

Four Eyes

Cherry Ghost

Lord I need a warm bed
Away from all these train wrecks
Pretty eyes all drilling for the kill
Another big sensation
Exhausting my affliction
Patterns forming here beyond my will

Oh I know it aint gonna last past the weekend
So don't get your hands caught in the till
You need good eyesight to see through those
And you can't see the creases for the end of your nose
Oh four eyes all of my money's on you.

Now would be a good time
To come clean 'bout the waistline
Swing your hips and floor him like a thief
When they need replacing
Will he still do all the chasing
Tear your stockings off with his false teeth

Oh I know it aint gonna last past the weekend
So don't get your hands caught in the till
You need good eyesight to see through those
And you can't see the creases for the end of your nose
Oh four eyes all of my money's on you