The Cure, The Snakepit

Well we're a mile under the ground And I'm thinking that it's Christmas

And I'm kissing you hard

Like I've got very important business

And no one knows

And no one sees us

Because they're drinking their selves senseless

And I'm writhing

And I'm writhing

And I'm writhing in the snakepit

Well I'm out in a car

And it's just full of stupid girls

And I've forgotten how to speak

And I just can't remember a word

And my eyes feel like they're bursting

And they're splitting like plums

And I'm writhing

And I'm writhing

And I'm writhing in the snake pit