

Kinison, The

"You'll Never Guess Who Died"

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Come into this world, Oh
With your hands tied up
I can see your pants around your ankles and the floor
You and I did spend that one day
In bed counting sheep
Maybe we could sleep it off with your best friend's pills

I can describe what it's like to be sad if it's sharp
enough

Go into through this small hole
With your hands tied up
I can see you dance
Around my bedroom through the door
You and I did spend that time dodging sleep for weeks
Maybe we could grind our teeth to your best friends
coke

I can't describe what it's like to be sad if it's sharp
enough

Come into this small hole
With your pants and tie off
I can feel you press it up
When my hips hit the floor

I can't describe what it's like to be sad if it's sharp
enough

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