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 tommorow would never ever...

Someone, someone

Someone, someone

I wish that I could be

Someone, someone

Someone, someone

I wish tommorow would never ever...

Smells like children