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

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