

## 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