

Thrift

Marilyn Manson

I sit here all knowing
Knowing nothing here at all
My cut spread slower
Pig hands reach into my sides I hate this life you give me
I give you hate, you live for me
I love the pain you give me
This hurting feels like love to me They go down, down
Down inside
They go down town, down town
They go down town to sell My body hangs on hooks
A cloth to society
Your dollars wet my skin
Makes me papier mache thrift I hate this life you give me
I give you hate, you live for me
I love the pain
I love this hurting, feels like love to me They go down
Down town, down town they go
Down town, down town to sell me

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