

Covergirl Blues

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult

Oh, that's what love is around this house
It's dirty and cheap and stolen
You don't love me
You never loved me because you don't know how (sob)
Oh, I don't know how

You'll miss me, honey
When I'm far away
You'll feel so lonely
When I'm far away

Why, you little tramp, hahahaha
Come to your senses
Come to my senses?
I can never depend on you, you're always drunk

You'll miss me, honey
When I'm far away
You'll feel so lonely
When I'm far away

Why, you little tramp
We're all looking for love
Everyone needs love
Most of us are starved for love

The world would have us believe that popularity and physical appeal
Are what love is based on
We are even taught that we must love
That not loving is wrong
So we search desperately for love

If only for a moment
To steal the knowing, hungry need for love
Our search may become so desperate

You're gonna miss your little sweet, sweet mama