

Comadre

"Must Be Nice"

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Leave out your money cuz I'm coming back for you
and I hear them calling our your name like it's bad
news
and I bet when you get home you'll never feel brand
new.
Cuz in the end we'll wind up dead,
with two things in the back of our heads,
ringing so softly, so softly and true.

Paradise, must be nice.
Heaven's loss, crying eyes.
Paradise, must be nice.
Heaven's loss, sharper knives.

What would happen to our lives today,
if everyone just went away?
I bet you would remember the day,
you closed your eyes and lost your ways.
But who's counting now?

Paradise, must be nice.
Heaven's loss, dirt's surprise.
Paradise, must be nice.
Heaven's loss, euthanized.

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