

Marilyn Manson, Number 9

"Take my money" is all I think
He looks at the earring
"Fag" he mumbles
I don't mind, he's fat
No one likes him
Life's too short
I pass a table of black girls with short hair
They look like, men
They all look the same
I can hear the strobe now
It's loud and the music's too bright
I look for my friends
but I can't remember if I
came alone or, not
doesn't matter though
There's hundreds of people who have waited all their lives
No doubt
to be my friend
cough cough
And as I near the bar
I see two persons
Eating each other's faces
I bark to the bartender
He gives me a placebo
I'm so young he tells me to be here
I nod and swallow the bland drink
Then I stumble several times near a crowd
and they think I'm a good dancer
I hear a girl tell another girl that some girl she knows
watched a....girl
Puke in the toilet
I smile in their general direction
The good looking one comes over and bites my cheek
It hurts and I start to hit her
But she's grinning
And I can see my blood on her teeth
And I pull her to me
My place or yours?
"The gutter will be fine," she confesses
As we walk out
She takes another bite from my cheek
And I smile at the fat man
By the door