

Satans Butterfly Ball

Boy George

Look at you, you're insecure.
Running down the street.
Screaming for attention.
Jokers lips and padded hips.
Everybody's laughing,
But you don't care.
You're sick and you're twisted.
Irreverent, so beautiful.
Look at me, don't stare.
I'm already out there.
Goodbye, butterfly.
Goodbye, Satan's child.
Ah, look at you, you've got no shame.
Enemas, blood, cocaine,
Caviar, and piss.
Disco monster terrorist.
Hanging in the tate with
Turner and van gogh.
Tell me pretty, fat, boy,
Is there something you don't show?
Look at me, don't stare.
I'm already out there.
Goodbye, butterfly.
Goodbye, Satan's child.
We love the big girls
With tattoos on their wrist.
Sweet toys with lost eyes,
And big red lips.
Give me sadness and badness.
Don't ever bring me 'round.
Elevator going up.
Reality is a come down.
Goodbye, butterfly.
Goodbye, Satan's child.
Goodbye.

Songwriters

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