

Flashy Python

"Obscene Queen Bee"

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Cigarettes, choking pets
How you gonna pay the rent
Now that all of your money's gone?

I know you, you know me
We met at the cemetery
Digging ditches and turning up stones

Oh, my, my, obscene queen bee
I wish I knew the cure for the disease
Which causes you to be so cold

A wet dream, a magazine
Fantasies and make believes
My headless chicken's going to get stoned

And Paris it is too full of rage
Undercover, center stage
Voulez-vous coucher with this animal

Oh, my, my, obscene queen bee
I wish I knew the cure for the disease
Which causes you to be so cold

Radiant, allowance spent
Really, I had only meant that
We should never get so sentimental

A broken string, a wedding ring
Behind a fence I have no sense
For what the neighbors think of self control

Oh, my, my, obscene queen bee
I wish I knew the cure for the disease
Which causes you to be so cold

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