

## Adios Prizefighter

The Pink Spiders

I dont hang out in makeshift graveyards  
Ill serve my time in them soon enough and I cant deny the fooli  
sh compromise by satellites  
Stop! My routine runs cold machine guns it feels like poison to  
  virgin tongues so try stop and die fiber  
Optics tie us alive  
So adios sayonara prizefighter! You're no champion youre a casu  
alty  
Turn yourself in youre trained chagrin its a sad charade  
In your disappointment I caught you smiling  
Bright shades of white nothing else reminds you of life nothing  
  else inspires you to try  
It was candles on the dresser  
It was what you loved the most  
It was flashes in your mirror and you thought you saw a ghost  
And I hope this feels better and I hope that you stay true  
Seldom kissing  
Only wishing  
This is what I thought Id have to do