

The Datsuns

"Such A Pretty Curse"

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They used to call it
Evil possession.
An exorcism to cleanse your soul
Silver bullets,
Nasty cures
For the boy to regain control.

Voices in my head
Oh how they curse me girl
Voices in my head,
Oh no!
I may be the victim of popular fiction
My official position is ya,
Cursed me girl.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

The moon is up
The mood is black
Oh how it hit me like a heart attack.
Poison prison
Such a bore
Feel the terror flowing out my pores.

Voices in my head
Oh how they curse me girl
Voices in my head,
Oh no!
I may be the victim of popular fiction
My official position is ya,
Cursed me girl.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

Hiss through lips
Sewn up tight
Cough it up through the black light.

Hallucination Stations call
Whispers louder
Taking hold.

Voices in my head
Oh how they curse me girl
Voices in my head,
Oh no!
I may be the victim of popular fiction
My official position is ya,
Cur, Cursed me girl.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

Such a, A Pretty Curse.

A pretty curse, A pretty curse.

A pretty curse. A pretty curse.

A pretty curse. A pretty curse.

A pretty curse.

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