

Like the toupee on a fading fame
The final whistle in a losing game
Thick lipstick on a five year old girl
It makes you think it's a plastic world

A plastic world and we're all plastic too
Just a couple of different faces in a dead man's queue
The world is turning Disney and there's nothing you can do
You're trying to walk like giants
but you're wearing Pluto's shoes

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun
Than it does from the lips of the beautiful and the dumb
The world won't end in darkness, it'll end in family fun
With Coca Cola clouds behind a Big Mac sun

A howling scream in a church asleep
Rusty bicycle in an ocean deep
Like an ear-ring on the newly born
Strong perfume on a winter's morn

The world is perfumed and we're perfumed as well
Petals from a flower that blossomed in hell
And you can't breathe the air through the thickness of the sme
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And you can't see the hair through the grease of the gel

And the answers fall easier from the barrel of a gun
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You say there's only one God, you could do with two or three
Your Jesus Christ is hired out, like the slag of Galilee
Well if Peter is a prostitute, then what does that make me

There's only one God
There should be two or three
One God
There should be two or three
One God
There should be two or three
Two or three