

# The Tiger Lillies, Pretty Soon

Pretty soon, it will be your judgement day  
Pretty soon, you will be in decay  
Pretty soon, on a marble slab you'll lie  
Hope some-ones with you when you die

Pretty soon, your body will be in pain  
Every muscle and sinew will burn like a flame  
Pretty soon, in fear you will cry  
Hope some-ones with you when you die

Pretty soon, maggots eat your flesh  
Pretty soon, old and rotting where once you were fresh  
Pretty soon, your flesh putrefies  
Just hope some-ones with you when you die

Pretty soon