

Trespassers W

Have a Nice Life

I've been doing a lot of damned things without you
And all the damned things I do confound you
Yeah, Satan and his devils try to take my hand
And the angels on my shoulders try to tell me that they underst
and
Oh well, oh well

I've been chewing the skin in my mouth without you
I've been insecure and cruel without you
As Satan and his devils try to take my hand
And the angels on my shoulders try to tell me that they underst
and
Oh well, oh well

I don't call your name without a good reason, Lord
I don't call your name without a good reason, Lord

I've been chewing the skin in my mouth without you
A wild boy, turned old too soon; in elder fir, an ancient plain
I'm thinking all the blood in my mouth means something
And if I'm ready for spitting it out
I need to know what it's all about, oh nothing?