5:25, August fifth, 1962, Marilyn lying on her bed, Her face all turning blue. You think it was an overdose, Could it have been the pact? Could it have been the Kennedys? Was it LAPD?

Well, it ain't a mystery, Baby not to me. Funny, funny, funny mystery, Baby not to me.

A rotted corpse, sex decay, Her breasts all full of slugs. No answer for the accident, Her cunt has all dried up.

5:25, August fifth, 1962, Make it seem a suicide. Make it seem a suicide. Make it seem a suicide. Make it seem a suicide.

Well, it ain't a mystery, Baby not to me. Funny, funny, funny mystery, Baby not to me.

Well, it ain't a mystery, Baby not to me. Funny, funny, funny mystery, Baby not to me.

Woah, woah, woah.