

THE ILLUSION

2. VANITY FAIR  
(W. Daniels)

Hear ye hear ye hear ye  
I bring ya bad tidings of cheer  
Hear ye hear ye hear ye  
It's about that time of the year  
You're invited down to the Vanity Fair  
At Insanity Square  
Say, on a mourning Sunday  
At quarter to hate past your clocks  
You'll see Satan wearing satin  
Stirring hate in your Manhattan  
And everyone is gonna get stoned  
So, please bring your rocks  
There'll be sympathy time  
In the shame room  
And the blame room will be fun  
For those who delight in the  
Pointing of fingers and arrows  
If you get there by nine  
You'll be right on time  
To see the hawks kill the sparrows  
Don't be sad if you're late  
There'll be plenty of hate  
Down at the Vanity Fair  
At Insanity Square  
Singin hear ye hear ye hear ye  
I bring ya bad tidings of cheer  
Hear ye hear ye hear ye  
It's about that time of the year  
If you're not doing a thing next Sunday  
Awh, you're feeling ignored  
And bored with the Lord  
And ya think you're not  
Getting your share  
If you'd like to be an instrument  
In Satan's one-man band  
I'll see you at the Vanity Fair  
At Insanity Square  
Say, on a mourning Sunday  
At quarter to hate past your clocks  
You'll see Satan wearing satin  
Stirring hate in your Manhattan  
And everyone is gonna get stoned  
So please bring your rocks  
Awh, do your self a favor  
And beat up on your neighbor  
Down at the Vanity Fair  
At Insanity Square  
It's been entirely too peaceful  
To keep the town police-ful!  
Come down to the Vanity Fair at  
Insanity Square  
To the Vanity Fair  
At Insanity Square  
To the Vanity Fair  
Y'all come