

A Makeover

Shearwater

It's like a makeover when the filming's over
And she doesn't know
How to fix it so that it'll stay
And she can't figure out
How to tease out her hair that way herself
And when she wakes up all the make-up
Has rubbed away
And she doesn't know how to find her face

It was only for one single day
That you looked so beautiful, baby
Now your cheeks have gone pale
And your roots dark gray

And though they nod as they notice you're nice
Baby, nobody's noticing twice
Dim the lights as your memory of paradise fades

I'm like an architect who cashed his check
But he doesn't let on
That it's the last one he'll get
Though he knows the funds have run dry
He wants to have fun for one final night
Staring out at a skyline that he'll never change

They're saying, "Though we like all things that you've
made
Notice no one remembers your name
As you float through time
Feel your powers decline day by day

You're like a convert who goes back to work
When he can't retrieve how the clarity actually felt
When his co-workers ask him the words won't come out

And in three weeks his new leaf has blown away
And it feels just like an average day
Facing walls talking into the phone
Sitting dumbly in church all alone Picking back up the
magazines he'd thrown away

Well, convert, what your god whispered into your ear
You forgot once that god disappeared
And that life-changing day
Well, you just felt it fade
But, of course you know, it's got to fade
You know it's got to fade
Oh you know, it's got to fade"

And, falling down on the couch, he says
"It's perfectly that way"