

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