

# Jack Off Jill, Bandaid Covers The Bullet Hole

bees in the caramel  
and i'm not afraid  
surgeons make incisions  
what a mess they've made  
tearing at my skin  
leaving knives in my brain  
stabbing at the voices  
making me insane

girls vommit candy  
the lies that they're fed  
boys whisper lullabies  
and wet their beds  
eat t.v. violence  
on the toast that they spread  
talking with their mouths full  
here is what they said

"say hello to my little friend"  
her world is getting ugly  
and we did it again  
"say hello to my little friend"  
her world is getting ugly  
and we did it again  
ohh, uh, ohh, the bandaid only covers the bullethole  
ohh, uh, ohh, the bandaid only covers the bullethole

la la la  
la la la la la la

spiders in my hair  
and guns on my mind  
talking about the poeple  
who've been so unkind  
if looks could kill them  
i might make myself blind  
startled at the reasons  
that i just can't find

kids break the dishes  
they crash on the floor  
parents hate the noise  
and shove them out the door  
robots steal emotions  
hide them under their beds  
it gets them so excited  
here is what they said

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la la la  
la la la la la la