

Audrey Horne

"Last Call"

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This neighborhood has crashed and
burned, I brought death to them all
through a home-made hurricane
Armed with scissors, fire and booze,
I wiped this goth town clean, and left
a pool of mascara and blood
Little miss evil, didn't someone tell
you life is more than just bats and
graveyards, you dream of Marilyn,
but just like Cave In said,
"the reality check is in the mail"

Last call, first wave, they should have
told you, they should have called you,
everything is up for sale now

Reality is a bitter pill you swallow to
grow up, I guess by now
you should have known
you've all been fucked
These so-called freaks are signing
multi-million dollar deals, bats and
graveyards are obviously up for sale
So never mind the fact that you are
haunted 'cause all of your ghosts have
sneaker brands and cribs in the hill
I guess your checks have bounced,
still you sing along,
well misery loves company

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