

Misery

Matt Maltese

Dead girl, got her face up to the sky now
Sunk on the street, curb, it's a bad town
There's new things to cry about every day
This is the city of a million pints and pain
Grim reaper finally arrives
Guess there always is an end to amusement rides
I heard a line in a movie last night go
No-one wants to hear your misery, they got their own

Misery, misery, misery, misery
Misery, misery, misery, misery

A live girl on a bike riding 51
She never saw the truck coming, it's a cruel town
But somebody's gotta die every day, right
Peace time calls for a human sacrifice
Night comes, there's light in the trees
Guess there always is a moon no matter who's deceased
I made a note to myself on my telephone
No-one wants to hear your misery, they got their own

(No-one wants to hear your misery
They've got their own)

Misery, misery, misery, misery
Misery, misery, misery, misery