

# Megadeth, Lucretia

Sitting up late at night  
I tiptoe through the darkness  
Cold as hell, black as spades  
Aware of my immediate surrounding  
In my place I escape  
Up into my hideout  
Hiding from everyone  
My friends all say  
Dave you're mental any way hey!  
Drift into a deeper state  
I stalk the cobwebbed stairways  
Dirt grits beneath my feet  
The stair creaks, I precariously sneak

Hypnosis guides my hand  
I slipslide through the walkways  
Sit in granny's rockin' chair  
Memories are whirling by yeah  
Reminisce in the attic  
Lucretia waits impatiently  
Cobwebs make me squint  
The cobra so eloquently glints  
Moonbeams surge through the sky  
The crystal ball's energized  
Surely that like the cat waiting  
Lucretia rocks away