

## Trash All the Glam

Conchita Wurst

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

She - has come here to unleash a dream  
Mounted with a view within  
Shining 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, shine, shine  
She's running dry and desperately  
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 deletes and  
Trashes all the glam, trashes all the glam  
Trashes all the

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Don't look at me I'm over- and underwhelmed  
Cover all the stares and trash all the glam  
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I have 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 dreams and give me light on gloomy 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 face and to compete  
I go and tear to shreds all canting prayers  
I cut off hands that hold me back  
I'm trashing all the glam, trashing all the glam  
Trashing all the glam