

Rustic Overtones, Girl Germs

At the cockroach motel
where the rodents aren't for sale
in room four someone's screaming
my T.V. don't come in well!
As bedposts smash the wall
someone's contracting gonorrhea
and brings home to the house to the lovely spouse
who says
I love and it's good to see ya.
They cannot be sanctified.
Happy true love, half an hour devour
30 minutes sweet for a lifetime sour
Happy true love, half an hour, it's now her
picking up the dirt that don't wash off in the shower.
They always get you when you're sleeping.
They'll get you when they sleep.
They'll forget you when they're sleeping.
Downstairs in the lounge, there ain't no one around
through tidal waves of whiskey
you can hear the ice cubes sound.
The bartender smiles, though he'll do just what it takes
while a blond smokes down her cigarette
to the lipstick mark she makes.
They cannot be sanctified.
-chorus-