

## Tom Helsen

### "Theatre"

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Yellow ballerinas kill me for my money  
And me so they don't have to be alone  
Theatre, but Molly seems to make it there  
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it  
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there  
Right into your headbone

Yellow, yellow

Screaming about alice; she don't work no more  
Right next to 'shaving times are over creep'  
Alabama-song, but Molly seems to make it there  
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it  
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there  
Right into your headbone

And I'll breathe it in  
And I'll breathe it in  
And I will go one till my bones will bleed again

Hellen, darling, are you Pamela's new favourite  
I won't fall for all your things with neon-ice-cream  
Been regretting all 3 years and the motorcycle boys  
Don't feel it, yellow skirt that really made you  
Is now a part of horrorscene  
Eleven windings but Molly seems to make it there  
Right and after this one Molly seems to make it  
Always, theatre, but Molly seems to make it there  
Right into your headbone.

And a welthy hasbeen and Mary Lee, well, changes  
To the guy that won't die, well this is all you making  
And the mair is still waving, the councillor's arriving  
And I don't think I will stick around  
And I will go on till my bones will bleed again

Yellow yellow

Theatre, better of then any creep in there  
Theatre, better of then any creep in there  
Theatre, better of then any creep in there

Theatre, but Molly seems to make it

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