Still Life With Hot Deuce On Silver Platter

Titus Andronicus

Your going through phases
Are you some kind a man or a moon?
Either way, these here boots,
They're going to walk all over youIt's all true, Isn't it?
There's no real altruism, kid
It's just a new set of clothes
On the same old selfishnessCold pissOut walking the streets
Looking for these alleged elegant truths
It's just me, lonely me,
And the other relevant dudesArrogant enough to believe
This is developing news
I exist just as a fish
Is stuck with the pelican bluesHot deuce (x2)Here it goes again
I hear you took it to another level
Here it goes againHere it goes again
I hear you took it to another level (x4)Here it goes now
Here it goes
Here it goes
Here it goes againHere it goes again
I hear you took it to another level
Here it goes againHere it goes again
I hear you took it to another level (x4)Here it goes now
Here it goes
Here it goes
Here it goes againTonight I'm crying for a baby
Who's never going to be born
My authentic self was aborted
At the age of fourYou know I'll always be a junkie
You see me spread across the floor
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 angels
Don't come around no moreBut I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
Thinkin' about that babyBut I'm gonna die
Die if I don't try
Try to bring that man to lifeBut what of the classic contest?
Content vs. Context
They have a fight, Context wins
Con man contact Content's next of kinSaying, "I'm looking for your least feminine lesbian"

"We're going to pump her full of bovine estrogen"
"She won't be masculine, I'm high on mescalin"
"But no one knows because I shit on some Mexicans"Hot deuce

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