

Twenty-five whores in the room next door  
Twenty-five floors and i need more  
I'm looking for the can in the candy store  
Two thousand hamburg four  
And colours i ain't seen before

It's a small world and it smells funny  
I'd buy another if it wasn't for the money  
Take back what i paid  
For another motherfucker in a motorcade

In a long black car  
With the prettiest shit  
From Panama  
When the sirens wail  
And the lights flash blue  
My vision thing come  
Slamming through

It's a small world and it smells bad  
I'd buy another if i had  
Take back what i paid  
For another motherfucker in a motorcade

Slamming through  
Slamming through

What do wee need to make our world come alive?  
What does it take to make us sing sing?..  
While we're waiting for the next one to arrive?  
One million points of light  
One billion dollar vision thing

Another black hole in the killing zone  
A little more mad in the methedrome  
One blinding flash of sense  
Just like the president's  
Well, i don't mind  
Out of my mind  
Blizzard king  
Bring it on home

It's a small world and it smells bad  
I'd buy another if i had  
Take back what i paid  
For another motherfucker in a motorcade

Slamming through  
It is vision thing

Twenty-five whores in the room next door  
I can't find any more  
Twenty-five floors and i need more  
Sometimes I want fuck this all