

# Beautiful Surgery

## Blood on the Dance Floor

Hollywood  
Is a place where they'll pay \$1000 for a kiss  
And 50cents for your soul  
Take a knife, cut a slice of my beautiful plastic life  
Take my shoes, see my view, I'm imperfect just like you  
Cover up all my flaws, work to fix all of the draws  
This is fame, this is pain, a life of luxury and fame  
Break the mold, sell my soul, plastic model to be whole  
Pay the price, living wise, be high; win and roll the dice  
I can be your enemy, my armor is my vanity  
Cut me up, stitch me up, make me perfect in front of yourself  
Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery erases  
all of it  
You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that make me whole  
All these rumors and all this shit,  
I pay the pretty price to erase all of it  
You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell  
The battle's in the mirror is only the  
beginning,  
The battle is in myself; seems never-ending  
Slap me on the face,  
Tell me that I faked the truth always cause plastic always breaks...  
There's nothing ideal about being real,  
There's so many flaws to cover and conceal  
Connect the dots, live my dreams and move the hearts of so many teens  
Don't hate me for being pretty; hate yourself cause you're not me  
Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery  
erases all of it  
You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that make me whole  
All these rumors and all the shit,  
I pay the pretty price to erase all of it  
You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell  
Bring it down  
Bring it down  
10, 9, 8, 7, 6  
5, 4, 3, 2, 11, 2, paparazzi making a flash, don't wanna bitch just kiss my ass  
I'm better than you, I fucked your mom,  
I'll take your grandmother to the fucking prom  
My face is like music, my hair is like porn;  
Put 'em together it's like a perfect song  
I'll chew you up, I'll spit you out, show you what this game's about  
The sex and the glitter, the punk and the  
glam,  
Fuck you bitch; it's who I am  
Surgery's not a fashion crime, get your ass to the back of the line  
With blacked-out eyes and hair extensions,

All tattooed with lip injection  
Razor-sharp with a cutting edge but I'd rather cut your face instead  
Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery  
erases all of it  
You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that make me whole  
All these rumours and all the shit,  
I pay the pretty price to erase all of it  
You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell  
Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery  
erases all of it  
You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that make me whole  
All these rumours and all the shit,  
I pay the pretty price to erase all of it  
You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell.!!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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