

There's No Business Like Snow Business

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Straight shots!
Poppin' bottles!
Sex sells more than drugs
It's like an out-of-body experience
It's something that's painfully real
It's enough to make you take your own life
Instead of trying to heal
From the sleepless nights,
the paranoia, the stress,
and the writer's block
A girl in the picture is not a good mixture
I'm trying but I can't ever stop
Lead me on
Why won't you lead me on?
Go on and lead me on
I got a plan (watch me fail)
You just walked away
I always admired your selfish ways
Addicts, alcoholics;
we're all liars, desperate liars
When you offer it you can't refuse it
It's too fucking easy
Our knees are too weak
Make up your mind
How many cigarettes can we burn through?
How many lines of this can we blow through?
The light always finds a way to shine through
You can't ever stop
You have to
Shut the door
Shut your mouth
Keep it quiet
Break it out
Crack a smile, now you're wired
Just one more line
The night is gone
Snow White, Cinderella, poison apple, red all over
Straight shots!
Poppin' bottles!
Sex sells more than drugs

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