

100 Monkeys "Sweet Face"

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So drink to your death, to your death
We'll all be impressed
And smoke till you die, till you die
I'll be there watching
And crash your fucking car, your fucking car
I hope the pavement stops your

And why did you think, did you think
Tell me what were you thinking
And look, at this mess, at this mess
We're all so impressed

And slip, from this world, from this world
You'll be sincerely missed
But not by me
No not by me, no not by me
I don't mind, I don't mind

So drink to your death, to your death
We'll all be impressed
And smoke, till you die, till you die
I'll be there watching
And crash, your fucking car, your fucking car
I hope the pavement stops your

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