

Boy, Boy, Boy

Underworld

Boy boy boy boy
wraps his arm around a skinny thing
naked around, naked around, naked around
naked around the middle
she's a sleepwalker with an expensive bag
cruising cubicles
cash thrills
cruising and thinking, a cap and hood
straps hanging down your black legs

(pig pig pig pig
stick that word out at your best mark
remember, remember, remember, remembering)
all your sundays come back to haunt me
i like to hurt myself like this sometimes
what you want from me this time
do you want a spoon
carrying another wound
like an addiction
when you caught your affliction

i'm in a rage, i'm in a rage, i'm in a rage
i knew i refused to hand it over
burn me, burn me, burn me, burn me
i know what's going to happen next
(stood at the next table touching the lips with love)
okay now it's clear you can look
clean clean
there's something (chromium)
tattooed dad is getting dirty
and a (tired thing, boooze)

off with your head off with your head
your razor wire beauty
you're going straight, you're going straight, you're going straight
but sometimes you gotta show them
i like to hurt myself like this sometimes
what you want from me this time
do you want a spoon
carrying another wound
like an addiction
when you caught your affliction