

The Temper Trap

"22 Belzebu"

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22 blue devil's staring at you
With his snake tongue talking said I'm talking
to you.

I wanna buy your body; you can keep you soul to
you

22 blue and the sound is all over you
A mad dog, bad god, a hot rod in blue
22 blue, 22 belzebu

With all that you see
You still cannot find me
So how could you be my god?

22 blue god's mad at you
He said who do you think you're talking to?
If you wanna sell your body there is nothing I can
do

22 blue now his tongue is all over you too
I never wanted a model
I'm just a rebel like you
22 blue, 22 belzebu

With all that you see
You still cannot find me
So how could you be my god?

With all that you can see
You didn't find me
So how can you be my god?

Sex & lust & sin
Sweet decadence, let your body dance
The ultimate glam lux show reel is here for you!

With all that you see
You still cannot find me
So how could you be my god?

With all that you can see

You didn't find me
So how can you be my god?

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