

Playing Dead

And One

Shivering hands between her thighs
surrounded by the people she prefer
backstage party hungry eyes
staring at the bands right next to her
is this supposed to be the night
but something seems to bother her inside

she feels no pain at all
coming in across the strange and small
when every star is gone
and legs turn into red
she cuts herself raw
playing dead

shes got no self control
a beauty with an empty soul
there must be something wrong
when chics are playing dead
she cuts herself raw
playing dead

naked legs around his hips
surrounded by some bottles of champagne
thirsty bodies hungry lips
looking for a taxi in the rain
she feels no pain at all
coming in across a strange and small
when every star is gone
and legs turn into red
she cuts herself raw
playing dead

shes got no self control
a beauty with an empty soul
there must be something wrong
when chics are playing dead
she cuts herself raw
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