

Sneakin' into the balcony  
Velvet curtains on the walls  
Well I might jump or I might fall  
I am not decided

Stare into your selfish? screen  
Film is melting happily  
Brown is turning into gold  
I'm falling through these holes

Gracefully  
You hit your mark  
While acting is naive  
The arc of lights  
Above your head  
Is not to be believed

Oh your marquee!  
Your marquee!

And your publicist was great  
She got me this date  
And although I can't complain  
I do not like champagne

You love the trading cards of fame  
And what rhymes with insane?  
And I lie about the champagne  
Yeah I lie about it

Gracefully  
You hit your mark  
While acting is naive  
The arc of lights  
Above your head  
Is not to be believed

Oh your marquee!  
Your marquee!

Will I see you in the parking lot?  
Can I see you in the parking lot?  
Will I see you in the parking lot?