

Neon Blonde

"Chandeliers And Vines"

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Another sound sprung out on the icy mountain,
And there's blood everywhere and smoke and broken
bones.

But I won't stop to help them, 'cause I'm driving to my
favorite motel

So I can watch CNN and Full House and MTV.

Yeah, the world's just a big fucking baby factory.

You know the hooker in 301's screamin' at the top of
her lungs:

"Won't you be my man? Won't you be my baby boy?"

But you know that she is fakin',

'Cause everybody's gotta make a livin'.

And then you just feel like shit,

'Cause you know that you'll die alone.

How bizarre, as the skies gaping jaws swallow you
whole.

And it's a long way

From the master to the slave.

Yeah, it's a long way

From New York City to Santa Fe.

Back where we belong.

You got luxury problems.

I got Daddy's membership card that gets me into every
mansion.

And every butler in the country knows me by name.

Because I hang out at the dinner parties

And I try to talk to their daughters

Because I want to marry rich,

But they all treat me like shit.

Between the cocaine and the sex,

And your bank account full of Daddy's checks.

"Excuse me, mister,

But the roof is full of rotting babies.

The ocean's black with decaying flesh."

Well, what a thing to say at the table.

Oh yeah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Well, go on and chew your food,

Talk about sports, weather, and stocks,
And all the things that keep you from putting a gun in
your mouth.

And it's a long way
From the master to the slave.
Yeah, it's a long way
From New York City to Santa Fe.
Back where we belong.
You got luxury problems.
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