

## **Brown Ian**

### **"Corpses"**

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You tell lies when the truth will do  
You are the social chameleon what on earth we gonna  
do with you?  
Slip your neck into a rope, show me a smile  
Youd run a mile  
Then you are free, so wheres the goal?  
Wheres the style? You want the dough  
Got dead sea scrolls for you and your women too

Shes got corpses in her mouth  
Still shes holding hands with you  
Its cut like crystal chandeliers  
Ill shine like diamonds in her ears

She smokes crack, its off the beaten track  
You are the social chameleon, you change to suit the  
people around you  
Its like the waves that hit the shore  
You cannot stand the force of law  
Look man, I know it from your nature  
Hit the deck

Hit the deck, as the creator  
Got dead sea scrolls for you and your women too

Shes got corpses in her mouth  
Still shes holding hands with you  
Its cut like crystal chandeliers  
Ill shine like diamonds in her ears

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