

Blood On The Dance Floor "Beautiful Surgery"

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Hollywood

Is a place where they'll pay \$1000 for a kiss
And 50cents for your soul

Take a knife, cut a slice of my beautiful plastic life
Take my shoes, see my view, I imperfect just like you
Cover up all my flaws, work to fix all of the draws
This is fame, this is pain, a life of luxury and fame

Break the mold, sell my soul, plastic model to be whole
Pay the price, living vise, be high; win and roll the dice
I can be your enemy, my armor is my vanity
Cut me up, stitch me up, make me perfect in front of
yourself

Keep talking all your shit, beautiful surgery erases all
of it
You can't cut me down or rip myself into pieces that
make me whole
All these rumors and all this shit,
I've paid a pretty price to erase all of it
You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-
inflicted hell

The battle's in the mirror is only the beginning,
The battle is in myself; seems never-ending
Slap me on the face,
Tell me that I faked the truth always cause plastic
always breaks...
There's nothing ideal about being real,
There's so many flaws to cover and conceal
Connect the dots, live my dreams and move the hearts
of so many teens
Don't hate me for being pretty; hate yourself cause
you're not me

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You can't stop me now I'll save myself from your self-inflicted hell

Bring it down

Bring it down

Bring it down

10, 9, 8, 7, 6

5, 4, 3, 2, 1

1, 2, paparazzi making a flash, don't wanna bitch just kiss my ass

I'm better than you, I fucked your mom,

I'll take your grandmother to the fucking prom

My face is like music, my hair is like porn;

Put 'em together it's like a perfect song

I'll chew you up, I'll spit you out, show you what this game's about

The sex and the glitter, the punk and the glam,

Fuck you bitch; it's who I am

Surgery's not a fashion crime, get your ass to the back of the line

With blacked-out eyes and hair extensions,

All tattooed with lip injection

Razor-sharp with a cutting edge but I'd rather cut your face instead

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