

I swear this night to reclaim all that's mine
My promise tears on my zit-covered pride
It comes with the years of living with the skin
Of a blind-alley fool
But in so many ways I thought I was like you
With your kitchen-knife tongue
Yes, I've been there

Hips! Lips! And fingertips!
Where all slough breaks in half
Old aldies smoke and learn to cackle
While the devil sits and laughs
Well no fags for the hags
And no more time to be wicked
Come round to your soul
Yes, I've been there

You made my day
Then it fell to the ground
So if this is skin
Then I submit to you

Well there once was a queen
Who ate that man as if he were chicken
But it was all in a dream
Yes, I've been there

I woke up half dead
Fear and frogs ate the flesh off my bones
Alive in a fridge
Yes, I've been there

I love the ache
So don't say that Dallas doesn't love you
Come round to your soul
Yes, I've been there

My romance left here
So make no mistake when you call me brother
Alive in a fridge
Yes, I've been there

You were vaccuous and I was cruel
And losers don't hurt when your dreams hold them down
Come round to your soul
Yes, I've been there