

Hollywood on My Toothpaste

TÃ©lÃ©popmusik

NÃ°10, Nowhere road, I'm on the phone to candy,
Saying how much I love the Pogues
I'm drowning in your dreams being filmed in Super Eight
I don't know what it means but I know it's too late
I smoke the chalice in Wonderland with Alice,
Ain't trying to be the baddest, ain't trying to kick no habits,
Giant white rabbits in tall hats got my back
Ain't nothing strange, life's like that.
I'm in a room full of one-eyed rhinos, albino ones singing
German songs like Hino, but what do I know, I don't know
Anything, I'm just here man waiting for you to let me in.
I ain't hesitated for a week now,
I'm feeling weak now, feeling like a freak now,
I creep everywhere I go
I keep my eyes closed when I'm crossing the road.

I got Hollywood on my toothpaste, makes my teeth taste
All neon like, kinda like Bowie singing changes
I can't pay the rent I'm no good with strangers
I take the underground to get across town
â€œChauffeurâ€• driven jag ok what the hell
Sitting in the back with my speak and spell
You've got me, you're driving me insane, in the middle
Of the night screaming out your name
It was a game to you never a game to me
Now you're waiting to see what I'll do next, but like a reflex
I already know everything you said
Last night was just another test, just another way
For you to mess with my head

So this is obsession, this lesson you're keeping me guessing
So this is obsession

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