

Crash-pad Driver

Poni Hoax

Here we drive through the smog and the rain
Osakan girl selling shrimps and fame
I love to breathe all these toxic fumes
See me dancing all alone in my room
In my brand new costume

Call it hell
I call it scenery
Call it hell
I try it's beauty
Call it hell
I wash my laundry
At night

Here we drive through the streets of shame
Osakan girl selling her face and her pain
I love to breathe your neurotic fumes
Everybody lies, it's alright,
Take a nap in my room

Call it hell
I call it scenery
Call it hell
I try it's beauty
Call it hell
I destroy the shell