

## Hang On to Your IQ

Placebo

Chinese masseuse, comes between us  
talks in haikus, plastic venus.  
Got a headrush, in her pocket  
two rubbers two lubes, and a silver rocket

Hang on, hang on  
to your IQ, to your ID  
hang on, hang on  
to your IQ, to your ID

I'm lonely

Every morning, my eyes will open wide  
I gotta get high, before I go outside.  
Roll another, for breakfast  
burning clouds around, and in my solar plexus.

Hang on, hang on  
to your IQ, to your ID  
hang on, hang on  
to your IQ, to your ID

I'm lonely

Legs eleven, makes me stay up late  
two fat ladies on my back, and now it's 88.  
I'm a fool, whose tool is small  
it's so miniscule, it's no tool at all.

hang on, hang on  
to your IQ, to your ID  
hang on, hang on  
I'm lonely

Oh.