

# eels, Your Lucky Day In Hell

Mama gripped onto the milkman's hand  
And then she finally gave birth  
Years go by, still I don't know  
Who shall inherit this earth  
And no one will know my name until it's on the stone

This could be your lucky day... in hell  
Never know who it might be at your doorbell  
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell

Waking up with an ugly face  
Winston Churchill in drag  
Looking for new maternal embrace  
Another tired old gag  
Am I just a walking bag of chewed up dust and bones?

This could be your lucky day... in hell  
Never know who it might be at your doorbell  
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell

Father Theresa, you can't make me into you  
I never wanna be like you  
Why can't you see, it's me  
You know it's time to let me go

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Never know who it might be at your doorbell  
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell... in hell...  
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Never know who it might be at your door bell... in hell  
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell... in hell... in hell...