

Joan of Arc

Alice Donut

There's lots of things in a human head
That I hope I never have to touch.
She likes the taste of burning flesh,
Cannibals eat their love.
I'm a sucker for romantic stuff. She peeled the skin right off her face
And left it lying on the bathroom floor.
I put it into my suitcase,
I couldn't leave it like that.
Just in case she wants it back.
Joan of arc keeps burning up. It's hard to go out with a saint,
Who's french and comes from france.
I start to scream I almost faint.
She's got the stigmata,
I want the stigmata. I give her a marlboro cigarette.
She starts to smoke and smoke and smoke,
Sometimes even saints forget.
I don't want to sound like a fascist,
But it's wrong to play with matches. Joan of arc keeps burning up.
Joan of arc,
You hot little catholic bitch ooh.
You're a martyr from france,
I'm just an average guy from new jersey.
But we have fire, burning, heat ooh.
You've got the stigmata,
I want the stigmata. Joan of arc keeps burning up.

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