

The The, Perfect

I'm a man without a soul...Honey--
Who lost it while parading it, in a town full of thieves--
Y'see I didn't wanna be with any people I know.
But god knows, I didn't wanna be alone--
So I showered down--left my little room
And jumped in my car for protection from hostility
Well it ain't easy to be bold--in an unknown city--
I was feeling strong mouthed, but weak willed.
When I ran into the cure...for my ills--
Don't tell me what your name is--
I want your body, not your mind,
I want a feeling, worth paying for before I say goodbye
But as I was talking, I couldn't look her in the eyes,
I just kept wondering,--
How many men unleashed their frustration between her thighs?
Well my adrenalin, was curdling like cream,
as I was being led by the hand.
through the sound of sirens--
and the distant noise of some drunken jazz band,
through the stench of disinfectant--
that "INFECTED" my head,
through the darkness of a corridor
and into a strangers bed.
Well I didn't wanna hurt your feelings, honey
but I couldn't suppress my own,
I had to pull myself outta this nosedive
by proving something to myself.
She was lying on her back
with her lips parted.
Squealing like a stuffed pig--
I was going through the motions
faking the emotions,
and wriggling around like lizard in a tin.
Trying so hard to cleanse myself,
I was turning into somebody else.
I was trying so hard to please myself,
I was turning into somebody else.
I was trying so hard to be myself
I was turning into somebody else.
Come my love--with your desire--
Out of the blue...and into the fire!!