

A Timekill To Die For

Kent

It was the 29th of March
and our fever made it hard
To stay and stall to keep in shape
While magazines were trying hard to find next year's face

She is the sad one I'm a clown
Charlie Chaplin, Eva Braun
She learned to smile, I bought her friends
It was the beginning of the end

It's cheap thrills and high scores
It's surgery and her high cheek bones are fake
It's a timekill to die for
It's bedtime for jokers
We're dead serious this year

And here comes April all in blue
And good she dresses torned and too
They killed our heroes one by one
Poisoned by the TV-chefs and reruns

It's cheap thrills and high scores
It's surgery and her high cheek bones are fake
It's a timekill to die for
It's bedtime for joke's
We're dead serious, my dear