There Are Cooler Ways To Die

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I've got a pistol in a paper bag That says you're not sorry That says you're not sorry That says you're not sorry

Who would have thought you said you were Ready to sacrifice the cure When there's an art to staying clean In a place where smoking is the scene

I've got a pistol and a plastic bag Full of hallucinogenic shwag We know the guilt will drift away As soon as we forget about today

I've got a bottle and a gas soaked rag That says you're into me That says you're into me That says you're into me

Who would have thought that it just begun Ready to sacrifice your lungs When your stress is the first thing on your list And looking cool comes