

## Glassjaw

# "Motel Of The White Locust"

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Welcome to Hollywood whore  
Wake up in Hollywood whore  
My dance has passed

Combine the throb within the head  
With the rhythm of the feet  
Say a novena for all those lost  
And read the bloodstains on the sheets

I've whored myself for less than this  
And I've prayed to appear to fed  
As I knelt on my pillow God  
I clenched my fucking fists and banged my head

Who could ever take the place of me?

How I kiss up to God my fists  
And I pray to keep my head  
Though I like Your pretty eyes better blackened  
And my fists all fucking red

Through sickness and health  
I've kissed up to God two years  
I have focused on the cameos made by the tiger  
In the valley of the fucking locust

Wipe it off you mouth, get up off your knees  
And make me your god, it's sexual debauchery  
You cost what you're worth

Who could ever? Who the fuck could ever?  
Followed by a boy like this, re-ignited by all your visits  
As long as your mouth is shut, you'll still be beautiful

Pack your shit and leave, I don't need to know  
And take my memories of her with you  
Pack your shit and leave, I don't need to know  
And take my memories of her with you

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Pack your shit and leave, I don't need to know  
And take her fucking with you

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