

Chin Ups

Bear Hands

Malice at the palace, Debbie down In Dallas
Talented young pornographic actress back up on her feet
Or laying on her back
Dropping to her knees she's picking up the slack, yeah
Fact or fiction, it's bad for business
Nasty letter writing campaign Christmas
Born a Christian, wasn't listening
Too busy pleasuring my Pagan mistresses

(Promises) And I know you're gonna miss me
(Promises) But you can't change history
(Promises) We're reminiscing
Chin up, chin up

Lots of luck, kid
I'm the lost fucking cause, am I
(Lost cause) All forgiven?
I'm a danger, a stranger
Lots of luck, kid
I'm as low as a dog, am I
(Bad dog) All forgiven?
Baby what can I do to thank you, thank you

Down in the trenches, starved for attention
Don't really give a shit, but now that you mention it
I'm on a schedule, tight like virgin holes
Pretty nasty, but actually natural
Ohh, the germs spreading far from the far bed
I wouldn't kiss you with his mouth
I wanna get wet
I want to get down
But how could I explain it to anyone else

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(Promises) But you can't change history
(Promises) We're reminiscing
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I'm as low as a dog, am I
(Bad dog) Bad decision
Baby what can I do to make you listen?

Honest as I dare to be
I'll grin then bare it
Don't know where to begin, but the end is nearing
No nothing scares me, I've become transparent
All for apologies, but you don't want to hear it
Don't want to hear it
Don't want to hear it
You don't want to hear it

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