

Scissor Sisters, Music Is The Victim

I left my heart in San Fransisco
It's at some motherfucking disco
The people there where dancin' on it
And that's including Ms. Matronic

Hell if music is the victim then so am I
Of lovin' and a cheatin' the snake gon' bite
I beg and I scream and I cuss and I cry
If music is the victim then som am I

Of your bad fun
Money's all gone but you need some
Lover's on the phone but the got none
Daddy ain't home from the dog run
And you're riding through the city with a shotgun

I left my bag in Pasadena
Where all them girls was doin' Tina
Them bitches sure where crunked up on it
I said I'd rather smoke som chronic

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I left my man in Houston Texas
Just before he finished breakfast
He said; oh baby fry some more eggs
But I was runnin' on my own two legs

Hell if Jesus had the power than so do I
To rise up from the dead and take up to the sky
I'm bustin' for the money so I get by
If music is the victim then so am I