

No Use For A Name "6 Degrees From Misty"

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When you were little she sold you out
Out by the ounce the drugs and alcohol was free
Or maybe it was your imagination
Friend of the family but now the foe
She gets inside your mind with everything you smoke
That's why your conspiracy comes from some words
she spoke
The rain is controlled by misty
There's one buy seems like three
She always has to be behind every little problem I face
I'd drive to Ireland but there's a lake between the land
She hired private eyes to follow me
Maybe I'll go to Paris and France
And meet the Pope and someone to be with for life
A place far away where she could never find us here
Everything bad is a

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