

She sends me precious things with violins
Her phonograph records
My thoughts become disturbed they are worse than hers
I`m fuckin` demented
The marquis de Sade could take pleasure
Absurd games in all kinds of weather
It`s so obtuse there is no use
Sometimes I think that I should know better

Stick around for the nonexistent second verse
A diatribe verging on the perverse
The one line I`d like to cross
Does not exist
So neither do I
Happy birthday Mr president
All the best are dressed in cement
I know I`m not the one to blame
Sometimes I think that I should know better

She sends me precious things with violence
Her pornograph records
She`s fuckin` demented.