

Simulated Love

Electric Six

You are the bad girls
Have you done a little work in the movies?
You got a manager,
And he sends a couple copies of you to me.

But you don't come with instructions,
You're wearing too many clothes
I'd like to show you my suction, but I don't know where it goes.
Cuz we are human dust bunnies,
Waiting for the vacuum
To come and pick us up, honey
Whistling along to the hollow tune of

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You are the parasites
Always biting the host that feeds you
You've got the sight, sight
But you don't recognize when they're trying to bleed you.

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You're wearing too many clothes
I'd like to show you my suction, but I don't know where it goes
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Oh sweet love, what does it mean?
Cuz everything's never quite as it seems
Pretty, pretty pictures in a magazine
Selling me tickets for the fuck machine
No U-turn on the road of life
Today's girlfriend is tomorrow's wife
The meeting of the flesh and the knife
Taking color photographs in black and white
And when your piggies start to squeal
It's impossible to keep an even keel
I'd drive a thousand miles just to cop a feel

Love isn't real, unless it's not real
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Oh sweet love, what does it mean?