

# Miss Oblivion

Bob Schneider

I met a sweet, young angel at a Holiday Inn  
She said, "I'll catch your breath if you shed your skin  
Give me cold, red wine and some Percodan."  
She went by the name of Miss Oblivion

Turn out the lights, turn up the heat  
Put me right back into the driver's seat  
Don't care what you got as long as I'm in  
Just get me back, baby, to the place I've been

I'm going dancing in the darkness, I've gone astray  
I lost my mind, but baby, that's okay  
Cause I'm drop-dead drunk and I'm looking paper-thin  
She'll take me back, she'll always let me in

Miss Oblivion  
Miss Oblivion

Jettison my medicine, throw out all the dope  
Get me back to Berlin, put me underneath a microscope  
Take all my money, put the gun in my sack  
Baby, don't you, don't you worry, I ain't ever going back

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Everybody's moving like...  
Hanging at the chop shop at old saint...  
Duking it out, I've got some pennies in my eyes  
I'm all fucked up but it makes a nice disguise

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