

## Polkadot Cadaver

# "Bring Me The Head Of Andy Warhol"

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This is beginning to feel just like a competition  
I see you smiling at me and your front teeth are  
missing  
Snapshots and flashbulbs ignite along the runway  
And you freeze like a pale mannequin, I think you like  
what you see

The plastic surgeons all whisper to each other and  
blush  
Malevolence breeds contempt into a devious crush  
Mortals threaten suicide until they forget your name  
Fifteen minutes of fame is now the name of the game

Postmortem penetration  
Rigor mortis sets the scene  
Maggots under the microscope all writhe and squirm in  
vaseline  
In a city full of rats all feeding on the narcissism  
I lit the match, I lit the fire,  
That burned your Hollywood to the ground  
Burn it all down!

IV drippin' like cocaine down the back of your throat  
Drama queen all dressed up with nowhere to go  
Street-walkin', night-stalkin' cold-blooded killer  
There's a murder in the rue morgue a polkadot  
cadaver

Bring me the head of Andy Warhol (x2)  
Nightmares shapeshift into oblivion  
You have not even seen the last of me  
What do you want me to say?  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
One day they'll find me with a candle burning inside of  
your skull

Are you happy now?  
You're finally the talk of the town  
Searchlights in the sky  
Your flame won't turn this blood into wine

Fashionistas are deliver the deathblow,

Penetrate you like it's your birthday,  
Playtime for children in the graveyard  
You have not even seen the last of me  
What do you want me to say?  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
One day they'll find me with a candle burning inside of  
your skull

Cold pale Jesus, Sodom and Gomorrah  
Headless horseman, death is at your doorstep  
The best rehabs are all in California  
Junkies pushin' up daisies in the garden...  
Can you dig it?

I've come here to eat your heart out  
Slit your throat and fuck your brains out  
Keep your voice down or you'll wake the neigh-neigh-  
neighbors  
Now we're starting to get somewhere

If LSD was as popular as cocaine  
I wouldn't drive a De Lorean

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Headless horseman, death is at your doorstep  
The best rehabs are all in California  
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