

## Oil "Scream"

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Give a prayer to the purse

Can a blessing really be a curse

Is it right, is it wrong, or is it even worse

Well I'll tell you for the prize you descend

But you don't know where the path will end

In the grave with the handle on the things you crave

Would it please you to say that I'm with you all the way

Well I can't and I won't 'cause it kills me just the same

In a cold, cold sweat I'm awakened by a plastic ring

It's the thought of a million person sonic fling

So you say what you say but it doesn't matter anyway

It's ok as long as you just stay away from me now

Only the rich die young

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