

Eel Pie

L.A. Guns

Drop dead said fred
Jumped right back down his hole
You lie, eel pie
Serve it up hot or cold

I hate your guts but I thought I'd be nice
I stroked your ego but it didn't suffice
I smiled politely and laughed at your jokes
When all I want from you is cash for some smokes

Disguise, nothing but lies
You wouldn't know the truth if it could keep you alive
Disgrace boat race
The oars are pulling for you
But you're losin' the race

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You don't give a damn about music
You don't wanna have a good time
Your tongue's as sharp as razor blades
It's cut me too many times, too many times

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Hey!