

World Pleasure

Peace

Aching, aching everywhere
I don't feel it, you don't care
Everyone's their father's sons
Feral youth and laser guns
Please don't send me off to war
That's not what my body's for
Maybe I was not born brave
Maybe I was born good looking
Showing everybody the bones
Hot cooking
Steaming little elegant soul
Weak vision
Cause biting on the tip of your tongue
Tweet wisher
So read about the word on the phone

What the world could be
When you talk to me
Give me energy
Let it be together
For everyone
Let the ocean come
When we get it done
For the world's pleasure

If you're happy, raise your hand
If you've five fingers, take a bow
Lawfully killed an English duh
Little hearts begin to her
New York city, cars and girls
Take a living, make a turn
Consciousness, I'm capable
But it's not my mess
I'm too good-looking
Showing everybody the bones
Hot cooking
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