

# Pretty Face

Camille/David Byrne/Fatboy Slim

Play your games with my limp joints  
Idolize it's wet paper skin  
Listen to the cast preach your life  
And infest you with disease  
Dress me up with a three piece tourniquet  
Fuck and get under the scabs  
Never trust what you cannot kill  
And pretend that she respects you  
Pursuit of liberty  
Drags you all across this country  
This cunt bleeding  
Delivered me  
The cord it stretches  
Taught and only so far  
Before it snaps back  
Giving us relief  
It's just a matter of time  
It's just a matter of time  
Before you fall down  
And hurt yourself  
Far from home  
With no one's help  
We will be waiting  
But his eyes can't see the madness  
So she can keep the rule  
Formulate what will be that thing that makes me laugh  
Your next manipulation  
Of the all too friendless  
Always seen and never noticed  
Dipping my feet in pools of you

FUCK YOU

Make my face only how you like it  
Why can't you smell it hide  
Wreck her pussy with your fist  
She'll be your minister  
Violate my stiff limp body  
Only to taste my glass bloodline  
Shove it all behind my back

Cauterize my open wound  
I never needed to leave  
To find out what makes me tick  
I arrived by default  
My arms three grand long  
But not elastic enough  
To care for insects  
Just beyond my reach  
It's just a matter of time  
It's just a matter of time  
Before I pick you up  
And dust you off  
Kiss the eyes  
That make me rough  
I will be waiting  
I walked beside myself  
But nothing ever changed  
And now I walk away  
So you can take the blame  
Clinical distortion  
Affects the bachelor  
I still can't find

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