

Snuff Pop Inc.

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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 Khadaffi

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