

Exquisite Corpse

Hedwig and the Angry Inch

I've got it all sewn up, a hardened razor-cut
Scar-map across my body
And you can trace the lines through misery's design
That map across my body A collage
I'm all sewn up
A montage
I'm all sewn up A random pattern with a needle and thread
The overlapping way diseases are spread
To a tornado body with a hand grenade head
And the legs are two lovers entwined
Inside I'm hollowed out, outside's a paper shroud
And all the rest's illusion
That there's a will and soul, that we can wrest control
From chaos and confusion A collage
I'm all sewn up
A montage
I'm all sewn up The automatist's undoin', the whole world starts unscrewin'
As time collapses and space warps
You see decay and ruin, I tell you, "No, no, no, no
You make such an exquisite corpse", oh yeah I've got it all sewn up, a hardened razor-cut
Scar-map across my body
And you can trace the lines through misery's design
That map across my body
A collage
I'm all sewn up
A montage
I'm all sewn up, up, up, up, up

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