

Eugene McGuinness, High Score

Bravo, Encore
all the ravers are still raving
Game over, High score
so type your name in
A perfume scented centipede
We walk the same streets at the same speed.

Dead as a doornail emmersed in flame.
I was in no state to call
and it burns a hole in my heart
in my heart

A ladder falls
Just as i walk under
A black cat dies
are these drivers getting younger,
like a sequel to another teen horror movie,
but no blood is shed during the killers soliloquy.

Dead as a doornail and dirt of a grave,
I wasn't fit to call
and the worms ate a hole in my heart
in my heart

I've been high as a kite
but never the floor
and the pupperteer holds on tight everytime the wind blows me,
and i wouldn't come to close you might catch a cold,
and the one remaining skill as the blowing ball rolls
as the bowling ball rolls

(ahhh)

Dead asa doornail emmersed in flame,
i was in no state to call.

(cheering)

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