

Alice Donut, Joan Of Arc

Alice Donut

Donut Comes Alive

Joan Of Arc

There's lots of things in a human head

That i hope i never have to touch.

She likes the taste of burning flesh,

Cannibals eat their love.

I'm a sucker for romantic stuff.

She peeled the skin right off her face

And left it lying on the bathroom floor.

I put it into my suitcase,

I couldn't leave it like that.

Just in case she wants it back.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.

It's hard to go out with a saint,

Who's french and comes from france.

I start to scream i almost faint.

She's got the stigmata,

I want the stigmata.

I give her a marlboro cigarette.

She starts to smoke and smoke and smoke,

Sometimes even saints forget.

I don't want to sound like a fascist,

But it's wrong to play with matches.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.

Joan of arc,

You hot little catholic bitch oooh.

You're a martyr from france,

I'm just an average guy from new jersey.

But we have fire, burning, heat oooh.

You've got the stigmata,

I want the stigmata.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.