

Sweet Smell Of Success

Tomahawk

You've got to be the one smile of porcelain
Bullet holes in your tongue Plexiglasses bones
Dough of angel's breath the eyes of a mannequin
Put on a hell of a show solid gold

Fresh young face, king of a lovely place
Cynical life wash your face
Tryin' to make it better
And we've heard this song before

And the needle skips again
Playin' dominoes with tombstones
Found a graveyard in your drawer
Go and get yourself buried

'Cause your dead, you're dead
You're dead, you're dead
You're skin melts in wax
Woven silk eyelids

The arms of somnambulist
You got your moneys worth
Soul hangs in the closet paper mache heart
Put on a hell of a show solid gold

Your hate crime wasn't loving me
Cynical life wash your face
Tryin' to make it better
And we'll never make it better
And we'll never make it better