

# Snuff Pop Inc., On

Lucy doesn't move  
Lucy doesn't give her opinion  
Lucy doesn't see  
And Lucy doesn't please anybody but me

Hands in the fire!  
Your life is about to expire

Mole on the mind  
I've got a present for you

No one came by today  
Your house is beginning to smell

I have no vocation  
'Cause nothing ever comes to my mind  
And I don't have no message or nothing to offer  
I just wanna be on

Disembodied voices in my filth-covered brain  
And an outburst of hysteria  
You can't tell if she is getting laid or dying  
I won't stop till I get caught and ready for press  
And all venereal sitcoms and Soap-Oprah diseases

I need validation

From whatever makes me feel I exist  
Ain't got nothing to lose or nothing to win  
When I'm falling in love

I'm a wild beast in the playroom  
I'm the lonely vulture behind the screen  
The World is a catchpenny show  
Jenny Jones is the truth I know

Sex with you is just like TV  
You're a stiff, an entertainer  
They'd eat their hearts out in Las Vegas  
Just wanna be on

I need validation  
From whatever makes me feel I...  
And I don't have no message or nothing to offer  
I just wanna be...  
...on

Just wanna be on my baby  
I wanna be on for you

All Snuff Pop Inc. music and lyrics written by Ant Mozart Khadaffi