

James, Johnny Yen

Ladies and gentlemen, here's my disease
Give me a standing ovation and your sympathy
Poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
See the jeaned genie on his high-wire act
At the back of his mind lies a suicide pact
Poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
See the young men itching to burn
Waiting for their own star turn
Needing danger, a war would do
If they can't let it out, they'll pick on you
Poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
See Houdini and his underwater tricks
You were sitting at the front, hoping his locks would stick
Watch Knievel hit the 17th bus
You got crushed in the souvenir rush
Poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
I said poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
See the young men itching to burn
Waiting for their own star turn
Needing danger, a war would do
If they can't let it out, they'll pick on you
Poor old Johnny Yen set himself on fire again
Ladies and gentlemen, here's my disease
Give me a standing ovation and your sympathy
Come on, somebody, finish him off please
Put the poor fool out of his misery, will you
Can't you see he's had enough?
Finish him off, somebody
Next!