

**Marilou Bourdon****"No. 9"**

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Take my money,"  
Is all I think.  
He looks at the earring.  
"Fag," he mumbles.  
I don't mind.  
He's fat.  
No one likes him.  
Life's too short.  
I pass a table of black girls  
With short hair.  
They look like men.  
They all look the same.  
I can hear the strobe now,  
It's loud.  
And the music's too bright.  
I look for my friends,  
But I can't remember if I came alone  
Or not.  
Doesn't matter though.  
There's hundreds of people  
Who have waited all their lives,  
No doubt,  
To be my friend.  
And as I near the bar  
I see two persons  
Eating each other's faces.  
I bark to the bartender.  
He gives me a placebo.  
I'm "so young," he tells me,  
"To be here."  
I nod and swallow the bland drink.  
Then I stumble several times  
Near a crowd,  
And they think I'm a good dancer.  
I hear a girl tell another girl  
That some girl she knows  
Watched a  
Girl  
Puke in the toilet.  
I smile in their general direction.  
The good-looking one comes over

And bites my cheek.  
It hurts,  
And I start to  
Hit her.  
But she's grinning,  
And I can see my blood on her teeth.  
And I pull her to me.  
"My place or yours?"  
"The gutter will be fine," she confesses.  
As we walk out,  
She takes another bite from my cheek,  
And I smile at the fat man  
By the door.  
Transcrita por Sorrento

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