

Less of a singer, you are more, more of a prostitute  
With aspirations for a life of sex and drug abuse  
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant?  
Lately my sense of pride has been chronically absent

Domesticate, so much for combat  
My worst habits are mounting a comeback  
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric  
You can sit down but the chairs are electric

Lay in the street, embrace the gutter  
Easier than working for something better  
Pull on my boots, run through the back door  
Should have been more careful, what I wished for

Less of an artist, you are more, more of a xerox machine  
You sit tracing the pages of juxtapose magazine  
When did the music turn into a beauty pageant?  
I've become a participant in something I once stood against

Domesticate, so much for combat  
My worst habits are mounting a comeback  
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric  
You can sit down but the chairs are electric

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Pull on my boots, run through the back door  
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Should have never given birth to this monster  
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From all this shame  
I'd like to hide my head in the ground

Domesticate, so much for combat  
My worst habits are mounting a comeback  
Dollars and pence, cubic or metric  
You can sit down but the chairs are electric

Lay in the street, embrace the gutter  
Easier than working for something better  
Pull on my boots, run through the back door  
Should have been more careful, what I wished for