

# Blood on the dance floor, Beautiful Surgery

Hollywood

Is a place where they'll pay \$1000 for a kiss

And 50cents for your soul

Take a knife, cut a slice of my beautiful plastic life

Take my shoes, see my view, I imperfect just like you

Cover up all my flaws, work to fix all of the draws

This is fame, this is pain, a life of luxury and fame

Break the mold, sell my soul, plastic model to be whole

Pay the price, living vise, be high; win and roll the dice

I can be your enemy, my armor is my vanity

Cut me up, stitch me up, make me perfect in front of yourself

Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery erases all of it

You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that make me whole

All these rumors and all this shit,

I've paid a pretty price to erase all of it

You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell

The battle's in the mirror is only the beginning,

The battle is in myself; seems never-ending

Slap me on the face,

Tell me that I faked the truth always cause plastic always breaks...

There's nothing ideal about being real,

There's so many flaws to cover and conceal

Connect the dots, live my dreams and move the hearts of so many teens

Don't hate me for being pretty; hate yourself cause you're not me

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Bring it down

Bring it down

Bring it down

10, 9, 8, 7, 6

5, 4, 3, 2, 1

1, 2, paparazzi making a flash, don't wanna bitch just kiss my ass

I'm better than you, I fucked your mom,

I'll take your grandmother to the fucking prom

My face is like music, my hair is like porn;

Put 'em together it's like a perfect song

I'll chew you up, I'll spit you out, show you what this game's about

The sex and the glitter, the punk and the glam,

Fuck you bitch; it's who I am

Surgery's not a fashion crime, get your ass to the back of the line

With blacked-out eyes and hair extensions,

All tattooed with lip injection

Razor-sharp with a cutting edge but I'd rather cut your face instead

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