

## Van Jets, The "How Many Until Death"

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Prozac eyes and coffee smiles and  
White teeth on a botox face  
Chocolate and aspirin  
Get your kicks  
We take the drugs the drugs youth and  
Look away sucking on a cigarette  
With death in our hands  
And life ever grand

So baby hold tight  
Inside I'm aching  
Outside there's no outside  
In here put of your blues  
Put on your skin  
And let the song begin  
How many until death? (2x)

Thirsty and head aching I take 2 3 4  
Know I'll fuck it up this way  
But I'll do it anyway

So baby hold tight  
Inside I'm aching  
Outside there's no outside  
In here put of your blues  
Put on your skin  
And let the song begin  
How many until death? (2x)

O so stiff and stark  
So tight and thin a finger on your lips  
A finger up your throat  
See the stain upon your face

So baby hold tight inside you're aching outside there's  
no outside  
Cut it away with knives and spoons until you're asleep  
in blank sheets  
and join me to the crowded little bar where everybody's  
dancing till 6 O'clock without losing their breath  
How many until death

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