

Salem

Words & Music by Danielle Bisutti (Copyright © 2003)

Well, it's dead in SALEM
There's nothing to do
Your Rita Hayworth
Is long past due
Your lovers bore you
Their money has run dry
Better get your groove on girl
Before you die
So you conjure a plan involving a man
Your talents are put to the test
It's you last big chance for movie romance
You've learned it all from the best
At least we know what the tapes were for
And Sergeant Bailey lies dead on the floor
He didn't like you appetite
For your flavor it fancied his friend
He fell for the trap disguised as your lap
His breathing has come to an end

Do you realize
You cant run for too long
Karma's gonna get you
It's the same old song
Karma's gonna get you
It's the same old song
Karma's gonna get you
It's the same old song

And if you're trying to be discrete
Than why the tango with naked feet
The floors were painted with ruby red
You nearly fainted with a bump on the head
Your manager pitched every bit of it
'Twas your "Passion Play" of rage
Your publicist she had a fit
For your face on every front page
She's innocent 'till the proof is sound
'Till then well dress her up and make a few rounds
Nobody knows how the true story goes

It's a gamble a ±Flash in the Pan
But Hollywood lights gonna make it alright
The talk shows will lend her a hand
How do you feel with your two-picture deal
And that innocent stain on your glove?
In your life's greatest moment
You came out and owned it
Was all just an act of love

Now America's torn
Between a saint and a whore
'Cause Salems burned some babes
Like you before
At least we know what the tapes were for
And Sergeant Bailey lies dead on the floor