

The Pink Spiders

"Adios Prizefighter"

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I don't hang out in makeshift graveyards
I'll serve my time in them soon enough and I can't deny
the foolish compromise by satellites
Stop! My routine runs cold machine guns it feels like
poison to virgin tongues so try stop and die fiber
Optics tie us alive
So adios sayonara prizefighter! You're no champion
you're a casualty
Turn yourself in you're trained chagrin it's a sad
charade
In your disappointment I caught you smiling
Bright shades of white nothing else reminds you of life
nothing else inspires you to try
It was candles on the dresser
It was what you loved the most
It was flashes in your mirror and you thought you saw a
ghost
And I hope this feels better and I hope that you stay
true
Seldom kissing
Only wishing
This is what I thought I'd have to do

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