

Kisschasy "Tarantula"

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Sex and death
I've got both perfected
The way you dress
It's what I, I invented

I've got what you want
You've got lots of 'tude
Don't speak back to me
I find it very rude
Easy-bake, heart-ache
You don't have a clue
Cos you've got nothing on me boy

Ah ah ah-ah etc

I'll change it up just to throw you off
Before we met you still believed in god
How the fuck do you get by
Without your own, without your own mind

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Don't speak back to me
I find it very rude
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