

# Ninety Nine

Slaves

Talked to  
A mannequin  
The other day  
She had fuck-all to say  
To me  
Such a shame  
Looks are deceiving  
Staring at the ceiling  
What are you looking at  
That's better than me?  
Is it better than me?  
Come on, is it better than me?

Ninety nine  
Percent of the time  
She lives in a hand  
I can't understand why  
Ninety nine  
Percent of the time  
She lives in a hand  
I can't understand why

Talking to  
A statue  
Of a little girl  
Who reminds me of you  
Such a shame  
Looks are deceiving  
Staring at the ceiling  
Such a great shame  
Looks are deceiving  
Now you're staring at the ceiling

Ninety nine  
Percent of the time  
She lives in a hand  
I can't understand why  
Ninety nine  
Percent of the time  
She lives in a hand  
I can't understand why

Ninety nine  
Ninety nine  
Ninety nine  
It's always ninety nine