

# Trash Box

**De-Phazz**

Mmh, you're sticking to my finger  
Mmh, you smell like used before  
Mmh, your skin to me tastes rotten  
Let me lick a little more First time we walked the junkyard you said the magic words,  
Love should be decorated with a little bit of dirt  
More or less neglected from backbone to the heart,  
It was more than I expected and I knew it from the start That you'd fit into my trash box  
Mmh, a perfect place to be  
Although I know how much that cash sucks,  
I want you there for free

Songwriters

BAUMGARTNER, PIT/APPLETON, PAT Published by

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