

# Conchita Wurst, Trash All The Glam

on the rocks my being's cut in half  
I feel under glass  
don't look at me I'm over-  
and underwhelmed cover  
all the stares and trash all the glam  
just trash all the glam,  
'cause

ahw hs come here unleash a dream  
mounted with a view within  
shinging the way in peace she leads

bit by bit it starts  
she overdoes and undermines her polish  
seeking for the truth within and covering her shine  
she's running dry and desparately is calling for resistance here  
in no way she can keep this fallen illusion now alive  
so she is dropping pretence  
way more complex  
no more sequence  
she delates ans trashes all the glam  
trash all the glam,  
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I habe come here to be me in peace  
but settings seemed to disagree  
views too dull  
too obsolete, still succeed

obstinately I proceed in constant need of poetry  
to heal my broken dreas and give me light on gloome streets  
I feel the more I trust In me  
the brighter all my colors be  
and followed by the likes of me I dare to café and to complete  
I go and tear to shreds all canting prayers  
I cut off hands that hold me back  
I'm trashing all the glam  
trash all the glam,  
trash all the glam,