

The Dead 60s

"Creature"

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You're only out
To lose yourself in a whirlwind of
Hedonistic, sun-soaked, booze drenched, depraved
fornication
How is your spine?
It's been quite some time
Since it packed it's shit up
And left you behind

We've all been fooled
Into believing you're well
I was crazy to think
You had a chance in hell
I love you so much I've been contemplating removing
your head
I love you so much I've been contemplating removing
your head
Yeah!

I've been growing weary of
Watching you twist and coil your tongue
In and around all the ones I love
Consuming what is left of all of us

You lack any ambition
Your god awful habits are starting to sting
You like to think that you're capable
Of getting away with anything
Drink up and further dull
Your ability to feel
And I'll pray that your lack of sobriety softens the blow
When your face hits the windshield
I know what you want
I got it for ya
A one way ticket outta here
So you can die in California

Oh you rebel you
Oh you Casanova you

