

# Funhouse – pink

I dance around this empty house  
Tear us down  
Throw you out  
Screaming down the halls  
Spinning all around and now we fall  
Pictures framing up the past  
Your taunting smirk behind the glass  
This museum full of ash  
Once a tickle  
Now a rash  
This used to be a funhouse  
But now it's full of evil clowns  
It's time to start the countdown  
I'm gonna burn it down down down  
I'm gonna burn it down  
Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, fun  
Echoes knocking on locked doors  
All the laughter from before  
I'd rather live out on the street  
Than in this haunted memory  
I've called the movers  
Called the maids  
We'll try to exorcise this place  
Drag my mattress to the yard  
Crumble tumble house of cards  
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Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, fun  
Oh, I'm crawling through the doggy door

My key don't fit my life no more  
I'll change the drapes  
I'll break the plates  
I'll find a new place  
Burn this fucker down  
This used to be a funhouse  
But now it's full of evil clowns  
It's time to start the countdown  
I'm gonna burn it down down down  
I'm gonna burn it down



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych