

# Trash Box

## De-Phazz

You're sticking to my finger  
You smell like used before  
Your skin to me tastes rotten  
Let me lick a little more First time we walked the junkyard  
You said the magic words  
Love should be decorated  
With a little bit of dirt More or less neglected  
From backbone to the heart  
It was more than I expected  
And I knew it from the start That you'd fit into my trash box  
A perfect place to be  
Although I know how much that cash sucks  
I want you there for free You're sticking to my finger  
You smell like used before  
Your skin to me tastes rotten  
Let me lick a little more Won't you fit into my trash box?  
A perfect place to be  
Although I know how much that cash sucks  
I want you there for free First time we walked the junkyard  
You said the magic words  
Love should be decorated  
With a little bit of dirt Won't you fit into my trash box?  
A perfect place to be  
Although I know how much that cash sucks  
I want you there for free I want you there for free

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