

## **Adam Green**

### **"He's The Brat"**

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He's the brat with the sterilized pitchfork  
He's the singer of the Beachwood Sparks  
He's a dreamy kind of cheesy companion piece  
Who wants to show me where the healing starts  
Beauty is evil  
Immaculate evil, don't you think?  
But I'm lost in the flames of a grand explosion  
Stumbling in the neon groves  
Ladies flock to the overnight discos  
Slamming vodka tonic down their throats  
While your older brothers company publicist  
Is sliding off his momma's pantyhose  
Beauty is evil  
Immaculate evil, don't you think?  
But I'm mopping up stains from a blood transfusion  
Stumbling in the neon groves  
Oh the pleasures of the morning are simple  
But the treasures are the sweetest I've known  
Oh I'm just so excited to look through my new eyes  
The needles are covered with snow  
So take me down to the winterland bombshell factory  
You can hear the mermaids groan  
On the double breasted coconut seashell  
Half wrecked bus to Yankee Stadium  
Beauty is evil  
I like to be evil, can't you see?  
But I'm lost in the flames of a grand explosion  
Stumbling in the neon groves

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