

I Hate Sally "Martha Served"

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Hollywood Underground
No cash, lonely in the night
Stranded, tied, stiletto heels
Tying Up, no regrets
Living high, stay low
Kicking it out in style
Another day, another dollar, another notch in the belt
Kick it out
Fallen down

Where the day goes
Where the day
Where the day takes your underground uplifting
Where the day eludes truth, lies, opinion
Where the day takes you

Running red, sorry for humanity
Say you're lovesick in her world
Turning tricks
Another angel gets her wings
Clipped away
Old soul of love words of lovesick
Sad parade gone by
Gone by
Locked and settled down
They prey the proud, the proud
Don't you want love
Save your lungs, your shit, your life
Make a bad choice

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