

Suicide Blonde

Mallrat

Cold coffee on the table
I'm running for the bus now {x2}
You're lying on the kitchen floor
And pour a glass {x2}

[Verse 1]

Sometimes you drink and then you dance around the kitchen
You put on eighties music and make me listen for like hours str
aight
No escape, Devo's really not that great, I hate when you forget
my name
Holes in your brain, those times you tried to overdose, kitchen
floor and comatose
Hiding hydrogen peroxide, throwing up a piece of toast
Michael Hutchence could never save you, I'll never hate you
Just let me run away, or put the rum away

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Kinda like Ms. Hannigan when she was Cameron Diaz
You could've been a superstar but should've been in rehab
And that INXS video, you said you were fat
But you were so beautiful, what's up with that part?
Released in 1990 but you're never really free
You'll stay on Centrelink realistically, commit successfully
And maybe it was prophecy all along that you were the suicide b
londe

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[x2]