

Louis Vuitton Body Bag

Jeffree Star

Stab you with scissors and let's hold hands
Blew out my birthday candles, wished that you were dead
Slice you to ribbons, lay next to me
Let's give each other lobotomies

Slit your throat and zip you up
I won't fuck up your pretty make up
Tell your friends, try not to brag
You're sleeping in a Louie Vuitton body bag
Body bag (x4)

To be ourselves, we have to destroy ourselves
(x2)

Pretend I love you for another year
Starve myself so I'll fucking disappear
Your red tipped fingers look like strawberries
But these gashes look like self-injuries

Slit your throat and zip you up
I won't fuck up your pretty make up
Tell your friends, try not to brag
You're sleeping in a Louie Vuitton body bag
Body bag (x4)

Depression, my new obsession, home sweet home
Self-mutilation like a sick art show
(x3)

Slit your throat and zip you up
I won't fuck up your pretty make up
Tell your friends, try not to brag
To be ourselves, we have to destroy ourselves

You're sleeping in a Louie Vuitton body bag (x4)

I love you too

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