

# Marilyn Manson, Red In My Head

Red (In My) Head  
Smiling faces on the wall  
I took a walk down the hall  
I banged my fist against the door  
I tossed a quarter to the whore  
The Camera flashes in my eyes  
I spread the news she spreads her thighs  
Red, red in my head  
Red, red in my head

I grabbed her knuckles and I yanked them all  
I bent her in half like a barbie doll  
Love, hate, viscerate  
Take this flesh and meditate

I sat there with her  
We sat there 2  
She said to me  
What should we do  
Well, I know some tricks  
and I'll show them to you  
Your mother won't mind at all if I do  
To you

The poor little girl  
The poor little girl  
The poor little girl didn't know what to say  
For her mother was out of the house today  
Today  
Today  
Red, red in my head  
Red, red in my head

(?)  
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(?)

Red, red they call me red  
Red, in bed  
The girl