

One, two, three, four

Breathin' hard when you swim in the mirror  
Breathin' hard like a rich girl should  
Come alive in the back of my trailer  
Come alive when you're carvin' my wood

Supercruel hot shit baby  
You've never been treated right  
Supercruel, TV's garbage  
Shut your eyes real tight

Cry for your mother  
Sing for your brothers in hell, yes  
Pray for the daddy who smacks you up  
And drink from the specimen in my cup

Such a strain when you live on a dead star  
Such a bummer when your money is dry  
Plug yourself on the hammer of God now  
We all love it when you shiver and die

How were you to know  
That the sun would come out at midnight baby  
That the reds would turn out to be speed  
How were you to know that I'd be supercruel

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Supercruel ... baby  
You've never been treated well  
Supercruel, TV's garbage  
... hell

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