

Marilou Bourdon**"Number 9"**

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Number 9

"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

cough cough

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

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