

Wicked Place

Overkill

Good book, handgun, cigarettes, light me up, I'll smoke my fill
Menthol Juliette pirouettes, her arm around me keeps me chill

Shakin' like a small block motor mount baby
Droolin' on your windowsill
Shakin' like a big block, eight count standin'
The injury will likely kill

No good solution, when the water's high
Just close your eyes and say goodbye

Hip flask, hollow point, mountain top, raisin' up my arms to the sky
Bloodlust, bureaucrat, pop-pop-
pop, with this injury you're likely to die
Shakin' like a fat man sittin' in the sauna, feel the sweat runnin' off of my face
Shakin' like a small block motor mount baby
Welcome to this wicked place

No good solution, when the water's high
Just close your eyes and say goodbye
No good solution, with your sad, sad face
Tell me what would bring you
To this wicked place

Hey, do you recognize the lines across your face
Hey, tell me what would bring you to this wicked place
Hey, will you hold me back or leave without a trace
Hey, tell me what would bring you to this wicked place

No good solution, when the water's high
Just close your eyes and say goodbye
No good solution, with your sad, sad face
Tell me what would bring you
To this wicked place