

Natalie MacMaster

"Diphtheria"

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Yeah, the road to hell, is paved with chocolate sweets.
Yeah, and candy corn, that's sewn, that's sewn at the
side of the streets.
You know that every little morsel, promises, you will be
satisfied.
But you know, every pretty wrapper, just holds,...
just holds another little lie.
Yeah, the road to hell winds through a gingerbread
town.

And every ounce tells,
(Diphtheria)
when every single pound kills,
(Diphtheria)
and every loose tooth
(Diphtheria)
Shows another wrong move
(Diphtheria)
..of the diet...
(Diphtheria)
..of denial.
(Denial)

Denial.

Denial.

Sell it uptown, Sell it downtown.
You're losing your pounds, just sleazing your bones.
Gotta,..get a shot from the man.
Got to...

Sell it uptown, Sell it downtown.
You're losing your pounds, just sleazing your bones.
Gotta,..get a shot from the man.
Got to...

Oh, yeah. And every ounce tells,
(Diphtheria)
when every single pound kills,
(Diphtheria)

and every loose tooth
(Diphtheria)
Shows another wrong move
(Diphtheria)
..of the diet...
(Diphtheria)
..of denial.
(Denial)

Denial.

Denial.

AAAHHHHHH!

Yeah, the road to hell, is paved with chocolate sweets.

Yeah, and candy corn, that's sewn, that's sewn at the
side of the streets.

The road to hell winds through a gingerbread town.

It looks real good, tastes real good,

but you know, and I know, it goes straight down.

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