

Smells Like Happiness

The Hidden Cameras

Happy, we are when we choose to wear the blindfold
And mark our own day with a parade and a song
In our minds, our fathers have died and we realize
That cities have clubs and we like to get drunk
And high from the smells we inhale from dirty wells
And the mouth of a boy who smokes cigarettes
Happiness has a smell I inhale
Like a drug done in a darkened hall
Or a bathroom stall with a friend or a man with a hard on
I feed my own face when I soon crave a taste
Of the neck of a boy who wears eau de toilette
And shaves every day and behaves well in department stores
As well it is the smell of the cum on the rug
Men walk their dirty feet on
And the sweat from the chest of a man in a leather uniform
Happy are we when we choose to wear the blindfold
And mark our own place with the smell of our own

Lyrics provided by

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