

Eels

"Your Lucky Day In Hell"

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Mama gripped onto the milkman's hand
And then she finally gave birth
Years go by and still I don't know
Who shall inherit this Earth,
And no one will know my name until it's on a stone
This could be your lucky day in hell
You never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell in hell
Waking up with an ugly face
Winston Churchill in drag
Looking for a new maternal embrace
Another tired old gag
Am I just through walking by the chewed up dust and
bones
This could be your lucky day in hell
You never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell in hell
Father Theresa you can't make me into you
I never want to be like you
Why can't you see, it's me
You know it's time to let me go
This could be your lucky day in hell
You never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell in hell in hell
This could be your lucky day in hell
You never know who it might be at your doorbell
In hell
This could be your lucky day in hell in hell in hell in hell
Every time you crave for me, I'm here
And anything you hunger for, I'll share
And I will be quietly standing by
While slowly I am dying inside
Hold me in your arms
And let me be the one who can feel like I am a child in
love
Every time I talk to you, you're down
Every time you need a laugh, I'm around
When you forget I'm here, I'm not
It isn't really me that you forgot
Hold me in your arms
And let me be the one who can feel like I am a child in
love

Whisper now, and tell me how
You'll watch me and tell me somehow, I'm gonna be all
right

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