

Pulp

"Anorexic Beauty"

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Sitting alone on a cold bar stool,
Your cold, hard eyes make me feel a fool.
Pastel-white features,
High cheek-bones,
Scarlet-blooded lips and deathly tones.

The girl of my nightmares,
Sultry and corpse-like.
The girl
Of my
Nightmares.

Brittle fingers,
And thin cigarettes,
So hard to tell apart,
She hasn't spoken yet.
You put your hand on mine,
Death white on brown,
Those whirlpool eyes;
Well, I begin to drown.

The girl of my nightmares,
Erotic and skull-faced.
The girl
Of my
Nightmares.

Anorexic beauty,

Feather-weight perfection,
Anorexic beauty,
Underweight
Goddess.

Sitting alone on
A cold bar stool, your
So hard to tell apart,
She hasn't spoken yet.
Pastel-white features,
High cheek-bones,
Scarlet-blooded lips and deathly tones.

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Sultry and corpse-like.
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