

Rachel Proctor

"Pop Singer"

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He was a black eyed whore
With an arsehole like a front door
He was a suicidal bore
Who couldn't take any more
Bleeding holes in her tiny hand
He had a picture of Guns n' Roses on his wall
'cos he looked a bit like Axl Rose
He contemplated falling on a sword
She threw her body off the 17th floor
Pop singer
He drowned himself in alcohol
He prayed the stars to take his soul
He cut himself so it would show
I heard a zipper go in the front row
Pop singer

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