

## Cure, The "Sex-Eye-Make-Up"

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Run around the chairs in your sunday dress  
It's the best thing money can buy  
or leave me on the stairs with my feet in the air  
I think that I'm Jazzy like Christ  
one more cigarette and the car burns slow  
burning like the body Waiting at home  
throw out your teeth and call all your friends  
someone coughing took away my breath  
inches of glass all shiny and new screaming laughing-  
fucks me to death one more boy full of writing white  
mice  
rolls over again in a london disguise  
the blood bath woman in room number one  
sex-eye-make-up tonight she just woke up today to do  
as she's told  
do you want to touch her?

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