I've become
and the strangest things
seem suddenly routine
I look up from my Vermont on the
rocks
a gift-wrapped wig still in the box
of towering velveteen
I put on some make-up
and some LaVern Baker
and pull the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm Miss Beehive 1963
Until I wake up
and turn back to myself
Some girls they have natural ease
they wear it any way they please
with their French flip curls
and perfumed magazines
Wear it up
Let it down
This is the best wig that I've found
to be the best you've ever seen
I put on some make-up
and turn up the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm Miss Farrah Fawcett
from TV
until I wake up
and I turn back to myself
Shag, bi-level, bob
Dorothy Hamill do,
Sausage curls, chicken wings
It's all because of you
With your blow dried, feather back,
Toni home wave, too
flip, fro, frizz, flop
It's all because of you
It's all because of you
It's all because of you

I put on some make-up
and turn up the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm this punk rock star
of stage and screen
and I ain't never
I'm never turning back

Children of the moon