

Joan Of Arc

Alice Donut

There's lots of things in a human head
that I hope I never have to touch.
She likes the taste of burning flesh,
cannibals eat their love.
I'm a sucker for romantic stuff.

She peeled the skin right off her face
and left it lying on the bathroom floor.
I put it into my suitcase,
I couldn't leave it like that.
Just in case she wants it back.

Joan of Arc keeps burning up.

It's hard to go out with a saint,
who's french and comes from France.
I start to scream I almost faint.
She's got the stigmata,
I want the stigmata.

I give her a Marlboro cigarette.
She starts to smoke and smoke and smoke,
sometimes even saints forget.
I don't want to sound like a fascist,
but it's wrong to play with matches.

Joan of Arc keeps burning up.

Joan of Arc,
you hot little Catholic bitch oooh.
You're a martyr from France,
I'm just an average guy from New Jersey.
But we have fire, burning, heat oooh.
You've got the stigmata,
I want the stigmata.

Joan of Arc keeps burning up.