

Triggerfinger "Tuxedo"

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Lots of speed but no control
Straight down the gutter, straight down the hole
Like strangers who know each other very well

Just for your or my distraction
Cripple any form of human interaction
Slowly losing our ability to talk

All tuxedoed up

Lots of speed but no control
A desperate desperado on parole
This is your selection of the finest

Peel back the foil, the searchlight is on
You're diggin' in, all brakes are gone
Totally numb, to this obscene violence

All tuxedoed up

Round & round & round
We share and we confess
Round & round & round
A little deeper in distress

All dolled up, let's hit the screen
Who's the daddy, who's the king
I'm fed up with all this Wi-fi-high-fiving

God owns your head the devil has your balls
But you're still the one making the calls
Selling ally our joy and all your living

All tuxedoed up

Round & round & round
We dare and we profess
Round after round after round
A little deeper in distress

All tuxedoed up

Round after round after round
We curse and we caress
Round after round after round
A little deeper in this mess

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