

Ian Brown, Corpses In Their Mouths

You tell lies when the truth will do
You are the social chameleon what on earth we gonna do with you?
Slip your neck into a rope, show me a smile
You'd run a mile
Then you are free, so wheres the goal?
Wheres the style? You want the dough
Got dead sea scrolls for you and your women too
Shes got corpses in her mouth
Still shes holding hands with you
Its cut like crystal chandeliers
Ill shine like diamonds in her ears
She smokes crack, its off the beaten track
You are the social chameleon, you change to suit the people around you
Its like the waves that hit the shore
You cannot stand the force of law
Look man, I know it from your nature
Hit the deck
Hit the deck, as the creator
Got dead sea scrolls for you and your women too
Shes got corpses in her mouth
Still shes holding hands with you
Its cut like crystal chandeliers
Ill shine like diamonds in her ears