

French Bacon

Electric Six

Have you heard about the new sex, new sex?
It's a reason to be nicer to you.
I see you putting on the brand X spandex,
Everybody needs someone to do,
And now I'm living in the middle of your street,
And living here with aplomb,
She gets a sneak peek at the meat she's gonna eat,
And she's a time-bomb, time-bomb.

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,
With a fridge filled with french bacon,
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,
I knew she couldn't hang,
And now she's dying in a ditch on the county line,
From a device of her own making.

I'm never good enough at saying all the right things,
Sometimes I say too much.
Sometimes I feel like a puppet with no strings,
Dying and desperate for your touch.

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,
With a fridge filled with french bacon,
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,
I knew she couldn't hang,
And now she's dying in a ditch on the county line,
From a device of her own making.

Nobody's all bad, nobody's all good,
Nobody lives forever, but I wish we could,
We define forever, define forever,
Define forever, define forever, define forever!

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,
With a fridge filled with French bacon,
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,
I knew she couldn't hang.