Loving Parasite

That Handsome Devil

Blood-sucking hustlers, sisters, brothers, lovers
Feeding off each other
Blood-sucking hustlers, sisters, brothers, hunters
D-Did I stutter, motherfuckers?

It was all so long ago
I sang you all the songs I wrote
You were young and vulnerable
I was old

Time's a winding centipede
Crawling into centuries
She will not remember me

I need a doctor or a priest or something
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny
I need a doctor or a priest or something
The police are coming

Maybe I just read you wrong
Or maybe I've been dead too long
I led you on, you went along

Time's a winding centipede
Burrows in our memories
And that is all we'll ever be

I need a doctor or a priest or something
Saunta Claus, the Easter Bunny
I need a doctor or a priest or something
The police are coming

The universe is expanding
But I don't feel a damn thing
There's nothing you can do about it
Keep on dancing

They say it's all expanding
But I don't feel a damn thing
There's nothing you can do about it
Keep on dancing

Stars inside wander with the gods tonight
Vibrating and harmonized
The glitter of the stars inside

The universe is expanding
But I don't feel a damn thing
There's nothing you can do about it
Keep on dancing

They say it's all expanding
But I don't feel a damn thing
Love and understanding
Were simply too demanding

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