

Sex and Dying in High Society

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you started out that way
you'd do anything to stay
and keep your money boys
made of silver and gold
and keep your pekinese,
turkish cigarettes
and your lighter that looks like a gun
so you marry your daddy
with a different name
that's sex and dying in high society
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that pretty man of yours
the one hiding inside the director's clothes
the one who calls you dear
after banging away at you in the night
that one's just got to go
every time you look at him
you could almost fall asleep
and there's a masturbating
getting underneath your belt
that's sex and dying in high society
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and now you tell the maid
to burn you on your virgin back
with a curling iron
hotter than hot
you say it's good enough
you say it's good enough
you say it's good enough
you say your pain is better
than any kind of love
that's sex and dying in high society
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