

Burning Love **"Money Shots"**

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You give, you give me Â– no suspension of disbelief.
You made a graveyard of the places I cut my teeth.
Young men I think we have been cheated.
These glass-eyed ragdolls don't even try.
Is this it? all traction, no action?
With all the grace of melting candles,
You took 42nd street and nailed it's coffin shut.
Young men I think we have been cheated.
These shaved rubber ragdolls don't even try.
So where's the 4th wall?
Where's the green door, honey?
Honey, where's the lovelight in your eyes?
Welcome to hell - all hole, no glory

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