

Monster Magnet, Little Bag Of Gloom

Take your pills, take your pets, and go rolling down the road
I got a nasty little bruise, thanks to your last episode
Well you're so cold and I'm so gray, and I can hardly save the day
Think we're falling into darkness, running blind

You got troubles, yes it's true, and they all begin with you
If you don't let somebody in, you're gonna die in liar's gin
But you never wanna row, towards the origin of stones
And you locked away your heart, one more time

So take your books, take your broom, take your little bag of gloom
And I'm lost, and I'm through, and I'm crying out for truth
Maybe when you're all alone, you'll realise where love comes from
But until you take that time, you're just blind