

## Busdriver

### "Dead Meat"

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Your dead meat your dead meat your dead meat your  
Your dead meat from former days  
I am your crisis blue asbestos in your veins  
I'm your broken fingers  
I've killed you twice i will again  
Revenge is eager  
See first you'll crash then you'll burn  
Dorothy died for your pleasure  
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather, weather  
Your dead meat your dead meat your dead meat your  
Your dead meat formaldehyde didn't phase me  
I soon returned to track you down for your confession  
I'll be your poison and your pain  
I'll be your struggle to be sane  
Exploited lament and the places you never went  
Dorothy died for your pleasure  
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather  
Car crash weather  
Dorothy died for your pleasure  
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather  
Car crash weather  
Car crash weather  
Weather  
I'm doing you in tomorrow  
That's why i'm dressed in all this sorrow  
I'm doing you in tomorrow  
I'll burn before i mellow  
Dorothy died for your pleasure  
It's hard to get along it's hard to get along  
It's your dead meat from former days  
It's your dead meat from former days  
It's your dead meat from former days  
It's your dead meat from former days

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