

My Passion

"Fifty Quid"

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She takes her clothes off
For fifty quid
Don't you touch her
Shes my best friend
They're dropping babies on their heads
They told my mother she was dead
And she had nothing to say
Im coming
For you
Hide away
The big boys in the pictures
With the photographs
They'll teach you how to live
And how to love and how to laugh
Her head explodes
When you talk to her
Shake her hand
Don't shake her
Shes picking pieces
Of her life up off the floor
Why the bruises why the bruises
She keeps hitting closed doors
And then she kisses the floors
Whisper nothing whisper nothing
Whisper nothing to her
She can't even hear
Get out stay out
Don't you ever touch her
Or I'll kill you my friend
Im coming

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