

# Crybaby Demon

## Crocodiles

Crybaby demon with her plastic rose  
did she let thorns tear her up head to toe

Fallen angel Sorrow with her perfume rose  
it slithers like a snake into her nose

and she gets so high  
she don't even notice me when I pass her by

She's the saint of garbage lying in her bed  
did I let her holiness go to my head?

She's the virgin Sorrow, swallows up my trash  
for now she's wide awake but soon she'll crash

and she gets so high  
she don't even notice me when I pass her by

Down on the street I'm just another creep!  
Down on the street that's where we meet

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