Charades, pop skill, water hyacinth, named by a poet. Imitation of life. Like a koi in a frozen pond, like a goldfish in a bowl, I don't want to hear you cry.

That's sugarcane that tasted good.
That's cinnamon, that's Hollywood.
Come on, come on, no one can see you try.

You want the greatest thing, the greatest thing since bread came sliced. You've got it all, you've got it sized. Like a Friday fashion show teenager freezing in the corner, trying to look like you don't try.

That's sugarcane that tasted good.
That's freezing rain, that's what you could.
Come on, come on, no one can see you cry.

This sugarcane, this lemonade.
This hurricane, I'm not afraid.
Come on, come on, no one can see me cry.

This lightning storm, this tidal wave.
This avalanche, I'm not afraid.
Come on, come on, no one can see me cry.

That's who you are, that's what you could.
That's who you are, that's what you could.
Come on, come on, no one can see you cry.