

## Sex and Dying in High Society

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you started out that way  
you'd do anything to stay  
and keep your money boys  
made of silver and gold  
and keep your pekinese,  
turkish cigarettes  
and your lighter that looks like a gun  
so you marry your daddy  
with a different name  
that's sex and dying in high society  
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that pretty man of yours  
the one hiding inside the director's clothes  
the one who calls you dear  
after banging away at you in the night  
that one's just got to go  
every time you look at him  
you could almost fall asleep  
and there's a masturbating  
getting underneath your belt  
that's sex and dying in high society  
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and now you tell the maid  
to burn you on your virgin back  
with a curling iron  
hotter than hot  
you say it's good enough  
you say it's good enough  
you say it's good enough  
you say your pain is better  
than any kind of love  
that's sex and dying in high society  
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