Ironiclast (Rough Mix)

The Damned Things

You're soaking wet in the middle of a dry spell
The cold sex and the boredom sells
Heatseeker, pull the curtain down
The death pangs and the wedding vowsThis trash is fucking contagious
It runs through every inch of my veins
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death mask is a bridal veilYou're so cool, you snuff out all the verve
You don't feel much but you've got every nerve
Tell the kids, boy
What's it's like to be stoned?Like I don't know
Oh, I knowI've got a right to know
I've got a right to know
I've got a right to know
I've got a right to knowSnake charmer going out through the trapdoor
The black sheep the lost boys are waiting for
Fashion martyr, walk the catwalk
Your knees buckled from the weight of the crossThis trash is fucking contagious
It runs through every inch of my veins
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death mask is a bridal veilYou're so cool, you snuff out all the verve
You don't feel much but you've got every nerve
Tell the kids, 'boy, would you like to beLike I don't know
Oh, I knowI got a black cloud above me too
And I got lungs to matchThis trash is fucking contagious
It covers every broken inch of my bones
Turn the music off, pull the covers down
The death bed is the marital tomb, so cold

Songwriters
Caggiano, Robert / Buckley, Keith Michael / Trohman, Joseph Mark / Hurley, Andrew John / Rosenfeld, Scott IanPublished by
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