

Tombstones

Prof

Got me walking through tombstones
Would you meet me in the ground?
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Everybody got hurt everybody went deaf in twenty
Blind rage in a suicide pact to get left with nothing
Rumor's that you're perfect, well you don't say?
Everybody's building coffins just so they can have their own place
Six feet deep getting comfy burning bridges have your own way
Another six feet deep let's outlaw improvement, buddy pass the rosé
You can't push daisies when the ground's unfertile
The grim reaper follows us 'bout everywhere we go

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Fancy meeting you here, I thought that you's afraid of bones
Why are your skeletons on display? I thought you had them safe at home
Russian roulette would suit us perfect
No skipping turns in graveyards, it's no mercy
They want to see a crash but they don't want the blood
They want to see my movie but they won't let me cuss
They want to feel some pain but they don't want to touch
They want to see the painting but don't dare show the brush
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