

When a menthol hit, hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes  
Like a transmission, on an empty channel, all lines are closed  
Taking photographs, speaking slowly through the permanent waves  
The taste in her mouth that she read about earlier today

This is happening for your pleasure, at your leisure  
Use your evil  
When you want

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When the night becomes, automatic sequence joining the day  
Singing something new, someone else is sliding into your way  
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Got to get you off my conscience by Friday  
On Saturday I'll be wide awake, On Sunday I'm your new best friend  
On Monday learn it all again

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Use your evil, when you want