

1140 Mississippi

"We?re All Gonna Die"

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Hey, I?m awake what?s that scent in the air
Do I know this place from before
I wonder where all of my shoes dissappear
Just some traces of dirt on the floor
Does anyone here have some water to spare
Cause I woke with this terrible thirst
It?s the romantic notion of harshness to share
Before my testicles burst
Boy meet girl they fall in love
I watch the scene from up above
The angels are gone where angels go
Hell, I don?t know
If these angels are real could they follow me home
And reward me for putting my trust
In this bed as the mark of my journey to roam
Thru the nights of obedient lust
I am battered to pieces by vodka and sex
And a fondness for odious sin
I eep making phone-calls at night to my ex
And I wish for her scent on my skin
Boy meet girl they fall in love
I watch the scene from up above
The angels are gone where angels go
Hell, I don?t know

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