

Forgotten Rebels, Fuck Me Dead

I don't like the name tag between your toes.
I don't like the snot running out of your nose.
I don't like the stains on your pantyhose - just your cold stiff body
when I
hold you close.
I love rigor mortis when it just sets in.
I know where you're goin' I don't care where you've been.
A pillow in a coffin's just as good as a bed and baby how I love it when
you
f**k me dead.
Baby how I love it when you f**k me dead.
Every new girl's another three day affair.
I got to be gentle not to pull out your hair.
It really doesn't matter if she's gray haired and old.
It really doesn't matter if she's too young and cold.
Smiling in emergency a drag your O.K.
I'd rather make it with you when you're DOA.
Lying there stiff when it's time to play.
I can't wait till the undertaker goes away.
Hanging upside down when you're getting drained.
&M pleasure on the wall when you're chained.
When you splatter love juices still remain and baby how I love you when
you
f**k me dead.
Baby I love it when you f**k me dead.
Baby, baby, I'll hold you close.
Quick, quick before you decompose.
Baby how I love it when you f**k me dead.
Baby how I love it when you f**k me dead.
Baby how I love it when you f**k.