Nice New Outfit

Fugazi

You like the cut,
You like the fit,
Wide in the shoulders,
Trim at the hips.
What a nice new outfit,
All straight clean lines.
There's blood in your mouth,
But not in mine.
You think that I'm a sucker for it,
That we're all fodder for this.
Quick purchase once brought to market,
Dress it up and it's sold.
The place i'm offered is a bedsitter's tour,
A worthless sightsee of your adventure.
In your nice new outfit,
All straight clean lines.
There's blood in your mouth,
Dressed to the nines.
You're number one with a bullet,
That's money well spent,
Your mouth plastered like poster,
Address yourself success.
You can pinpoint your chimney
And drop one down its length.
In your nice new outfit,
Sorry about the mess.

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