

# Voodoo Glow Skulls, Smile Now, Cry Later

The Voodoo lady must have put a spell on me,  
(Because) I'm not the same as I used to be.  
No regrets, just lack of memories,  
And always sleeping with the enemy.

There's no luck in Nevada,  
Just misfortune and misery.  
Hiding behind Elvis Presley,  
The devil sits there waiting for me.

I wake up at the Happy Hour  
With all the miserable souls like me,  
To soak my thoughts of poverty  
And hiding pain with shots of cheap whiskey.

Cut-out pictures on my concrete walls  
Tell the story (of) what I've left behind,  
Tattoos teardrops under my eyes  
Prove that even locos cry.

Smile now, cry later.  
Smile now.

Sometimes I see that guy that has it figured out,  
Is he happy with prosperity?  
Taking no risk, so ordinary,  
Walking the line of conformity.

Tears of a clown locked in a cage.  
I read the book with missing pages.  
Is it sorrow or frustration  
That keeps me in this reality?

Smile now, cry later.  
Smile now.