

# Diva Destruction, Teen Machine

We were four and who could ever ask for more  
your picture on the cover of a magazine  
we just had to keep our noses clean  
now we're three and things are  
not exactly what they used to be  
champagne and drugs makes you wanna live  
until you're hiv positive  
we had the image, we had the sound  
but our plane crashed to the ground...  
and the drummer was never found  
we were the band of the century  
meanest teen machines  
we were the band of the cen tury  
floating in the sea  
now we are two, with alot of reds, blues, green  
there never was a day he was clean  
he never woke from his dream  
now we are one, but not for long  
'cause a fan gave me a gun  
he never realized what he had done  
I might as well live on.