

Marilyn Manson

"Number 9"

Visit "[Number 9](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Marilyn Manson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.