

Lords Of The New Church "Eat Your Heart Out"

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(Bator/James)

Listen. A black ride on rodeo drive in your Fiorucci jeans.

You know it's nice when it's just like ice. When it's sucked

so dry. Chelsea girl in romantic frills. Make sure that you're

seen. Freudian slips on suburban hips. I'm gonna make you cry.

Your T.V. set just fades away 'causa some kinda static like me.

Your daddy ain't nowhere around. He ain't paying your bills.

Skeletons are coming all down from the attic for tea.

Your doktor

ain't nowhere around. He ain't curing your ills. Get your

girlfriend to make it three. We gotta keep it clean. Play it

safe in your private room. Outta magazines. You think you put

the X in sex, ah honey you're so mean. You think you're slick

- you know you're so slick. You don't need vaseline.

Shut up and sit down. Rich bitch - eat your heart out.

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