

Sex And Dying In High Society

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You started out that way
You'd do anything to stay
And keep your money boys
Made of silver and gold And keep your pekinese,
Turkish cigarettes
And your lighter that looks like a gun
So you marry your daddy With a different name
That's sex and dying in high society Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society That pretty man of yours
The one hiding inside the director's clothes
The one who calls you dear
After banging away at you in the night That one's just got to go
Every time you look at him
You could almost fall asleep
And there's a masturbating Getting underneath your belt
That's sex and dying in high society Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society And now you tell the maid
To burn you on your virgin back
With a curling iron
Hotter than hot You say it's good enough
You say it's good enough
You say it's good enough
You say your pain is better Than any kind of love
That's sex and dying in high society Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society
Sex and dying in high society

Songwriters

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