

Bananafishbones, Beauty

So you think life should be gay
But You're wasting your times away
Now you see me standing here and I say I'm down
So you think it would be easy to play
Have a little warm-up hear me today
Drop your sorrow down into a deep frying pan.
Fry'em down.

Refrain:

Put away your make-up
Then you'll see we fake it all up.
I know all your stories
Never did they bore me more
Beauty of a million years may die

So I think that all my thinking's enough
Thanksgiving Yeah giving away presents
presents freedom
And in a way I feel great 'cause I give it
away but I'm still down.

Refrain

Turning round your headsharks is making me sick
and I'm puking while I'm wandering around
in the feelds filled up and happy for relief
I'm turning and falling to the ground to the leafs
That smell I love is humid in the air and I'm feeling
the decay with a bitch in my chair with a whore in
my head with my lady in my heart I start disintegrating
for I'm loving and I'm hating laughing.