

Golden Earring

"You're Better Off Dead"

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(G.Kooymans/F.Carillo)

Carmalita's in the doorway, with her hand on her hip
Smilin' at all the boys as they shuffle on by
She makes a lot of money with a brand new trick
They come in from all over just to give her a try
Give her try

She doesn't seem to notice, that she's being bled
The streetlights throw shadow lovers onto her bed
She doesn't seem to notice that she is being bled
If this is living then you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead
Ooh ooh la la la la la

Lupe, Lupe gets more crazy as the moon gets full
She papered all the walls with the NY Times
She thinks that she is the Queen reborn of the Nile
Swears at all the people as they walk on by
Walk on by

The streetlights throw shadow lovers onto her bed
No one ever understand a single word she says
The street lights throw shadow lovers onto her bed
If this is living then you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead
Ooh ooh la la la la la

Well they've got every kind of remedy to make you feel
right
Pills and thrills in every shape and size
You scramble up your brain in cocktail shaker
And throw it out the window for a big surprise, big
surprise

Wake up in the morning, nothing left in your head
If this is livin', you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead
Ooh ooh la la la la la

If this is livin', you're better off dead
If this is livin'
If this is livin', you're better off dead

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