

## World Pleasure

Peace

Aching, aching everywhere  
I don't feel it, you don't care  
Everyone's their father's sons  
Feral youth and laser guns  
Please don't send me off to war  
That's not what my body's for  
Maybe I was not born brave  
Maybe I was born good looking  
Showing everybody the bones  
Hot cooking  
Steaming little elegant soul  
Weak vision  
Cause biting on the tip of your tongue  
Tweet wisher  
So read about the word on the phone

What the world could be  
When you talk to me  
Give me energy  
Let it be together  
For everyone  
Let the ocean come  
When we get it done  
For the world's pleasure

If you're happy, raise your hand  
If you've five fingers, take a bow  
Lawfully killed an English duh  
Little hearts begin to her  
New York city, cars and girls  
Take a living, make a turn  
Consciousness, I'm capable  
But it's not my mess  
I'm too good-looking  
Showing everybody the bones  
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Weak vision  
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