**Catwalk Renegade**

**Fashion disaster, whatever that means**

 **In her pop crop-top, paint-stained jeans**

**A strict one-off, a league of her own**

**Try as they might there’s not another one**

**No fashionista, crazy colour schemes**

**They couldn’t match in their wildest dreams**

**She is so avante-garde, a soul parade**

 **She is the catwalk renegade**

**Won’t conform, won’t follow trends**

**She’s a self-styled law unto herself**

**World can stop, world can stare**

**All invisible, she doesn’t care**

**No fashionista….**

**They can go ahead and point fingers all they want**

**They can whisper, they can snigger, they can tease and taunt**

**She’s a Teflon-coated circus clown**

**She is the happy freak, way out of bounds**

**Instrumental**

**Go ahead….**

**She’s a carnival, a merry-go-round**

**The ‘square-peg-round-hole’ of this town**

**Dare to copy, try to match**

**Her daydream slipstream’s all they catch**

**No fashionista…**