

Jaguar Love

"The Man With The Plastic Suns"

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My daddy played in a vegas band, he made an alright
decent living playing
Big band standards for business men and their paid
asian escorts.

Till he started up gambling and in one hand lost 50
grand
Bet it all on four kings but somebody had aces.

They called him the man with the plastic suns
Rumored to kill cops just for fun
And he made a fortune scamming old ladies in nursing
homes.
Oh, the man with the plastic suns, invents diseases just
for fun
Oh, he blackmails rainbows to turn into nooses.

So I dropped out of high school and got a job selling
phones at the mall.
But I could make twice as much money
Taking my shirt off at the cocktail bar.

My daddy pawned all his guitars but he was still 30.000
short
Then one day three rancid ruthless men broke down
the door.
First they butchered his whole right hand
Oh, he never played trumpet again
Pay up by Friday or we're coming back for your cock
and your kneecaps.

Hey, give us our money or we'll break your fucking legs
Let's race to the desert
Hey, I could use a stiff drink, or just some time to think
Let's race the deserts, let's race the ocean.

My daddy stopped leaving the house
And he drank and he drank and he drank
Stayed up all night talking to pictures of my dead
mother.
Then I found him in the basement smashing tv's on the
cement

Filling swimming pools gasoline and drawings of
angels.
Oh, Mr. Plastic Suns won't you have some mercy on me
Oh, Mr. Plastic Suns won't you let my poor daddy be.

Hey, give us our money or we'll break your fucking legs
Let's race the desert
Hey, I could use a stiff drink or just some time to think
Let's race the ocean
Hey, you walk into a postcard of somewhere in London
Hey, there's a loft party down the street
Music dripping down from the trees
Bass blazing tranquilizing beats, voices of people
you'd like to meet

So I took a gun from the cabin and put on a low cut
shirt,
Found the man with the plastic suns
At the crap table and started to flirt.

Hey, a man got shot today took six bullets to the face
Let's race the desert
Hey, the rumour on the street is that the suspect is
sixteen
Let's race the ocean
Hey, the man with the plastic sun was pronounced
dead on arrival
Hey, and an ex-musician hung himself in a suburban
attic
The desert is laughing the desert is mourning

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