Trash Flavored Trash

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've spent
twenty-two years in this zoo of broken faces.
Parents, and school children watch me sit on this neon nest, naked.There's a girl in a cage,
making love to a switchblade.
There's a man behind bars,
milking abandoned cars.
There's a priest in shackles,
building bombs out of bibles.
And piano wire vines and the men in the pines.
That spin round, and round, and round, and round, and round.(come on, come on!)
Take me to the pit of celebrity pregancies.
(come on, come on, come on!)
I wanna wear the skin of a magazine baby.
(come on, come on!)
Take me to the pit of celebrity pregancies
(come on, come on, come on!)
the five o'clock news is a fucking fantasy.I stole the rice from the beggar's death bowl
in this zoo of broken faces.
I told a widow that she was beautiful,
when half of her smile was missing.
And I've done all my addition;
gun plus gun equals bang bang bang.
And I've done my division;
trash into trash equals trash flavored trash.I wanna see more dirty places
(Around, around, around, around, around)
Take me to the hall of filthy faces
(Around, around, around, around, around)There's a girl behind chicken wire coughing up ghosts.
There's a housewife in a cage, that vacuums all day.
There's a boy in a toupee speaking in resumes.
And the teeth-heads with no eyes
on the carousel rides that spin
round and round and round and round and round.and, I've payed my admission.

and, I've paid my submission.
and, I've seen the petition.
and, I've done my addition.
and, I've done my division.
yeah, I've done my division.
I've done my division;
trash into trash equals trash flavored trash.

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