

Botox girls scream in my room

Paroles et musique : Nono Futur

Intro et couplets : CEFG

Refrains : FGCE

Every Sunday afternoon
Lady Dead go and shoot the moon
While i stay at home
Standing by the phone

Every Sunday afternoon
Botox girls scream in my room
Every Sunday afternoon

My old friends they are rich
My old friends look like a bitch
They come with home made bread
When they leave sometimes they're dead

Every Sunday afternoon
Botox girls scream in my room
Every Sunday afternoon

Their old skins are too flimsy
Their brand new breast are too heavy
But il love their screams of goat
I love their hundred euros notes

Every Sunday afternoon
Botox girls scream in my room
Every Sunday afternoon
Every Sunday afternoon
Every Sunday afternoon