

Titus Andronicus

"Still Life With Hot Deuce On Silver Platter"

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You're going through phases
Are you some kind of man or a moon?
Either way, these here boots
They're gonna walk all over you
It's all true, isn't it?
There's no real altruism, kid
It's just a new set of clothes
On the same old selfishness
Cold piss!

Out, walking the streets
Looking for these
Alleged elegant truths
It's just me, lonely me
And the other relevant dudes
Arrogant enough to believe
This is developing news
I exist just as a fish
Stuck with the pelican blues
Hot deuce!

Here it goes again
I hear you took it to another level
Here it goes again
[Repeat]

Tonight I'm crying for a baby
Who's never going to be born
My authentic self was aborted
At the age of four

You know I'll always be a junkie
You see me spread across the floor
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 angels
Don't come around no more

But I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
I'm not gonna cry
Thinkin' 'bout that baby
But I'm gonna die

Die if I don't try
Try to bring that man to life

But what of the classic contest,
Content versus Context?
They have a fight - Context wins
Con men contact Content's next of kin,
Saying "I'm looking for your least-feminine lesbian
We're gonna pump her so full of bovine estrogen
She won't be masculine, I'm high on mescaline
But no one knows, 'cause I sh*t on some Mexicans"

Hot deuce!

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