

Ticket

Luxuria

Brutal bimbo beauty
Nonsensically sublime
This hammy Armageddon
Turns out to be yours and mine
Your 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 be
Sweet subtle nothing
Flower of my will
Your physical beauty
Is making me physically ill
I turn up again
Fantastically resplendent
They pack them in to the hilt
Funny thing is
The theatre hasn't even been built
I was up to absolute beauty
Playing it by my own book
Where there's no justice
In matters of beauty
It'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

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