

Acid Drinkers, Live Hurts More Than Death

... And he was hanging long
For this season much too long
He would have hung even longer
But he was cut off the rope
It was where everybody
Used to hang them selves
Oh, yes, my disappointed boy
It was not a lucky year

... And she turned on the gas
With her little trembling hands
And since she was quite petite
Inside the oven she did creep
I knew there's something wrong
She did not answer the phone
Oh, yeah, my little girl
I should have come earlier then

You really broke me down
The next will never come
I won't tell you: see you around
The next year will never come...

... And she shot him in the face
She was really sensitive
She could not put up whit it
When away swinging her hips
I had not expected it
And as always, I could say:
Had I only been three, babe
You could be impeccable

You really broke me down
The next will never come
I won't tell you: see you around
The next year will never come...