

Vincent Minor "Friday The Thirteenth"

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Saline is dropping like acid rain

My battery's dying on Saturday
Meter maid tickets make angry faces
It's a paper prison in a pickpocket parade

Jump to my bed towards a marshmallow cloud
But land on the floor with a nail through my mouth
Bright lights and white coats and hospital sutures
No health insurance, should have killed me then and there

Superstitions with no reprieve
Shouldn't have left home on
Friday Thirteenth

Oh my god could it get much worst
Tomorrow came with a much bigger curse
The sky is falling it's a sure death wish
Woke up to a colorblind morning, think I'm going deaf

In this life where there's no guarantees
Shouldn't have set foot on Friday the Thirteenth

Thought I'd be smart and prevent a disaster
Take to the stairs and avoid elevators

But what do I know: god put workers to work
Who were painting the floor
Slipped down 2 flights and that was it

Life on my left, Death on my right and I'm in between
So I'll pass it on to the next klutz on
Friday the Thirteenth

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