

## Low Life, The "Daisy Cutter"

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Isn't it lonely falling down?  
Isn't it lovely to hit the ground?  
Bent over kneeling, but you kept on breathing  
It never comes easy

Hot blonde driving in a pickup truck  
Botox, augmented boobs  
My performance has been enhanced  
So baby are you in the mood?

Big fat lady at the grocery store  
Shopping for her daily fuel  
If I carry your bags to your car  
Will it get you in the mood?

She said, "you're a dead man  
You're a dead man to me"  
So how bad should i feel

You stay on your side  
And I'll stay here on mine  
We don't need to smile when we pass each other by  
It's one more to forget  
One more to forego  
And one last step to turn my head and let the feelings  
go

Mama was a tulip tree  
Saddy was the axe  
Things were going beautifully  
Until daddy needed cash  
Looked at Mommy up and down  
And he knew what he had  
He knew that he could turn her out  
So he split her right in half

Black god, black god  
Burned, turned on a spit  
How many days were you burning in this shit

Black god, black god

Turned, burned to a crisp  
How many nights did you keep their fires lit?

Black eyes, white lips, painted close  
Hello, are you my overdose?  
I'll be your alibi  
So it's all right

Buckshot right up through your nose  
Shot through the cannon comatose  
I don't mind my fucking life  
So it's all right

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