

Hidden Cameras, The "Music Is My Boyfriend"

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I found music
and he found me
I gave him some tambourine
he gave me a scream
I washed his dirty underwear
he made me toast
Music filled my mug with Vaseline
I gave him a choke

We could be happy
we could be free
If we don't make-out
or fall in love

I found music
and he found me
bleeding from my fingers and knees
plugged into a drum machine
nailed to my head: a tambourine
and a guitar laced to my waist
A stone cold fever:
a internal melody

Guitars make me happy
drum beats make us all free
solid as a rock lover
is the music in me

I found music and he found me:
a balding head-banging pre-teen
so he seduced me in a dream:
I kissed his ugly gangly greens
he swallowed my pee

We lived to be happy
and prayed to be free
but it was soon found out
that my body is brief

I found music
and he found me

he kept me singing
to my dying day

Sing to be happy
hum to be free
the eternal harmony
music and me

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