

Le Tigre "Seconds"

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Pipe down baby, why so fake loud?
You've lied now ten thousand times...it's show business
anyhow.
You make me sick, sick, sick, sick.
Where'd you get all the attention?
Your dad's money too base to mention?
His coattails are looking word. You've had a nice ride,
that's for sure.
Better thank your brain-dead clientele for all the money
that you'll spend in hell.

Wanma percent of every nation, your'e the type to rise
to that occasion.
Stole the race, no surprise there. The elevator always
beats the stairs.
On a golf cart...wearing some uniform...bombing in the
night-time...lying on tv...you make me
sick

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