

Pleasure Heads Must Burn

The Birthday Party

Bu-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
Bu-u-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one
I reckon if I touch it might just burn
Flesh-heads like me just wax and melt
When my tongue touches titty's tongue in turn
Sometimes pleasure heads must burn
Bu-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
Bu-u-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
My brain tricked my hands to believe they were strong
In short, my hands became clubs to grind
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one
Kiss me darling, kiss my eyes to blind
Kiss my clubs and witness what my knuckles find
Bu-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
Bu-u-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
I feel a little low, you know what I mean?
Buried neck-high in British snow
I reckon I'm a bit too close to this one
Shoot me darling, shoot me in the head and go
Ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.
Ya! ya! teeth gone. follow my trail back home.
Ya! ya! bu-u-u-u-u-u-rn! pop! pop!
Etcetera.