The food that I'm eating Is suddenly tasteless I know I'm alone now I know what it tastes like So break me to small parts Let go in small doses But spare some for spare parts There might be some good ones Like you might make a dollar I'm inside your mouth now Behind your tonsils Peeking over your molars You're talking to her now And you've eaten something minty And you're making that face that I like And you're going in, in for the kill, kill For the killer kiss, kiss for the kiss, kiss

I need your money, it'll help me
I need your car and I need your love (2x)
So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out?

So break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
You might make a dollar
Dollar, might make a dollar

So won't you help a brother out?
Won't you help a brother out, out, out, out, out?

So break me to small parts
Let go in small doses
But spare some for spare parts
There might be some good ones
You might make a dollar
(There might be some good ones)
There might be some good ones
(You might make a dollar)
You might make a dollar
(There might be some good ones)
There might be some good ones)