

## Hollywood On My Toothpaste

Télépopmusik

N°10, Nowhere road, I'm on the phone to candy,  
Saying how much I love the Pogues  
I'm drowning in your dreams being filmed in Super Eight  
I don't know what it means but I know it's too late  
I smoke the chalice in Wonderland with Alice,  
Ain't trying to be the baddest, ain't trying to kick no habits,  
Giant white rabbits in tall hats got my back  
Ain't nothing strange, life's like that.  
I'm in a room full of one-eyed rhinos, albino ones singing  
German songs like Hino, but what do I know, I don't know  
Anything, I'm just here man waiting for you to let me in.  
I ain't hesitated for a week now,  
I'm feeling weak now, feeling like a freak now,  
I creep everywhere I go  
I keep my eyes closed when I'm crossing the road.

I got Hollywood on my toothpaste, makes my teeth taste  
All neon like, kinda like Bowie singing changes  
I can't pay the rent I'm no good with strangers  
I take the underground to get across town  
Chauffeur driven Jag ok what the hell  
Sitting in the back with my speak and spell  
You've got me, you're driving me insane, in the middle  
Of the night screaming out your name  
It was a game to you never a game to me  
Now you're waiting to see what I'll do next, but like a reflex  
I already know everything you said  
Last night was just another test, just another way  
For you to mess with my head

So this is obsession, this lesson you're keeping me guessing  
So this is obsession