

## Grenouer

# "Death Ought To Wait For Me"

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A pig has launched a pussy's forge  
Malignant broods remark with hoots  
They waste their time with no concern  
Just serve one's turn  
The matter brooks no delay

A senseless quiz to wink your lens, to grab a goal  
With no pretence of laying on a downy bed  
Which keeps your head above still waters  
Hay-hoo

And I revive and then survive  
To play the proof to pad the hoof  
I'm on beam I am on wires  
My words are glib  
Highly inspired  
Hay-hoo  
AAHHH

Though I had plenty of battles to fight  
Trouble affairs and sleepless nights  
The noose was fastened around my neck  
And I replied Death ought to wait for me

AAHHH  
And when it comes I turn Her back  
We shake our hands, disperse like friends  
The vital spark flows on again  
Cause I keep saying Death ought to wait for me

They say I was born with a silver spoon  
That's not enough  
You should be tough  
I find amusing an uncertain weakness  
We must make our life  
We are a-choosing  
Hay-hoo  
... ought to wait for me

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