

Salad

Bad//Dreems

No empathy inside of me
I turn the page, staring at the screen
American carnage and a taste for the sordid, I asked for chaos but I only got order
I can't dance I can't cum in the shower
I sleep for days and I don't get paid
Another fucken playlist curated for the beige.. I fell asleep in the knacker's yard
Identity politics and a cruise guided missile
Straight to the heart of the matter of fact
I had a bender for 7 days, Richard Wilkins was there and his face melted off
The war is boring and you're boring too
Wrap your dick around a Coke can, give them a run for your money Now I'm a creature of my
southern comfort
No way, get fucked, fuck off!
Live and die in the public eye
You body shame me until I swallow my pride
I give you all what you wanted of me
But you don't win friends with salad anymore
I broke the city with a knife in your lumber.. I'm sunbaking on a feral beach
Sitting in a drunk tank on Melbourne Street Put your tips in early and the beers are free
Life and death in the public mess
Moral porno on the TV screen
I drew the short straw if you know what I mean
Red top, hunt em' down, mean machine
Back and forth since '77
I was looking for hell but I only found heaven
Up down and around and around
Now the mighty have fallen with their feet on the ground
My words are your words Your words are my words

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>