

Deuce

"A Shocking Lack Thereof"

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That's right I aim to please
That's right I aim to please
I'm acting like some kind of Victorian serf child
I have considered the possibility of trading fluids
On the platform of the underground station
But I have watched and I have seen
And I have counted all the passers-by
Me and my friend here we have been engaged
In a search for some time months now
For houses hotels and highlights, experienced
midwives
For money to turn into medicine
And what do we find?
What do we find?
What do we find?
A shocking lack thereof. But wait...
Wear your moonboots, they suit you too
And more like Elvis Presley on the booze
Believe that you have everything to lose
That's right I aim to please
That's right I aim to please
Pay a visit to a nurse to have your head deloused
Talk for hours about the politics of Mickey Mouse
You know how it is
Nights, gotta get out of the house
Gotta get out of the house
Gotta get out of the house
Gotta get out of the house
My life is for pleasure, a wiggle in flesh
I'm soaked and in malice, I'm all in distress
And as I was promised my life is for rage
My guide is a drunk and a female bouquet
My life's been mistaken for garbage and gold
My life is in private, I gotta move on 'till I'm old
'Till I'm old, 'till I'm old
I gotta move on 'till I'm old
I gotta move on 'till I'm old
That's right I aim to please
'Till I'm old, 'till I'm gone
'Till I'm gone, 'till I'm gone

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