

# Gaba Kulka, Death Won't Save The Day

Clutching the awareness that they never sold out  
Dying alone unknown  
You're not that kind of girl - we know

When the gold-dust settles and the world will catch a sight  
of your nose-job squashed in the middle of a fight, you'll see that  
nothing's right - nothing's left  
but a couple of obituaries, movie rights sold, cold and hard as gold

And your death won't save the day, anymore  
No, your death won't save the day, anymore

But there you go, destroying all  
the overthrow has given us  
You fall so hard, you fall so fast  
Don't realize you've lost that  
sweet psychotic, elegiac feel to it  
Lost in that confectionary chill down in your throat

Downloading another record, looking for salvation  
while the hype keeps piling up on copycat crap  
- you're still my kind of girl  
The oysters bear their pearl when you irritate and nag

You're a one-man-show in a no-man's-land  
and you'll keep it up till your every fan will notice  
nothing's right - nothing's left  
but a couple of obituaries, movie rights sold, cold and hard as gold

Hold on to what you've got, there's nothing else out there  
Put your lipstick down, or someone might get hurt  
Slowly step away from the rock and roll cliché  
When the thing explodes, we want you to be safe  
that day, so you know  
that your death won't save the day, anymore

But there you go, destroying all  
the overthrow has given us  
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Don't realize you've lost that  
sweet psychotic, elegiac feel to it  
Lost in that confectionary chill down in your  
chill down in your  
chill down in your  
chill down in your...

And your death won't save the day  
Death won't save the day  
Death won't save the day  
Death won't save the day