

Leftover Crack

"Soon We'll Be Dead"

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Soon I'll be dead, I'll lay in my bed
I've made in my years, I won't shed a tear

We're all guilty anyways
The dumb games we all play
All tarnished and scarred, when did life get so hard?

We'll drink to aulde lang syne,
With fortified wine,
We'll drink to tymes olde from pitchers of gold.

Soon we'll be dead,
To death we'll be wed,
We'll slip on the ring, it ain't a big thing

And though you may curse 'thee',
We're angels of mercy
And sometimes we fall; ya can't win them all.
(Or can you?)

I'll pass out at dawn,
And dream of friends gone.
As the morbid embrace warms over my face.

And soon we'll be dead, (Yeah, soon we'll be dead)

Our brains and our heads, (My brains and my head)
They've always forgotten, when did life get so rotten?

Soon I'll be dead,
I'll lay in my bed.
I've made in my years, I won't shed a tear

Soon we'll be dead, (Soon we'll be dead)
We'll lay in our beds, (We'll lay in our beds)
We've made in our years, we won't shed a tear.

Soon we'll be dead,
Our brains and our heads,
They've always forgotten, when did life get so rotten?
(Yeah)

We won't shed a tear...

(If we leave the responsibility of tomorrow up to institutions like the World Trade Organization, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, we're dooming ourselves to a future of corporate feudalism and ecological catastrophe.)

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