

La Peste

"Better Off Dead"

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Well, well, she started to grin
So I slid it right in and she said
"it feels so good",
and she dragged me off the bed

You'll be better off dead
Hey! Well, alright

Well then your mother came in
She was picking her chin she said
Keep your hands off my daughter
You'll be better off dead
The girl's only thirteen
She ain't never given head
So you better keep your hands off her
Your hands will turn red
You'll be better off dead
Hey! Well, alright.

That's where your father came in
He was picking his chin she said
Keep your hands off my daughter
You'll be better off dead
The girl's only thirteen
She ain't never given head
So you better keep your hands off her
Your hands will turn red

Dead, dead, dead
(She'll be better off dead)
Dead, dead, dead
(She'll be better off dead)

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