

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