

Marilyn Manson, Red In My Head

Red (In My) Head
Smiling faces on the wall
I took a walk down the hall
I banged my fist against the door
I tossed a quarter to the whore
The Camera flashes in my eyes
I spread the news she spreads her thighs
Red, red in my head
Red, red in my head

I grabbed her knuckles and I yanked them all
I bent her in half like a barbie doll
Love, hate, viscerate
Take this flesh and meditate

I sat there with her
We sat there 2
She said to me
What should we do
Well, I know some tricks
and I'll show them to you
Your mother won't mind at all if I do
To you

The poor little girl
The poor little girl
The poor little girl didn't know what to say
For her mother was out of the house today
Today
Today
Red, red in my head
Red, red in my head

(?)
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(?)

Red, red they call me red
Red, in bed
The girl