

## Little Fist

## Love Spit Love

I've got lipstick on my front teeth  
I'm full of pills but I don't feel good yet  
Tied up running out of good luck  
Eyeliner tears are running down my neck

Make up, chewing gum and hair spray  
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like this  
Wrap the world up in a suitcase  
And there's a million wanna shake my fist

There's a world in front of me  
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake  
There's easy money for the freaks  
A million friends that don't know what my name is

I could be flavor of the weekend  
I smell like roses and I taste like cake  
Wake up sleeping on the pavement  
Everybody needs a friend down there

I don't really wanna leave  
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake  
There's easy money for the freaks  
There's television on but who cares anyway?

There's a world in front of me  
I know tomorrow's gonna taste like cake  
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I don't really wanna leave  
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