

The Smile, You Will Never Work in Television Again

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
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