

Nirvana, Do you love me

You really like my limousine
You like the way the wheels roll
You like my seven inch leather heels
And goin' to all of the shows

But...
Do you love me?
Really love me?
Do you love me?

You like the credit cards and private planes
Money can really take you far
You like the hotels and fancy clothes
And the sound of electric guitars

You really like rock 'n' roll
All of the fame and the masquerade
You like the concerts and studios
And all the moeny honey that I make

Your backstage pass and black sunglasses
Make you look just like a queen
Even the fans they know your face
From all of the magazines

Yes I want to know...Yes I want to know...Because I've been
really trying to tell you...that...what I'm trying to say...is
what I'm trying to tell you...and what I'm trying to tell you is
that I don't know...because I don't know what I'm trying to say,
and what I'm trying to say is that I don't know what I'm trying
to tell you...and I don't know what I'm trying to tell you,
because I don't say what I'm trying to know...because I'm trying
to tell you, but I don't know what to say...because I'm trying
to tell you, because I don't know...what I'm trying to say...and
what I'm saying is that knowing is saying, and I'm trying to
tell you this...because telling is knowing...I'm telling you
what I'm saying...knowing...knowing and telling is saying,
because a saying is...a saying is knowing, and talking...and I
don't know, and I don't say, and I don't tell...and I don't...I
don't tell?

Turn it off! (background, many times)

Fucking turn it off...turn it off