

Engerica, My Demise

A suicide heart throb, a basic grasp of what is what...

A suicide heart throb, a basic grasp of what is what
These are the things that'll make ya feel better
A stupid stupid stupid-oh, taught me everything I know
These are the things that'll make ya feel better

You fantasise of German wives in leather
The drama queen, drinks Ovaltine for shelter
You shut your mouth or pucker up, whichever
I crack a smile, and all the while
You'll never know who's side I'm on

My demise, my demise
My demise, my demise

Don't stop kicking til it's dead, til mess is made of pretty head!
These are the things that'll make you feel better
A stupid stupid stupid-oh, that taught me everything I know
These are the things that'll make you feel better

You fantasise, of German wives in leather
The drama queen, drinks Ovaltine for shelter
You shut your mouth or pucker up, whichever
I crack a smile, and all the while
You'll never know who's side I'm on

My demise, my demise
My demise, my demise

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH

I've got a silver tongue, no one questions why
A kiss for each one down, a kiss for all your lies
My demise, my demise
My demise, my demise!