

## 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 oooh.  
You're a martyr from France,  
I'm just an average guy from New Jersey.  
But we have fire, burning, heat oooh.  
You've got the stigmata,  
I want the stigmata.

Joan of Arc keeps burning up.