

## Tomahawk "Sweet Smell Of Success"

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You've got to be the one smile of porcelain  
Bullet holes in your tongue Plexiglasses bones  
Dough of angel's breath the eyes of a mannequin  
Put on a hell of a show solid gold

Fresh young face, king of a lovely place  
Cynical life wash your face  
Tryin' to make it better  
And we've heard this song before

And the needle skips again  
Playin' dominoes with tombstones  
Found a graveyard in your drawer  
Go and get yourself buried

'Cause your dead, you're dead  
You're dead, you're dead  
You're skin melts in wax  
Woven silk eyelids

The arms of somnambulist  
You got your moneys worth  
Soul hangs in the closet paper mache heart  
Put on a hell of a show solid gold

Your hate crime wasn't loving me  
Cynical life wash your face  
Tryin' to make it better  
And we'll never make it better  
And we'll never make it better

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