

## Birgit

### "Pleasure Heads Must Burn"

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Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one  
I reckon if I touch it might just burn  
Flesh-heads like me just wax and melt  
When my tongue touches titty's tongue in turn  
Sometimes pleasure heads must burn  
Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
My brain tricked my hands to believe they were strong  
In short, my hands became clubs to grind  
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one  
Kiss me darling, kiss my eyes to blind  
Kiss my clubs and witness what my knuckles find  
Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
Bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
I feel a little low, you know what I mean?  
Buried neck-high in British snow  
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one  
Shoot me darling, shoot me in the head and go  
Ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.  
Ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.  
Ya! ya! bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!  
Etcetera.

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