

# There's No Business Like Snow Business

## Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Straight shots!  
Poppin' bottles!  
Sex sells more than drugs  
It's like an out-of-body experience  
It's something that's painfully real  
It's enough to make you take your own life  
Instead of trying to heal  
From the sleepless nights,  
the paranoia, the stress,  
and the writer's block  
A girl in the picture is not a good mixture  
I'm trying but I can't ever stop  
Lead me on  
Why won't you lead me on?  
Go on and lead me on  
I got a plan (watch me fail)  
You just walked away  
I always admired your selfish ways  
Addicts, alcoholics;  
we're all liars, desperate liars  
  
When you offer it you can't refuse it  
It's too fucking easy  
Our knees are too weak  
Make up your mind  
How many cigarettes can we burn through?  
How many lines of this can we blow through?  
The light always finds a way to shine through  
You can't ever stop  
You have to  
Shut the door  
Shut your mouth  
Keep it quiet  
Break it out  
Crack a smile, now you're wired  
Just one more line  
The night is gone  
Snow White, Cinderella, poison apple, red all over  
Straight shots!

Poppin' bottles!  
Sex sells more than drugs

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