

Kane Hodder

"The Duke Has Died And Cancer Has Killed Him"

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Why can't they see right through you
(You've got the liquid hips of a belly dancer)
Such a cassanova-esque quasi-libido.
Just like the tempting siren
You'll keep causing them to keep coming back
They'll keep coming back for a taste of
Decadent bile-flavored heroin-chic
(And you know that equals cool)
It equals another friendship down the tubes
You will be special someday
Wishing to see that child grow up
Only makes room for 10,000 more tears.
10,000 more times,
And reliving July never gets any easier
Every time it's time to move on
I meet someone who causes me to think again
About the past
(How dare they)
I'd rather forget that I was ever failing
But its not fair to them to forget
And when your throat burns up,
The linoleum never felt so good.
That's when my heart stops
Why can't there be a solution
(Just hope it doesn't remind you of when you took
the fun out of fun)
When you were six years old,
Did you ever say "that'll be me someday!"
After that first short wretch
(And yeah you looked so chic)
After all you never hated the glamour
And after your swagger leads you to the floor
You can say that James and Marilyn never looked so
good

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