

## Wednesday 13

# "From Here To The Hearse"

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She's got a price on my head,  
And that price is D.E.A.D. dead,  
Another story of a love gone bad,  
Now she wants me in a body bag.

I gotta get out,  
Get out, get away,  
A countdown to the end of my days,  
And i know she ain't gonna stop,  
Till i'm in the ground and starting to rot.

Hey now baby you're so strange,  
And you like it that way,  
How could something so beautiful turn out so fucking  
deranged.

Now baby wants blood and she wants mine,  
Sending a shiver up my spine,  
Things just well from bad to worse,  
I guess it's all down hill now,  
From here to the hearse.

She's got murder on her mind,  
And somehow i'm first in line,  
You tried your best to be the worst,  
And now i'm living with this curse.

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Get out, get away,  
A countdown to the end of my days,  
And i know she ain't gonna stop,  
Till i'm in the ground and starting to rot.

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