

Pickle Skankin', Turning Japanese

I've got your picture
of me and you
You wrote I love you,
I love you too
I sit and stare at it,
there's nothing else to do

Oh, it's in color,
your hair is brown
Your eyes are hazel
and soft as clouds
I often kiss you when there's no one else around

I've got your picture, I've got your picture
I'd like a million of you all over myself
I want a doctor to take your picture
So I can look at you from inside as well

You've got me turning up, I'm turning down
I'm turning in, I'm turning out
I'm turning Japanese, I think I'm turning Japanese
I really think so
Turning Japanese, I think I'm turning Japanese
I really think so
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No sex, no drugs, no wine, no women
No fun, no sin, no you, no wonder it's dark
Everyone around me is a total stranger
Everyone avoids me like a psyched Lone Ranger, everyone

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(Repeat)