

Bush

"Dead Meat"

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Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your

It's your dead meat from former days
I am your crisis
Blue asbestos in your veins
I'm your broken fingers

I've killed you twice, I will again
Revenge is eager
See first you'll crash
And then you'll burn

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather, weather

Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your

Is your dead meat formaldehyde?
Didn't phase me
I soon returned to track you down
For your confession

I'll be your poison and your pain
I'll be your struggle to be sane
Exploited, lament
And the places you never went

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather
Car crash weather

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather

Car crash weather
Car crash weather, weather

I'm doing you in tomorrow
That's why I'm dressed in all this sorrow
I'm doing you in tomorrow
I'll burn before I mellow

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
It's hard to get along

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