

General Anaesthesia

by
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so let's get started with what we came here to do
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Now - -
the barrel organ is tired
it is so so tiiiiired of playing it's lil old
melody
it needs protein powder to hit that upper
key
so let's start zooming into the mind and bedroom of a teenage
dream
cuz here's to find an even sweeter ice
cream
and as you might know, after laughter comes
tears
it's a form of dry desire - it's the face of Britney
Spears
the carrier oil which smoothens the
gears
of the barrel organ which has a sweet smell of
honey
seducing you to spend that pocket
money
listen! it holds the tune that binds the
grip
a form of permanent
companionship
lucky that my
lip(s)
not only
mumble
lucky that my breasts are small and
humble
they spill kisses like a
fountain
so you don't confuse them with
mountain(s)
'cuz I don't wanna be that pretty faced girl on the
poster

squeezed in between flocks of men, laying tightly under a
boaster
flesh without sensation, like a cheaply sold
roaster
For Friday night's family dinner

I see a slim smile, a slightly bend curve of a com-pressed face
it's a form of general anaesthesia - just enough to carry you through

Now - -
stand up beside the
fireplace
have a look at that blazed monkey
face
and you might think to yourself:
this monkey ain't ever gonna burn my heart
out
yet, that bonfire is
devout!
so while the barrel organ rests from it's
grind
I ask you, to slip inside the eye of your
mind
don't you think you might
find
a better place to play?
you said you'd never really
been
there
and all the things that you've
seen
there
will slowly fade away
and you know it's too late
as you're walking on by
souls fade away
but don't look back in anger
don't you look back in anger
I heard you say
like a face with joy of tears

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Now - -

we're back in the days where a reeal man with a real dagger had a rhythm in the field
skin got brown when the sun made it so
that was pre tan fashion, in the whole
white
world, a nasty
damp
sweaty
hand
from a Western movie clenches an innocent neck
real hard
well, as you hear, I watched Thelma and Louise the other night
and I thought:
I am a bit and paying for it
but I wanna be
bad
I wanna make them evil guys real
mad
tare down that
ad
burn that
lad
make them
sad
slap my
dad
uuuuuh that would make me real real
glad
but then you may well ask -
who's faking my life?
I guess longing is
fine
it makes you
shine
and you're a shooting star I see
a vision of ecstasy
when you hold me, I'm alive
we're like diamonds in the sky
at first sight I felt the energy of sun rays
I saw the life inside your eyes
so shine bright tonight, you and I
we're beautiful like diamonds in the sky
eye to eye
so alive
we're beautiful like diamonds in the sky
her mask was sooo convincing
but now
horrified
the monkey puts his dick away and sets himself on fire
and still I'm begging you
please don't take my man

please don't take him
just because you can
cuz you slay girl!
ain't no pretty lil pearl
and
you say it best when you say nothing at all

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Now - -
there's nothing you can do about it
you are overwhelmed with images
they carry you away
they replace you
you are dreaming
it's life as a dream
we all want this
it's as if to call in sick on your holiday
but
belief doesn't move a mountain
and it doesn't move itself
only hard work does
work, work, harder baby
baby, baby harder
work work
yiha yiha
here we go girl
buy me a river

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Now - -
the beautiful is always bizarre on un-reality
TV
just be natural and
carefree
hit the command
key
it's a form of vanilla

warfare
like
fitness is today's natural
healthcare
and
a smile is the best make up any girl can
wear
joie de vivre
(choa dø vivre)
men dream of women
women dream of themselves being dreamt of
men look at women
women watch themselves being looked at
it's the algorithms of desire
moulded as digital ambassadors
winky face/heart/peach
winky face/heart/peach
winky face/heart/peach
those are erotic possibilities
thou who desires but acts not breeds pestilence
EW, PLEASE
me no longer my-self
so
I want to get away
I want to fly away
Yeah yeah yeah
I got to get away
feel I got to get away
oh oh oh yeah
I want to get away
I want to fly away
yeah, yeah, yeah oh yeah

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Now - -
we're playing Sex & the City in the metro
I'm the blond Mr. Big
we're flirting
through faint reflections
of skinny (bitch) underground walls
on our way to
YI-HA
it's tragic and
feminine

a deep, deep diet of
adrenaline
which require a manifold of painful
poses
so I want you to refuse the delicacy of
roses
because
we say this rose is beautiful
and when this rose is destroyed
this rose is ugly
or this rose is clumsy
we say
and after all
the man who sold the world
got it all to himself
however
as I came home a note on door said:
you've been playing naughty getting with me all day we both know exactly what you want
tonight
and I wasn't sure if that was
allright
because
what's love got to do, got to do with it
what's love but a second hand emotion
what's love got to do, got to do with it
who needs a heart when a heart can be broken?