

Cocaine Diana

Kid Loco

Mirror in my bedsit bathroom
pulling nails out of my head
Lucy's on my shoulder
talking like she owns the dead

so you wanna be my soldier
and to ride your own shooting star
I'll see you on your back in twelve boy
and I'll fly you where the moon is dark

in three you get your snow white sandbox
chariot and golden fleece
give 'em anything that'll make 'em scream
to a funky pumping beat

in six you're up to sugar daddy
the mansion full of beautiful girls
in nine you're the new messiah
playing Messaline on fire

in twelve it's not a pretty sight
and she's nowhere to be seen
I could come around a full moon later
but I was never much of a waiter

so I'm off to dedicate my life
to the death of rock 'n roll

no-one gets their money back
and I just keep my soul