

The Great Fiction, Body Urge

excuse me, do you have the time?
automatons can make the dough
hello, refinance, a snort of coke
ants just huddling round the glow

body urge again
i know its wrong
but i don't wanna stop myself

body urge again
you know whats wrong
but you don't wanna stop yourself

we don't wanna stop ourselves, no.

hurry cake the makeup
a dollar for all we want
i'll be there from nine to five
machines taking pills to hide their gaunt

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we don't wanna stop
we don't wanna stop ourselves