

Motel of the White Locust

Glassjaw

Welcome to Hollywood whore
Wake up in Hollywood whore
My dance has passedCombine the throb within the head
With the rhythm of the feet
Say a novena for all those lost
And read the bloodstains on the sheetsI've whored myself for less than this
And I've prayed to appear to fed
As I knelt on my pillow God
I clenched my fucking fists and banged my headWho could ever take the place of me?How I kiss up to God my
fists
And I pray to keep my head
Though I like Your pretty eyes better blackened
And my fists all fucking redThrough sickness and health
I've kissed up to God two years
I have focused on the cameos made by the tiger
In the valley of the fucking locustWipe it off you mouth, get up off your knees
And make me your god, it's sexual debauchery
You cost what you're worthWho could ever? Who the fuck could ever?
Followed by a boy like this, re-ignited by all your visits
As long as your mouth is shut, you'll still be beautifulPack your shit and leave, I don't need to know
And take my memories of her with you
Pack your shit and leave, I don't need to know
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Pack your shit and leave, I don't need to know
And take my memories of her with youPack your shit and leave, I don't need to know
And take her fucking with you

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