

Marilyn Manson, Smells Like Children

He lives inside my head, tells me what to say
When he turns the trains on, and he makes it go away
The hands are cracked and filthy, and the nails are beetle wings
When he turns the trains on, he unties all of the strings
Tell me something beautiful, tell me something free
Tell me something beautiful, I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish tomorrow would never ever come, come
Smells like children
Smells like children
He lives inside my mouth, and tells me what to say
The toys all smell like children, and the scab-knees will obey
I'll have to kneel on broomsticks, just to make it go away
Because the children, and nothing I can say
Tell me something beautiful, tell me something free
Tell me something beautiful, I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish tomorrow would never ever come, come
Smells like children
Smells like children
Sometimes I'm feeling all those things
The things I shouldn't say
Sometimes I'm feeling all those things
I wish that I'd never, never...
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish tomorrow would never ever...
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish that I could be
Someone, someone
Someone, someone
I wish tomorrow would never ever...
Smells like children