## The Smile, You Will Never Work in Television Aga

Fear not my love, he's a fat fucking mist Young bones spat out, girls slitting their wrists Curtain calling for the kiss, from the nursery rhyme Behind some rocks, underneath some bridge Some gangster troll promising the moon Yeah right Sleep tight All night

Some kid, in golden chains, two slippery ropes A lonely stitch, left to be unpicked, including my left foot Let the lights down low, bunga bunga or You'll never work in television again

## Yeah right

He chews 'em up, he spits 'em out It's whatshisname, the genie man Mechanical, mechanical All those beautiful young hopes and dreams Devoured by those evil eyes and those piggy limbs You sad fuck, you throw small change Take your dirty hands off my love

Heaven knows where else you've been Heaven knows where else you've been