Pink, Funhouse

I dance around this empty house Tear us down, throw you out Screaming down the halls Spinning all around and now we fall

Pictures framing up the past Your taunting smirk behind the glass This museum full of ash Once a tickle, now a rash

This used to be a funhouse
But now it's full of evil clowns
It's time to start the countdown
I'm gonna burn it down, down, down
I'm gonna burn it down

9, 8, 7, 6-5-4, 3, 2, 1, fun!

Echoes knocking on locked doors All the laughter from before I'd rather live out on the street Than in this haunted memory

I've called the movers, called the maids We'll try to exorcise this place Drag my mattress to the yard Crumble, tumble house of cards

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I'm crawling through the doggy door My key don't fit my life no more I'll change the drapes, I'll break the plates I'll find a new place, burn this fucker down!

Do do do do, do-do do
Do do do do, do-do do
Do do do do, do-do do
Do do do do, da-da-da-da!
Do do do do, do-do do (9, 8, 7, 6 5 4, 3, 2, 1)
Do do do do, do-do do

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