

Marilyn

CASisDEAD

You know
You fell out of a shooting star, way too low
So natural
Got up with a couple scars and far to go
But when you turn up at the petrol station everybody bowed and said 'What a great show'
And someone muttered that America hasn't sold sex that good since Marilyn Monroe
You know

Yeah, I'm on the DynaTAC with the dead ringtone
4S, foot to the floor like Fred Flintstone
In-line six, forged out of brimstone
These butterscotch seats same colour as her skin tone
Got the feds pressin' neighbours for info
'Bout the traffickin' and if I'm involved
Block's littered in tin foil
Need to kick, too much friction, nearly slipped
Really need to kick this opioid addiction
My morphine shipment's bigger than Harold Shipman's
But they don't give a shit, they just keep writing prescriptions
Never seen it fit to play the victim, I dipped in this slick mint vintage with the optional equipment
Here I sit revvin' the shit out of this whip
Ain't moved an inch, smoke in the garage gettin' thick
Open up the shutter doors just before my bucket's kicked
Yeah I pussied out again, drop the clutch, grab the stick

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(Yeah)
Yeah, the heads-up reads a ton
Seatbelt seems redundant seein' as it's all but done (Yeah)
On an empty chair, an empty pill bottle, empty rum
An overdose a bit more glamorous than if I ate my gun (Uh)
Hit a puddle, nearly spun, I ain't even jump
Glass bottles clinkin' in the footwell in the front (Yeah)
Drivin' like a cunt, usually I ain't drivin' drunk
There's worse ways to go than found wrapped 'round a maple trunk (Yeah)
The reaper got me in his clutch
Knew that he was on his way but don't know why in such a rush
In the bathroom chuckin' up, tryna mask it with the flush
Comb my hair, and, half it come off in the fuckin' brush
Friends know I'm fucked, but, they don't know how much
Well I guess they do know, so that's a touch ain't gotta fuss
Drop the cherry out my dutch, light fades, turns to dust
The wind catches and it's gone forever

You know

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