

Token Drug Song

Pop Will Eat Itself

Transfixed to the TeeVee station,
Burning through my brain,
Mutant news flashes from the neon grain,
I'm a reptile,
You're "Doug Quaid."
Go on, I say, I'll make your day,
I'll give you what you want,
But the price you pay is the pleasure,
The pleasure is mine
I say, "Handed me your head on a plate,
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?"
I can't hurt you more than you've hurt yourself,
I can't touch you but you've already felt
So high now you're going so low.
go on, I say, I'll make your day,
I'll give you what you want,
But the price you pay is the pleasure,
The pleasure is mine
I say, "Looked into your blackened soul,
Your emptiness complete and whole,
Handed me your head on a plate,
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?"
Bad trip? Toough shit!
Bad trip? Tough shit!
Bad trip? Tough shit!
That's what you get when you think with your dick!