Zydrate Anatomy

Paris Hilton

I can't feel nothing at all
Drug market, sub-market
Sometimes I wonder why I ever got in
Blood market, love market
Sometimes I wonder why they need me at all
Zydrate comes in a little glass vial
A little glass vial?
A little glass vial
And the little glass vial goes into the gun like a battery
Hhh, hhh
And the zydrate gun goes somewhere against your anatomy
Hhh, hhh
And when the gun goes off, it sparks
And you're ready for surgery, surgery
Graverobber, graverobber
Sometimes I wonder why I even bother
Graverobber, graverobber
Sometimes I wonder why I need you at all
And Amber Sweet is addicted to the knife
Addicted to the knife?
Addicted to the knife
And addicted to the knife
She needs a little help with the agony
And a little help comes in a little glass vial
In a gun pressed against her anatomy
And when the gun goes off
Ms. sweet is ready for surgery, surgery
Graverobber, graverobber
Sometimes I wonder why I need you at all
It's clean, it's clear, it's pure
It's what?
It's rare, it takes you there
It what?
It takes you there
It takes you there
A little jump before the cut
Why agonize? Anesthetize
I can't feel nothing at all
'Cause surgery, 'cause surgery

'Cause surgery is what she needs
Is what I need, it's what I need
To change inside, to change inside
To feel alive
Mag's contract's got some mighty fine print
Some mighty fine print
And that mighty fine print puts Mag in a mighty fine predicament
If Mag up and splits, her eyes are forfeit
And if Geneco and Rotti so will it
Then a repo man will come
And she'll pay for that surgery, surgery
Surgery, surgery
I can't feel nothing at all

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