

The Glitter Masquerade

February 16, 2011

Small town folks blow in to town clutching magazines	G G C G
Dreaming of the rush they'll get at invite-only scenes	C G Em D
Some of them scale that greasy pole, some go down in flame	G G C G
Some of them break each other's hearts and pass around the blame	C G Em D
Everybody's got a story, some are even true	C D Em C
Of how they came from Podunk to work on Willie's crew	C G Em D
If you buy a round they'll tell you, before the memories fade,	C C G C
How everybody knew them in the Glitter Masquerade	G Em D G

Richie dressed Armani but he played a mean guitar
Dreaming of the footlights and the cats in Zanzibar
Got a corner office down Embarcadero way
Shakers came from far and wide just to watch him play
He brought a roller derby queen out to Malibu
She left him for a biker with a sensitive tattoo
At the club he's laughing, saying "Dude, I am afraid
She wasn't really ready for the Glitter Masquerade"

Rosie Ryan's come a ways from dancing on the table
Landed her a mogul with an independent label
They have a house in Cabo and one up in the hills
She tips the help at Christmastime in hundred dollar bills
When she's on Rodeo or lounging by the pool
She hardly ever thinks of that quiet boy at school
The way he touched her cheek or the music that they made
Before she got invited to the Glitter Masquerade

Mr. Charley's stickpin held a silken tie in place
His door was always open, a smile on his face
If you were thirsty for a shot of love or hungry for the rent
He'd write a check out on the spot at twenty-nine percent
No one saw the hit and run that put him in the ground
Down at Gleason's burial hall few mourners come around
But in the corner sat a woman sipping lemonade
Remembering how he brought her to the Glitter Masquerade

Tracy hit the big time before she was fifteen
All the papers called her Our Little Country Queen
The paparazzi loved her, it was a mutual thing
Playing hide and seek for the big brass ring
Sometimes on a Sunday when she's feeling low
She hears her mama whisper, "Baby, please don't go"
But that don't really matter, there's a ticket to be paid
For keeping up your standing in the Glitter Masquerade

*The vapid temptations of fame, by someone who has never been
close enough to the gold ring to be tempted.*