

Lorna

7 Year Bitch

She had the cool and distant gaze
Of a girl who wasn't raised
Because she's self-made
Now a woman not fazed
By the other's selfish rage
She made love
She didn't get laid
She made love
She didn't get laid

And the drum was always going
When the beer was free and flowing
Reminiscing of the wild times, the wild times
Reminiscing of the wild times, the wild times

Well she was hot
A hot girl, hot night
Yeah she was hot
All right

Lyin' fucked up on the floor
Yeah she was fucked up on the floor
She put her head into the pain, into the pain
She put her head into the pain, into the pain
And then she pulled back, the bloody remains

Well she was hot
A hot girl, hot night
Yeah she was hot
Well all right