

Tuxedo

Triggerfinger

Lots of speed but no control Straight down the gutter, straight
down the hole Like strangers who know each other very well

Just for your or my distraction Cripple any form of human inter
action Slowly losing our ability to talk

All tuxedoed up

Lots of speed but no control A desperate desperado on parole Th
is is your selection of the finest

Peel back the foil, the searchlight is on You're diggin' in, al
l brakes are gone Totally numb, to this obscene violence

All tuxedoed up

Round & round & round We share and we confess Round & round & r
ound A little deeper in distress

All dolled up, let's hit the screen Who's the daddy, who's the
king I'm fed up with all this Wi-fi-high-fiving

God owns your head the devil has your balls But you're still th
e one making the calls Selling all our joy and all your living

All tuxedoed up

Round & round & round We dare and we profess Round after round
after round A little deeper in distress

All tuxedoed up

Round after round after round We curse and we caress Round afte
r round after round A little deeper in this mess