

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