

She's A Hooker With A Baby And Some Friends

She's a hooker with a baby and some friends
A hooker with a baby and some friends
They don't really know it, because she doesn't show it
She's a hooker with a baby and some friends

She ate a bag of chips and
Got a new tattoo
Black tan and red
A summer day
Upstairs in Soho

He smelled of cigarettes and
Desperation
On the 28
No destination

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She lives in moments without love
She deals in moments without love
She dies in moments without love
Without love

She plucks the many hairs from her face
And picks her teeth
She paints her lips
On the Circle Line

He lives in a resort
Because the people change
Every week
Can't stop running to his own grave

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