

Still Life With Hot Deuce On Silver Platter

Titus Andronicus

You're going through phases
Are you some kind of man
Or a moon?
Either way, these here boots
They're gonna walk
All over you
It's all true, isn't it?
There's no real altruism, kid
It's just a new set of clothes
On the same old selfishness
Cold piss!

Out, walking the street
Looking for these
Alleged elegant truths
It's just me
Lonely me
And the other relevant dudes
Arrogant enough to believe
This is developing news
I exist just as a fish
Stuck with the pelican blues
Hot deuce
Oh, Hot deuce

Here it goes again
I hear you took it to another level
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Tonight I'm crying for a baby
Who's never going to be born

My authentic self was aborted
At the age of four

You know I'll always be a junkie
You see me spread across the floor
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 angels
Don't come around no more

But I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
Thinking bout that baby
But I'm gonna die
Die if I don't try
Try to bring that man to life

But what of the classic contest
Content versus Context?
They have a fight
Context wins
Con men contact Content's next of kin
Saying I'm looking for your least-feminine lesbian
We're gonna pump her so full of bovine estrogen
She won't be masculine, I'm high on mescaline
But no one knows, 'Cause I shit on some Mexicans
Hot deuce