

Le Tigre, Don't Drink Poison

We learned this lesson five times fine: fake left, go right, back-stabs read minds!
Taillights shine beautiful, they make halos on the road.
Don't give our keys to the city to shark-suits, b-sides, free-things-please!
I left the code at the coat-check pointed to the word on my neck.
That's me, all night on stand-by.
Three words, three things...oh please please!
Don't, don't drink poison!
Wolf Girl, poolside, I'm in the lobby.
Gay concierge-spy high fives me.
It's all cool enemy style, smile at the tv while you download her file.
Watch for the quick slip, money shot, vid clip.
Walk past slowly, pass me the nurse kit.
Don't be fooled by the sister vocab...keep it light, put it on her tab.
Heads up for this tonight...it's some you'll recognize.
Looks like lips and feels like teeth, always waving to the people from the magazine.
There's one thing they love to see...it's tear jearks for charity and blank smirks all the way
to the airport.
There's one drink, on ice, oh I think it's ...
They say trouble comes in threes, I say Chicken Ceasar grows on trees.
It could be lucky to be out of luck.
I mean, better than to take the test where amnesiacs must write on napkins.
Prepare for what might happen.
In a trance from polished talk we think...coat throat, lemon lime, hot choc, oh! ...
Fem Exec is right behind me.
Almost there, through the glass doors, against the wall, on the third floor.
We found a robot hand hidden in a potted plant.
And we're not too nice to notice when white wine stinks and we're misquoted.