

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.