

# 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