

Pretty Suspects "Plastic Underground"

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Chains of daisies tied round her head
The ship has sailed and the king is dead
Bold trash fashion elegently charmed
Diamonds and daggers tatooed down her arms
A tttttttttt taste the rain
And realise that you never ever sinned in vein

A tissue, a tissue, we all fall down
Standing in line till the new scene comes around
A tissue a tissue we all fall down
Dancing in time to the plastic underground

A crimson grin
The lips they bled
A grim salute of cherry red
A filthy face
A sweet disgrace
Disapear without a trace
A tttttttttt taste the rain
And realise that you never ever sinned in vein

A tissue, a tissue, we all fall down
Standing in line till the new scene comes around
A tissue a tissue we all fall down
Dancing in time to the plastic underground

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