

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.