

Morticiachair

dEUS

Now, let's talk about the time
I had this morticiachair in my apartment
Right there in front of the living room
As an open invitation to strangers
(A cold machine might show)
Smiling like a face
Waiting for a telephone call of a beloved feline
She is in a state and it's California
She's been there for quite a while
I've got no presents
I've got no presents
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
Drop the phone, take the plane
And come back home again
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
By the time of my second car crash I got totally wired
Like in the days I cut myself up with a razor-blade
Oh nostalgia, lost myself in so many ways
I didn't know what to think of him
Ah, maybe I think too much, I don't think so
Fell madly in love with a couple of beautiful ears
It's only a variation
Had long and boring conversations about nothing
Talked so much, I bored myself to death
And the more I talk, the more I turn into a vegetable
God, I'm such a fool
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
I'll behave, won't you shame me?
I'm into deep, won't you shame me?
I'll behave, won't you shame me?
I'm into deep, won't you shame me?
Taste of orange, orange
Little Christ, I'm in her bath-tub, consulted
Consulted, consulted, consulted
She knows where she rolls
When she goes for the doorknob
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I'm into deep, won't you shame me?
I'll behave, won't you shame me?
I'm into deep, won't you shame me?
Information, information
I'm bored, bored
Information