

The Chinese Stars

"Electrodes In Captivity"

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baby, baby
my car's on empty
and I've got no wires in my legs
baby, baby
my car's on empty
and I've got bad weather in my bed

there is passion in the slaughterhouse
when you're receiving messages from the dead
i, shoot into my mouth to receive comfort
when your ghost becomes so permanent
we were hooked up to electrodes in captivity
and they studied the effects policy
the built the worst climate for us to use birth control
and they laugh as we reproduce like thieves

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