

Nuno Bettencourt, The Temp

She's my baby. she is a raygun
Kissing my spaceship. kill me for fun fun
She is my sunshine. my only sunshine
Painting my bluesky. yellow with jaundice.

She's temp, she's temp
She got a special place for you
She's temp, she's temp
Underneath her favorite pair of shoes

Suicides are fed, modern love rises like bread
Playing catch with living skulls
Hurry up, somebody's dead, we're still alive

She my baby, she got the big gulp
Devour my soul food over and over
Trouble breathing, my world is strangling

Lovely gorilla, she strictly hands on

She's temp, she's temp
She's into nucleo and nucliete
She's temp, she's temp
She makes me feel like I'm hovering
580 meters over hiroshima

Just a piece of sun
On your skin I burn a home
Lying lotion soothes the pain
Peel me off before I fall

She's to blame, she seems a bit insane
She likes it when it rains all day long
Happiness is knockin', but she cries
Then turning out the light she runs at night