

# Vendorhead

Tilt

You're an affectation of what has come to pass  
Your butane smiles indelible all words of thoughtless gas  
You live like a coke machine convince me of your strife  
Tasty tyke take diction smell the price of life

You've got to look good  
You've got to have all your accouterments right in place  
You've got to look good you've got to have all our faith

Needle eyes and hands of slate regards a stiff repose  
Contemplate your mindless fate while  
Powdering your nose  
Loathing all that you can't fathom cuckold by your pride  
Nurturing a made-up kingdom scattered with lime

No I can't eradicate you  
Drowning you in despair  
You profit from my desperation  
And everybody tell ya

You've got to look good  
You've got to have all your accouterments right in place  
You've got to look good you've got to have all our faith  
You've got to look good  
You've got to make sure nobody sees your face  
You've got to look good you got to have everybody's faith