

## Zita Swoon

# "Couldn't She Get Drowned"

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The locomotive gal in my rearview mirror  
Has put a spell on me  
The other one and the russian likor  
Won't ever let me be  
So bye bye pride  
Bye bye thoughtfulness  
Hello sweet success  
It's all I wanna be  
It's in the state of the greatest hatred that the  
Greatest men were born  
But it's the state of the craving hatred  
That puts the  
Devil on his throne  
I hurt inside  
My pain is never less  
Than is my life  
And that's alright by me  
Time was when I could spend my money  
On that hoochie-coochie you do  
I got to get a grip on this a scene here honey  
This here boat ain't build for two  
I put you down  
Down under the waterline  
I wear no frown  
That's alright by me  
There are a ways about the state of hatred  
That gonna sacrifice a few  
So you just gotta grand me some good good loving  
baby  
I wanna get my soul renewed  
That's understood  
Your ass has got to go  
It ain't no good in this world no more

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