

My life was disco  
now it's a discount  
a shopping mall of lust  
I'm a salesman getting lost in my own supermarket  
I've stolen my own credit card and passed my own date of expiration  
I hate this place where everything is always new but everything  
is always cheap  
I'm blinded by the crystal white neon  
while I'm slowly drowning in my river of liquor  
where the blonds buy black and the blacks buy blonde  
looking like a shopper feeling like a gun  
where I met my baby where I lost my baby  
where I feel like an ex man  
type ex ex type  
say goodbye to yourself take off your shoe laces take off your  
belt  
drive your car off the bridge  
burn your ID your driving license and crash your mobile  
lobotomy your anthology call your sister and say goodbye  
forget where you live drop your keys put on a different tie  
take the first exit and save yourself with a blackout  
block all your accounts cease to be the one you are  
7 suckers for 11 brides cause now you're only an ex man  
type ex ex type  
you're an ex man  
type ex ex type  
looking like a shopper feeling like a gun  
forget who you are you're an ex man  
type ex ex type