dEUS, Morticiachair

Now, let's talk about the time
I had this morticiachair
in my apartment
right there in front of the living room
As an open invitation to strangers.
(a cold machine might show)
Smiling like a face
waiting for a telephone call
of a beloved feline
She is in a state and it's California
she's been there for quite a while

I've got no presents (x2)

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I've got no presents (x2)

Drop the phone take the plane and come back home again (x5)
She knows where she rolls when she goes for the doorknob (x2)

By the time of my second car crash I got totally wired
Like in the days I cut myself up with a razor-blade
oh nostalgia
Lost myself in so many ways
I didn't know what to think of him
Ah, maybe I think too much, I don't think so
Fell madly in love with a couple of beautiful ears
It's only a variation
Had long and boring conversations about nothing
Talked so much I bored myself to death
And the more I talked, the more I turned into a vegetable

God I'm such a fool

She knows where she rolls when she goes for the doorknob (x4)
I'll behave won't you shame me
I'm into deep, won't you shame me (x2)

Taste of orange
orange
Little Christ
I'm in her bath-tub, consulted
Consulted (x3)

She knows where she rolls when she goes for the doorknob (x4)
I'll behave won't you shame me
I'm into deep, won't you shame me (x4)

Information !
Information !
I'm bored !
Bored !
Information !

Turn !

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