Funeral For a Trend

British India

Too self obsessed and too much TV
Underneath this avalanche of golden teeth
I didn't get much sleep at the start of the week
Underneath this avalanche of golden teeth
It's like my chest is caving inA starch black dress on a CEO
And as you stretch your skin for another photo
Your face is caving in
If I'm paid for my time, it'll be just fine
Watch me dip my hand in the iodine
My chest is caving inLong time no see, where have you been
Before I get to say it you get taken away
You never go but you never stay
My secrets smell like spit and everybody knows
I'll hang myself with the cord of the telephone
It's like my chest is caving inI get so bored that my teeth start to hurt
In this museum of neon t-shirts
This room is caving in
When we're both coming down but you still come around
You can sleep on the bed and I'll sleep on the ground
My heart is caving in

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