

Adam Green, He's The Brat

He's the brat with the sterilized pitchfork
He's the singer of the Beachwood Sparks
He's a dreamy kind of cheesy companion piece
Who wants to show me where the healing starts
Beauty is evil
Immaculate evil, don't you think?
But I'm lost in the flames of a grand explosion
Stumbling in the neon groves

Ladies flock to the overnight discos
Slamming vodka tonics down their throats
While your older brothers company publicist
Is sliding off his momma's pantyhose

Beauty is evil
Immaculate evil, don't you think?
But I'm mopping up stains from a blood transfusion
Stumbling in the neon groves

Oh the pleasures of the morning are simple
But the treasures are the sweetest I've known
Oh I'm just so excited to look through my new eyes
The needles are covered with snow

So take me down to the winterland bombshell factory
You can hear the mermaids groan
On the double breasted coconut seashell
Half wrecked bus to Yankee Stadium

Beauty is evil
I like to be evil, can't you see?
But I'm lost in the flames of a grand explosion
Stumbling in the neon groves