

Placebo, Kitsch Object

Just like every lichen, how you stick to me
If your luck is dying, go and plant a tree
With artistic license, always comes for free
Just like every lichen, how you stick to me

Snook your way backstage
Paris sets the rage
coursing on your brain
so now I slip away

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Weightless.. Bare.. Faithless... Scared

Know that bitches face??
All seen better days
So quick to blow your fuse
But that's the life you choose

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Paris sets the rage
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Just like every lichen, how you stick to me
If your luck is dying now, go and plant a tree
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