

# Marilyn Manson, Number 9

"Take my money" is all I think  
He looks at the earring  
"Fag" he mumbles  
I don't mind, he's fat  
No one likes him  
Life's too short  
I pass a table of black girls with short hair  
They look like, men  
They all look the same  
I can hear the strobe now  
It's loud and the music's too bright  
I look for my friends  
but I can't remember if I  
came alone or, not  
doesn't matter though  
There's hundreds of people who have waited all their lives  
No doubt  
to be my friend  
\*cough cough\*  
And as I near the bar  
I see two persons  
Eating each other's faces  
I bark to the bartender  
He gives me a placebo  
I'm so young he tells me to be here  
I nod and swallow the bland drink  
Then I stumble several times near a crowd  
and they think I'm a good dancer  
I hear a girl tell another girl that some girl she knows  
watched a....girl  
Puke in the toilet  
I smile in their general direction  
The good looking one comes over and bites my cheek  
It hurts and I start to hit her  
But she's grinning  
And I can see my blood on her teeth  
And I pull her to me  
My place or yours?  
"The gutter will be fine," she confesses  
As we walk out  
She takes another bite from my cheek  
And I smile at the fat man  
By the door