

Type O Negative "In Praise Of Bacchus"

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Hey Bacchus
She hates me
Hey Bacchus
She hates me

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The street lamps light a wet old red hook road
A furry vino tinted slave
Molten oil painted Brooklyn bridge
Cobblestone grave

A lonely blue girl guards the river bed
She shakes her brown torch at the tide
On pier six we'd creep and count the cracks
Side by side
Side by side, see, we're counting cracks

Your mom was out wearing herself inside
I'll stop the train to say hello
A new boyfriend's just bought her this new car
I said I know

She said burn
Together
Burn
We'll burn together

Hey Bacchus
She hates me
Hey Bacchus
She hates me

She hates me
She hates me

She said burn
Together
She said burn

Together
Burn
We'll burn together

Now don't believe she'll never leave again
I can't forget the words she said way back when

She said burn
We'll burn
Together

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