

Angelspit, Cold Hard Cash

Lair queen likes to prey
On lolly boys in their cage
Empress tease, pink and rats
Breaking hearts to the bank
Keep the car running
The only thing you're wanting
Is cold hard cash
Cold hard cash
Kaltes hartes bargeld
Lynch mob love, broken dolls
Float to the top of the bowel
Taste in girls, young and smashed
Perversion lies, dormant
Mother, dear mother
Gotta keep gunning
For cold hard cash
Cold hard cash
Kaltes hartes bargeld
Alice in vulgar land
Make the mascara bleed
Cry victim, cry victim, cry
God knows it sells CDs
All dancing, loud singing
Don't realize they're just play things
Split open laid to waste
Sprayed across your rock star face
Glamour, glamour road kill, all you want is... cold hard cash