

## Still Life With Hot Deuce On Silver Platter

Titus Andronicus

You're going through phases  
Are you some kind of man  
Or a moon?  
Either way, these here boots  
They're gonna walk  
All over you  
It's all true, isn't it?  
There's no real altruism, kid  
It's just a new set of clothes  
On the same old selfishness  
Cold piss!

Out, walking the street  
Looking for these  
Alleged elegant truths  
It's just me  
Lonely me  
And the other relevant dudes  
Arrogant enough to believe  
This is developing news  
I exist just as a fish  
Stuck with the pelican blues  
Hot deuce  
Oh, Hot deuce

Here it goes again  
I hear you took it to another level  
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Tonight I'm crying for a baby  
Who's never going to be born

My authentic self was aborted  
At the age of four

You know I'll always be a junkie  
You see me spread across the floor  
1-2-3-4-5-6-7 angels  
Don't come around no more

But I'm not gonna cry  
I'm not gonna cry  
I'm not gonna cry  
Thinking bout that baby  
But I'm gonna die  
Die if I don't try  
Try to bring that man to life

But what of the classic contest  
Content versus Context?  
They have a fight  
Context wins  
Con men contact Content's next of kin  
Saying I'm looking for your least-feminine lesbian  
We're gonna pump her so full of bovine estrogen  
She won't be masculine, I'm high on mescaline  
But no one knows, 'Cause I shit on some Mexicans  
Hot deuce