

## Cure, The "The Snakepit"

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Well we're a mile under the ground  
And I'm thinking that it's Christmas  
And I'm kissing you hard  
Like I've got very important business  
And no-one knows  
And no-one sees us  
Because they're drinking their selves senseless  
And I'm writhing  
And I'm writhing  
And I'm writhing in the snakepit

Well I'm out in a car  
And it's just full of stupid girls  
And I've forgotten how to speak  
And I just can't remember a word  
And my eyes feel like they're bursting  
And they're splitting like plums  
And I'm writhing  
And I'm writhing  
And I'm writhing in the snakepit

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