

Neon Blonde, Chandeliers And Vines

another sound sprung out on the icy mountain
and there's blood everywhere and smoke and broken bones
but i won't stop to help them, 'cause I'm driving to my favorite motel
so I can watch CNN and Full House and MTV
yeah, the world's just a big fucking baby factory

You know the hooker in 301's screamin at the top of the lungs:
"Won't you be my man won't you be my baby boy?"
But you know that she is fakin'
'cause everybody's gotta make a livin'
And then you just feel like shit,
'cause you know that you'll die alone
how bizarre, as the skies gaping jaws swallow you whole

And it's a long way from the master to the slave
Yeah it's a long way from NYC to Santa Fe
back where we belong
you got luxury problems.

Yeah and she stands screamin' at the top of the staircase
Oh those chandeliers and vines

I got daddy's membership card that gets me into all the mansion
Every butler in the country knows me by name
Because I hang out at the dinner parties
and I try to talk to their daughters
Because I want to marry rich, but they all treat me like shit.
Between the cocaine and the sex,
and your bank account full of daddy's checks

"Excuse me, mister... but the river's is full of rotting babies
The ocean's black with decaying flesh"
Well what a thing to say at the table
Oh yeah You ought to be ashamed of yourself
Well Go on and chew your food
Talk about sports, weather and stocks
And all the things that keep you from putting a gun in your mouth.

And it's a long way from the master to the slave
It's a long way from New York City to Santa Fe
Back where we belong
You've got luxury problems