

Love Spit Love "Little Fist"

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I've got lipstick on my front teeth
I'm full of pills but I don't feel good yet
Tied up running out of good luck
Eyeliner tears are running down my neck

Make up, chewing gum and hair spray
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like this
Wrap the world up in a suitcase
And there's a million wanna shake my fist

There's a world in front of me
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake
There's easy money for the freaks
A million friends that don't know what my name is

I could be flavor of the weekend
I smell like roses and I taste like cake
Wake up sleeping on the pavement
Everybody needs a friend down there

I don't really wanna leave
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake
There's easy money for the freaks
There's television on but who cares anyway?

There's a world in front of me
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake
There's easy money for the freaks
A million friends that don't know what my name is

I don't really wanna leave
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake
There's easy money for the freaks
There's television on but who cares anyway?

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