

## Lucretia

Megadeth

Sittin' up late at night  
I tiptoe through the darkness  
Cold as hell, black as spades  
Aware of my immediate surrounding  
It's in my place well I escape  
Up into my hideout

Hiding from everyone, my friends all say  
"Dave you're mental anyway", hey  
Drift into a deeper state  
I stalk the cobwebbed stairways  
Dirt grits beneath my feet, the stair creaks  
I precariously sneak, yeah

Hypnosis guides my hand  
I slip slide through the walkways  
Sit in granny's rockin' chair  
Memories are whirlin' by, yeah  
Reminisce in the attic  
Lucretia waits impatiently

Cobwebs make me squint  
The cobra so eloquently glints  
Moonbeams surge through the sky  
The crystal ball's energized  
Surely that like the cat waiting  
Lucretia rocks away, yeah