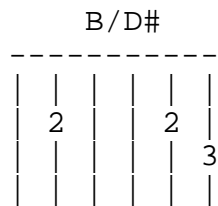

And you drink till you drool

C Bm G
And it's his story you'll flatter

C Bm Em (I think I play this as G again)
You'll stretch him out like a saint

C Bm Em
But the canvas that he splattered

C D B/D#
Will be the picture that you never paint



[instrumental break] Em C G

C Am C C/B Am D/F# G
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

C Am C C/B Am D/F# G
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

G Bm
A stripping puppet on a liquid stick

Am G
Gets into it pretty thick

D
A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears

C D
But how do you know he really needs it

G Bm
Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand

Am G
Jesus wept, he felt abandoned

D
You're spellbound, baby, there's no doubting that

