

How are you,  
Can I look a little closer  
Well let me introduce you to  
Say how d'you do believer  
So tell me is he young enough  
Or could it be hung up enough  
And does he help to keep it up  
When he's handing it out to please you  
So you ever sink the night away  
How about the day ain't it getting long  
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money  
You can build a bomb  
Oh it's beautiful,  
Torching up your lonely nights  
Oh how you shine when you throw  
All the suckers on  
Tired of every single one

Oh you're filth, you're filth, you're filthy  
And someone's gonna hose you down  
You're gonna be sorry for the way  
You whore a life around  
Now tell me is he young enough  
Or could it be hung up enough  
Or maybe just be hung enough to keep it up  
When you're flagging  
Do you ever soak the night away  
How about the day ain't getting long  
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on