

Scramble up the eggs
Can smell the bacon
In the blue lights
Pass me the screwdriver
Change the colour
Into new wine
Stains on the floor
Bloody Mary
Claimed she never was a whore
There's murder on that dance floor
All that murder that you asked for
Go for it
Toke a bit
Put that belt around your neck
And choke a bit
These words compare to coke and spliffs
That made you loose your focus quick
Sit down and listen close
Before you get lost in the hopeless shit
I'm spitting just for the joke of it