

Gilt Complex

Sons and Daughters

She has a guilt complex
Break her neck
Now she's run-run-running right over the edge
Had a guilt complex
Poison pen
She's signing her name and she's forgetting her friends
Had a guilt complex
Break her neck
Now she worry-worry-worries for the good of her wealth
This guilt complex
Useless effect
Now she suffer-suffer-suffers, destroying her health

He has a guilt complex
Break his neck
Now he's run-run-running right over the edge
Had a guilt complex
Poison pen
Signing his name
Forgetting his friends
Had a guilt complex
Break his neck
Now he worry-worry-worries for the good of his wealth
This guilt complex
Useless effect
Now he suffer-suffer-suffers destroying himself

All you see is all you'll get
He's trying to buy some kind of medal
He's not sure of all he has but
Avarice is all that he's made of
And everybody knows

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Break her neck
Now she's run-run-running right over the edge
Gilt complex
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All you see is all you'll get
She's trying to buy some kind of medal
She's not sure of all she has but
Avarice is all that she's made of
And everybody knows

Ooh...

What you see is what you'll get
The star, you see, is just made of metal
He's not sure of all he has

But avarice is all that he's made of
And everybody knows