

Eileen Hazel

"Your Lucky Day In Hell"

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Mama gripped onto the milkman's hand
And then she finally gave birth
Years go by, still I don't know
Who shall inherit this earth
And no one will know my name until it's on the stone

This could be your lucky day... in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell

Waking up with an ugly face
Winston Churchill in drag
Looking for new maternal embrace
Another tired old gag
Am I just a walking bag of chewed up dust and bones?

This could be your lucky day... in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell

Father Theresa, you can't make me into you
I never wanna be like you
Why can't you see, it's me
You know it's time to let me go

This could be your lucky day... in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell... in hell...
This could be your lucky day... in hell
Never know who it might be at your door bell... in hell
This could be your lucky day... in hell... in hell... in hell...
in hell...

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