

Birthday Party, The

"Pleasure Heads Must Burn"

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bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one

I reckon if I touch it might just burn

flesh-heads like me just wax and melt

when my tongue touches titty's tongue in turn

sometimes pleasure heads must burn

bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

my brain tricked my hands to believe they were strong

in short, my hands became clubs to grind

I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one

kiss me darling, kiss my eyes to blind

kiss my clubs and witness what my knuckles find

bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

I feel a little low, you know what I mean?

buried neck-high in British snow

I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one

shoot me darling, shoot me in the head and go

ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.

ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.

ya! ya! bu-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!

etcetera.

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