

Red Knife Lottery

"Moral Fixation"

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Flip that glossy page, you little girl.
There's one hundred ways to please.
Hike it up. Suck it in. Push em out, girl.
Leave nothing up to mystery. No one cares what you
have
To say, pretty girl.
Just let your tits do the talking.
How quaint. You wanna save the world, little girl.
Do what you know. Lipstick. Silk stockings.
She only feels beautiful when she's starving and she's
Only happy when she is full.
She never feels dirty til you come around.
She only comes clean when she's coming down.
Pick yourself up off the street, pretty boy.
Or do you like it there on your knees.
It's unnatural. Your unwell. You'll burn in hell.
Will you be cured of this disease.
What you got cannot be love, pretty boy.

YOu are just so damn confused.
Wanna get hitched? Make em twitch.
Now you know that's against the rules.
He only feels beautiful when he's hiding and he's only
Happy when he's been found.
Boys and girls unite.
We can fight the good fight.
From the left to the right.
We can fight the good fight.
We're all the same underneath.
Yeah this is just a body.
We've only got one heart to give.
No one can tell us who to love or how to live.
We're all the same underneath.
Yeah this is just a body.
Head and shoulders, knees and toes.
Love what you got til it goes.
Chin up pretty boy.
It's your life for you to enjoy.
Chin up pretty girl.
You can be your own miracle pill.

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