

Cancerslug, The Coulda Beens

you could have been anything but you ended up in a tissue beside the bed
but i love you, all my dead babies
you could have been anything but you ended up a stain on some whores dress
farewell, farewell, farewell my nightly friends
we will never know what might have been
so farewell, farewell, until we meet again
with the millions of other little coulda beens
you could have been anything but it turns out you are a crust upon my chest
but i love you, all my dead babies
you could have been many things but you ended up on an ass crack or a breast
but i love you, all of my dead babies
maybe we all should die before our time