Corpses in Their Mouths

Ian Brown

You tell lies when the truth will do
You are the social chameleon
What on earth we gonna do with you?
Slip your neck into a rope,
Show me a smile
You'd run a mile
Then you are free,
So where's the goal?
Where's the style?
You want the dough
Got dead sea scrolls
For you and your women tooShe's got corpses in her mouth
Still she's holding hands with you
It's cut like crystal chandeliers
I'll shine like diamonds in her earsShe smokes crack, it's off the beaten track
You are the social chameleon,
You change to suit the people around you
It's like the waves that hit the shore
You cannot stand the force of law
Look man, I know it from your nature
Hit the deckHit the deck, as the creator
Got dead sea scrolls
For you and your women too

Songwriters
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