

# Drop Dead, Gorgeous "There's No Business Like Snow Business"

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Straight shots!  
Poppin' bottles!  
Sex sells more than drugs  
It's like an out-of-body experience  
It's something that's painfully real  
It's enough to make you take your own life  
Instead of trying to heal  
From the sleepless nights,  
the paranoia, the stress,  
and the writer's block  
A girl in the picture is not a good mixture  
I'm trying but I can't ever stop

Lead me on  
Why won't you lead me on?  
Go on and lead me on  
I got a plan (watch me fail)  
You just walked away  
I always admired your selfish ways

Addicts, alcoholics;  
we're all liars, desperate liars  
When you offer it you can't refuse it  
It's too fucking easy

Our knees are too weak  
Make up your mind

How many cigarettes can we burn through?  
How many lines of this can we blow through?  
The light always finds a way to shine through  
You can't ever stop  
You have to  
Shut the door  
Shut your mouth  
Keep it quiet  
Break it out  
Crack a smile, now you're wired

Just one more line  
The night is gone  
Snow White, Cinderella, poison apple, red all over

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