

Murder City Devils, Midnight Service At The Mutter

Up to the ears, up to the neck
It's for the curious, it's for the hopeful
Kick in the doors, climb in the windows
It's Midnight service at the mutter museum
And I'm glad, glad that you're here
Better luck, better luck at the pull-tabs
that's what I thought too
Do you have any idea how many songs
they wrote about you
Look at the face, the shape of the skull
Leave the road, follow the path
It's midnight at the drowning pond
ANd I'm glad, glad that you're here
Better off not trying hard, that's what I thought too
Put on your boots, put on your make-up
In the parking lot
Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen
It's midnight service at the mutter museum
And I'm glad, glad that you're here