

Gomez "Bubble Gum Years"

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Lost souls, you and I.
My dear.
Whisky bottle and a 45,
My dear.
We're on a roll, suitcase and cellophane.
My dear.
Whisky bottle and a 45,
Satisfies my dear.
And someone's whispering, into my ear.
Asking softly, what do you fear today God,
And faithless times, I know your hate.
I've seen your crime, felt your cruelty.
In the bubble gum years.
In the bubble gum years.
Wasting time, lost my money.

Found someone, to call me honey.
Heart roll was never clear.
There must be something, much less sincere.
My dear.
Whisky bottle and a 45,
Satisfies my dear.
And someone's whispering, into my ear.
Asking softly, what do you fear today God,
And faithless times, I know your hate.
I've felt your crime, felt your cruelty.
In the bubble gum years.
In the bubble gum years.
In the bubble gum years.

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