Token Drug Song

Pop Will Eat Itself

Transfixed to the TV station
Burning through my brain
Mutant news flashes from the neon grainI'm a reptile, you're Doug Quaid
Go on, I say, I'll make your day
I'll give you what you want
But the price you pay is the pleasure
The pleasure is mineI say, "Handed me your head on a plate
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?"
I can't hurt you more than you've hurt yourself
I can't touch you but you've already feltSo high now you're going so low
Go on, I say, I'll make your day
I'll give you what you want
But the price you pay is the pleasure
The pleasure is mineI say, "Looked into your blackened soul
Your emptiness complete and whole
Handed me your head on a plate
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?"Bad trip? Tough shit
Bad trip? Tough shit
Bad trip? Tough shit
That's what you get
When you think with your dick

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