

Artificial Joy Club, Sick And Beautiful

All the world's your ashtray
I'm just your Marlboro.
Light me up then butt me
You're sick and beautiful.

It's Bambi meets Godzilla, a 3D free for all.
Set me up then stomp me, you're sick and beautiful.
Squeeze me like your lemon, then mix with alcohol.
Shake me hard then down me, you're sick and beautiful.
You're gravy with gasoline and wicked with whipping cream.

I need a quick fix.
I'm flashing like an Instamatic!
Crusted like a worn out penthouse!
Your junk is habitual
You're sick and you're beautiful.

Bounce me hard and dunk me, I'm just your basketball.
Lay me up then heave-ho, you're sick and beautiful.
Peel my bandage slowly, it's psychological.
You're napalm with novocaine, a kite in a hurricane.

I need a quick fix.
I'm flashing like an Instamatic!
Crusted like a worn out penthouse!
Your junk is habitual
You're sick and you're beautiful.

Leave me in a ditch like roadkill
Or maybe we could switch the driver
Have some mercy and Kevorkian me to sleep.

You're a cockroach with cabernet, but taste like a Milky Way.
You're gravy with gasoline and wicked with whipping cream.

I need a quick fix.
I'm flashing like an Instamatic!
Crusted like a worn out penthouse!
Your junk is habitual.

I need a quick fix.
I'm flashing like an Instamatic!
Cornered like a worn out housewife!
Your junk is habitual
You're sick and you're beautiful.
Your junk is habitual
You're sick and you're beautiful.