

Manson Marilyn**"No 9"**

Visit "[No 9](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Take my money,"

Is all I think.

He looks at the earring.

"Fag," he mumbles.

I don't mind.

He's fat.

No one likes him.

Life's too short.

I pass a table of black girls

With short hair.

They look like men.

They all look the same.

I can hear the strobe now,

It's loud.

And the music's too bright.

I look for my friends,

But I can't remember if I came alone

Or not.

Doesn't matter though.

There's hundreds of people

Who have waited all their lives,

No doubt,
To be my friend.
And as I near the bar
I see two persons
Eating each other's faces.
I bark to the bartender.
He gives me a placebo.
I'm "so young," he tells me,
"To be here."
I nod and swallow the bland drink.
Then I stumble several times
Near a crowd,
And they think I'm a good dancer.
I hear a girl tell another girl
That some girl she knows
Watched a
Girl
Puke in the toilet.
I smile in their general direction.
The good-looking one comes over
And bites my cheek.
It hurts,
And I start to
Hit her.
But she's grinning,

And I can see my blood on her teeth.

And I pull her to me.

"My place or yours?"

"The gutter will be fine," she confesses.

As we walk out,

She takes another bite from my cheek,

And I smile at the fat man

By the door.

Transcrita por Sorrento

Visit [Manson Marilyn](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.