

## **The Hidden Cameras "Smells Like Happiness"**

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Happy, we are when we choose to wear the blindfold  
And mark our own day with a parade and a song

In our minds, our fathers have died and we realize  
That cities have clubs and we like to get drunk  
And high from the smells we inhale from dirty wells  
And the mouth of a boy who smokes cigarettes

Happiness has a smell I inhale  
Like a drug done in a darkened hall  
Or a bathroom stall with a friend or a man with a hard  
on

I feed my own face when I soon crave a taste  
Of the neck of a boy who wears eau de toilette  
And shaves every day and behaves well in department  
stores

As well it is the smell of the cum on the rug  
Men walk their dirty feet on  
And the sweat from the chest of a man in a leather  
uniform

Happy are we when we choose to wear the blindfold  
And mark our own place with the smell of our own

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