

Herman D?ne

"Metal Mash"

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It all comes down to this:
A fragment, a piece
Whatever you do or say
It only makes a difference to-day
Won't you be a doll and open a jar of pickles
If I were you I'd take off your shirt and use it
I'm afraid I've torn both my ankles
But I have something to say before I totally lose it
She waters her eyelashes often enough
To make them grow dark and salty
Now she's smooth, groovy and tough
But we'd all be home if it wasn't for the party
Now when I die, I wanna die in a plane crash
I know they don't happen so often
But dying quickly, in the fire and the metal mash
Sounds like destiny, and almost fun

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