

## Deus

# "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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