Ticket

Luxuria

Brutal bimbo beauty
Nonsensically sublime
This hammy Armageddon
Turns out to be yours and mineYour face is just the ticket to everything
I ever wanted to see
Your face is just the ticket to everything
I was ever required to beSweet subtle nothing
Flower of my will
Your physical beauty
Is making me physically illI turn up again
Fantastically resplendent
They pack them in to the hilt
Funny thing is
The theatre hasn't even been builtI was up to absolute beauty
Playing it by my own book
Where there's no justice
In matters of beautyIt's stupid to even look
But I held on to my ticket
I'd sit in front of it and stare
Have pity on me
I've still got it somewhere

Songwriters
DEVOTO, HOWARD / FISHER-JONES, NORMANPublished by
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