

The Faint

"The Celebutard Chronicles"

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She's got the biggest tits. He's got the longest dick.
And I get to read about it every week.
You hear that sucking sound? It's culture going down.
Seaward with the C-words; submerged in shit with
dreams to drown.

Baby, don't you want to throw it up now?
Just aim for the bowl and I'll hold back your gown.

This is my favorite ad I got on pay-per-view.
The vacant bitch in the convertible reminds me of you.
Oh baby.
I'll watch my fuckin' mouth the day it gets a date with
Ashlee Simpson, or stars in ads from TRESemme.

Is it the taste of vomit or the cocaine?
All the flashing lights or trashy magazines?
One thousand sunken eyes? The way she shows her
thighs?
The million fucking dollars, the jet-skis, or the guys?
How 'bout those fucking aspirations? Aiming for the
vacuous end.
I wanna need that respiration. I wanna get some press
for it.0

Press it on. Press it down. it's already up in my face
now. Oh baby.

I wanna see my name in lights. And throw up in my
purse. And die. Hoo!

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