

# Vert, Body Glitter

I don't need your acusations  
second rate abomination  
your heart is degenerating  
your "love mix" needs new combination  
with the fire of love  
burns the flames of hate  
capable of opposites  
never knowing which  
you're going to get  
today, to bury, to die  
and what's your body glitter?  
you need a stoned sitter  
you hate only New York litter  
and what's your body glitter?  
canned peaches and my brain  
is not my own  
I sing the puppets song of being free  
controlled by a string  
with an actors voice  
never talking 'bout  
subject choice  
despair in sing song voice  
wooden whipping boy  
knock on wood  
knock on me  
and what's your body glitter?  
you need a stoned sitter  
you hate only New York litter  
and what's your body glitter?