

**M.I.A.****"27"**

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Said your all mouth and no brains  
All rock stars go to heaven  
You said you'll be dead at 27 seven  
When we drunk in a English tavern  
The owner poured you the Bourbon  
And you drunk your self so rotten  
So he got so rich he bought a Bentley  
And moved himself to Devon

You started dirty dancing  
And you bar tended a dozen  
I took you to the clinic  
To get you clean but you couldn't  
Said in 2 days ur 27 and and ur destiny was comin  
So ur papa passed so sudden  
And left you with lil somin

You blew that money on a mountain of drugs  
And staged your self a bed in  
A month later when I popped in  
Your still high but the winter set in  
I bought you a coffee and a muffin  
And you quoted me some Lenin  
I wished I was that clever  
But that's what kept me coming  
Your friendship did mean somin  
But you left me for nothin  
When I left, you befriended a rope  
And I saw you both were hanging

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