

# City

## Fuel Fandango

Everyone sees, diseased or broken  
Holes in their arms, they got cocaine eyes  
Self mutilation is self surveillance  
Wanna get to heaven, you gotta die  
Here she comes, here she comes  
She's crawled out of a garbage can  
Here she comes, here she comes  
She's gonna waste another man  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be the death of me  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me  
Little Johnny Junk's, a subway pilot  
He'll knife you in the head for Chinese rock  
Catch a falling spike, ride a silver rocket  
Score a body bag deal from the Vietcong  
Here she comes, here she comes  
She's crawled out of a garbage can  
Here she comes, here she comes  
She's gonna waste another man  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be the death of me  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me  
Your meat on a hook, in your own snuff movie  
Tortue loop hallucination, nerves spliced  
No inoculation from the viral program  
There's spiders in your mouth, shoot insecticide  
Here she comes, here she comes  
She's crawled out of a garbage can  
Here she comes, here she comes  
Gonna waste another man  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be the death of me  
Ah, sick city  
Gonna be my death, gonna be the death of me  
Sick, sick, sick, sick city  
Sick, sick, sick, sick city

Sick, sick, sick, sick city  
Sick, sick, sick, sick city  
Sick city

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