

Bandaid Covers The Bullet Hole

Jack Off Jill

bees in the caramel
and i'm not afraid
surgeons make incisions
what a mess they've made
tearing at my skin
leaving knives in my brain
stabbing at the voices
making me insane

girls vommit candy
the lies that they're fed
boys whisper lullabies
and wet their beds
eat t.v. violence
on the toast that they spread
talking with their mouths full
here is what they said

"say hello to my little friend"
her world is getting ugly
and we did it again
"say hello to my little friend"
her world is getting ugly
and we did it again
ohh, uh, ohh, the bandaid only covers the bullethole
ohh, uh, ohh, the bandaid only covers the bullethole

la la la
la la la la la la

spiders in my hair
and guns on my mind
talking about the poeple
who've been so unkind
if looks could kill them
i might make myself blind
startled at the reasons
that i just can't find

kids break the dishes
they crash on the floor
parents hate the noise
and shove them out the door
robots steal emotions
hide them under their beds
it gets them so excited
here is what they said

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