

The Pink Spiders, Adios Prizefighter

I dont hang out in makeshift graveyards
Ill serve my time in them soon enough and I cant deny the foolish compromise by satellites
Stop! My routine runs cold machine guns it feels like poison to virgin tongues so try stop and die fib
Optics tie us alive
So adios sayonara prizefighter! You're no champion youre a casualty
Turn yourself in youre trained chagrin its a sad charade
In your disappointment I caught you smiling
Bright shades of white nothing else reminds you of life nothing else inspires you to try
It was candles on the dresser
It was what you loved the most
It was flashes in your mirror and you thought you saw a ghost
And I hope this feels better and I hope that you stay true
Seldom kissing
Only wishing
This is what I thought Id have to do