

## Alice DeeJay

# "Joan Of Arc"

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There's lots of things in a human head  
That I hope I never have to touch.  
She likes the taste of burning flesh,  
Cannibals eat their love.  
I'm a sucker for romantic stuff.

She peeled the skin right off her face  
And left it lying on the bathroom floor.  
I put it into my suitcase,  
I couldn't leave it like that.  
Just in case she wants it back.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.

It's hard to go out with a saint,  
Who's french and comes from france.  
I start to scream I almost faint.  
She's got the stigmata,  
I want the stigmata.

I give her a marlboro cigarette.  
She starts to smoke and smoke and smoke,  
Sometimes even saints forget.  
I don't want to sound like a fascist,  
But it's wrong to play with matches.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.

Joan of arc,  
You hot little catholic bitch ooh.  
You're a martyr from france,  
I'm just an average guy from new jersey.  
But we have fire, burning, heat ooh.  
You've got the stigmata,  
I want the stigmata.

Joan of arc keeps burning up.

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