

# White Guilt

The Bronx

L.A. lady you always look so uninspired  
when you're hanging around  
living with creeps and loving with liars  
and everybody knows it's true  
that all you're ever gonna be is entertainment  
so entertain me

you shiver when they wake up  
and once more before they're gone  
and even when you're sleeping baby  
you're barely holding on

L.A. lady I know your feet must be so tired  
from standing on a corner stomping out cigarettes like they were fires  
the daughter of a thousand men  
you've got your mothers eyes and whorish skin  
you're a train wreck  
but that's entertainment

you shiver when they wake up  
and once more before they're gone  
and even when you're sleeping baby you're barely holding on  
so throw your skin back in your clothes  
and wipe the blood running from your nose  
'cause if the price is right tonight anything goes  
too many lines, one too many times  
you're sharing the same vein  
with your stage name  
but it never quite feels the same  
it never quite feels the same  
I said, it never quite feels the same

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