

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Flower Fight With Morrissey

Hurt your pride, staggered into bed and fell asleep by your side
Gone all night numbing my brutality, you sleep with your back to mine
Vanity fair, vanity fair it's all a game for us.
A come on to remain unaware. Open your eyes hook up your hair, paint on a face
For all the good times like a sign that you care.

Everybody's got so many things to say I can make a face and take off, hate me I don't care

Time your strike, strike your prime forget it the pita is to high
Right your right people are revolting; the resiliency of the doomed is nice
I had to face your make-up face