

Snuff

"On"

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Lucy doesn't move
Lucy doesn't give her opinion
Lucy doesn't see
And Lucy doesn't please anybody but me

Hands in the fire!
Your life is about to expire

Mole on the mind
I've got a present for you

No one came by today
Your house is beginning to smell

I have no vocation
'Cause nothing ever comes to my mind
And I don't have no message or nothing to offer
I just wanna be on

Disembodied voices in my filth-covered brain
And an outburst of hysteria
You can't tell if she is getting laid or dying
I won't stop till I get caught and ready for press
And all venereal sitcoms and Soap-Oprah diseases

I need validation
From whatever makes me feel I exist
Ain't got nothing to lose or nothing to win
When I'm falling in love

I'm a wild beast in the playroom
I'm the lonely vulture behind the screen
The World is a catchpenny show
Jenny Jones is the truth I know

Sex with you is just like TV
You're a stiff, an entertainer
They'd eat their hearts out in Las Vegas
Just wanna be on

I need validation

From whatever makes me feel I...
And I don't have no message or nothing to offer
I just wanna be...
...on

Just wanna be on my baby
I wanna be on for you

All Snuff Pop Inc. music and lyrics written by Ant Mozart
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