

## **Jezabels, The**

### **"Disco Biscuit Love"**

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Call it art. Call it cult.  
Trudy was a friend of old  
Call her eyes such a fright.  
She's sailing on a wave of light

Oh Trudy  
She just called to tell me we've got names on every  
door  
She's in self-destruct mode for one big night to end it  
all

Oh Trudy you're the meanest boy in the hills  
I know he's groovy but he only loves you when he's on  
pills  
And you can call it what you want to call it  
You know its disco biscuit love

Well Trudy walks a different road.  
Truly she would try it all  
Leave your head in the cloakroom and  
Leave your heart at the door

Oh Trudy  
You touch the untouchable  
Because this earth is no fun at all  
And now when Cyndi plays at the disco  
I don't see you on the floor

Oh Trudy you're the meanest boy in the hills  
I know he's groovy but he only loves you when he's on  
pills  
And it's that heart of yours  
It's not your body that makes you ill  
You're so sick with this disco biscuit love

She's falling from grace at the disco.  
She's out of her place at the disco  
I saw your face in the crowd.  
I called out but the beat's too loud  
I saw your face in the crowd.  
I know it's going to be alright

Oh Trudy you're the meanest boy in the hills  
I know he's groovy but he only loves you when he's on  
pills  
And it's that heart of yours  
It's not your body that makes you ill  
You're so sick with this disco biscuit love

And now she's falling asleep at the disco  
Who's falling asleep at the disco?  
Now she's falling asleep at the disco  
Who's falling asleep?

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