

Chart-Beep

Ariel Pink

Turn me on, my friend
Don't put your fingers on my live wire
Push buttons on my breasts
Let language stand for sex and lies

Your features turn to grass
You're slipping, sliding, sticking moulds
My hardware's made of clay
Come sculpt the new day
Bang on the door
I can't hear you at all
Hear you at all, hear you at all, hear you at all, hear you at all

Chart beep
Call the fax man, tell him the facts
Chart beep
[?] times
Chart beep
Call the fax man, tell him the facts
Chart beep

We're in my home
Let's go get naked, let's
Become splattered
Become splattered on
Facts or fiction?
Your life's not meaningless but this is
Fake blood on the door
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