

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 acters 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?