

# Marilyn Manson, Smells Like Children

He lives inside my head, tells me what to say  
When he turns the trains on, and he makes it go away  
The hands are cracked and filthy, and the nails are beetle wings  
When he turns the trains on, he unties all of the strings  
Tell me something beautiful, tell me something free  
Tell me something beautiful, I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish tomorrow would never ever come, come  
Smells like children  
Smells like children  
He lives inside my mouth, and tells me what to say  
The toys all smell like children, and the scab-knees will obey  
I'll have to kneel on broomsticks, just to make it go away  
Because the children, and nothing I can say  
Tell me something beautiful, tell me something free  
Tell me something beautiful, I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish tomorrow would never ever come, come  
Smells like children  
Smells like children  
Sometimes I'm feeling all those things  
The things I shouldn't say  
Sometimes I'm feeling all those things  
I wish that I'd never, never...  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish tomorrow would never ever...  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish that I could be  
Someone, someone  
Someone, someone  
I wish tomorrow would never ever...  
Smells like children