

The Killing Tree

"At The Back Of The Shell"

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Kiss all your fingers
What's that for
You'll never get to heaven
With your shirt all tore
Cut through your finger
And cut you loose
Lost a lot a blood
Lost a lot a cool cool cool

Now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
Now it ain't such a thrill
It get's a little dirty
Like the guts of a hack
And you'll never get it back
You'll never get the damn thing back

Looked a picture
It took up half a roll
The way you went and took off
Half your clothes, and now

It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
And it ain't such a thrill

Running to catch up
The last city bus
Wearing out your yellow
Hula dress
Lipstick a mess
Your ch-cherry best
Kissing on the window
Just to check on the red

You know, it ain't such a thrill
Now it ain't such a thrill
It started at the back of the shell
Now it ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill

It ain't such a thrill
It ain't such a thrill...

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