

Marilou Bourdon**"Thrift"**

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Thrift

I sit here all knowing
Knowing nothing here at all, yeah
My cuts spread slower
Pig hands reach into my sides, yeah
I hate this life you give me
I give you hate you live for me, yeah
I love the pain you give me
This hurting feels like love to me, yeah
They go down town down town
They go

Down inside
Down inside
Down inside
They go down town down town
They go down town to sell
Down town down town
They go down town to sell

My body hangs on hooks
A cloth to society, yeah
Your dollars wet my skin
Makes me paper mache thrift, yeah
I hate this life you give me
I give you hate you live for me, yeah
I love the pain you give me
This hurting feels like love to me, yeah
They go down town down town
They go

Down inside
Down inside
Down inside
They go down town down town
They go down town to sell
Down town down town
They go down town to sell
To sell

I hate this life you give to me

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