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 posetive
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.