Snake Eyes And Sissies

Marilyn Manson

Wrench is just a household god
But I carry mine with pride
I don't work but I can work with it to split your smile

Run you down without a twitch,
Your car's just not as big as mine
Tear the son out of your bitch
And sprinkle your remains with lye

I ain't no working man,
I do the best I can,
I got the devil's hand
Rollin' sixes
I am the habit man
I use up all I can
I've got the slacker's hand

My afternoon's remote control
Daydream milk and genocide
Tranquility with broken knees,
Silly putty enemies
Butter knife in your side

What I got I got for free,
Middle finger technology
What's yours is mine, yours is mine, told you fucker, yours is mine
Snake eyes for sissies

I ain't no working man,
I do the best I can,
I got the devil's hand
Rollin' sixes
I am the habit man,
I use up all I can,
I got the slacker's hand

I was prophesied by Shangri-La,
I am the leader of the pack
I am the pedophile's dream
A messianic Peter Pan

Just a boy, just a boy, just a little fucking boy, I can never be a man

I ain't no working man,
I do the best I can,
I got the devil's hand
Rollin' sixes
I am the habit man,
I use up all I can,
I got the slacker's hand

I ain't no working man,
I do the best I can,
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(oh no, oh no)

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