

Throbbing Gristle

The Brian Jonestown Massacre

Hey boy, he's looking at you
Too late to run, so fun to make fun
Travel light, be that light
Don't you fight with me
With me

Kept you, baby
Wanna paint your face
I hope she doesn't think she's pretty
'Cause she ain't
I hope she doesn't think she's pretty
'Cause she ain't

Well hey, hey, look at me
The more hell I raise
Everyone has to be not me now
Does it hurt to hear your mother cry?
What do you feel, nothing
You fade so far away
From the home we made
So far away
You fade so far away
From the home we made