

Dead Jesus

"Pull My Strings"

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I died of self respect, i can't afford a car
I wanna be a pre-fab superstar
I wanna be a tool, don't need no soul, wanna make big
money playing rock n' roll
I'll make my music boring, i'll play my music slow
I aint no artist i'm a business man
No ideas of my own
I wont defend or rock the boat
Just sex and drugs and rock n' roll
And here we go its
DROOL x6 MY PAYOLA
DROOL x6 MY PAYOLA
You'll pay 10 bucks to see me,
On a 15-foot high stage
Fat ass bouncers kick the shit
Out of kids who try to dance
If my friends say i lost my guts
I'll laugh and say "that's rock and roll"
But there's just one problem....
Chorus:
Is my cock big enough?
Is my brain small enough?
For you to make me a star
Give me a toot, i'll sell you my soul
Pull my strings and i'll go far x2
And when im rich and meet bob hope
We'll shoot some golf and shoot some dope
Chorus followed by guitar solo
Chorus x3
Give me a toot, i'll sell you my soul
Pull my strings and i'll go far x2
DROOL x6 MY PAYOLA!

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