

Too Tough To Die

Reverend and the Makers

We're going move from
Inside an old house
I shot myself in the foot now
I ain't so clever I don't look both ways
I once have been busy shopping ascertain
Whether whoah oh could be right
Feeding your friends to the crocodiles
Going cuckoo every night
At the sight of a man that's too tough to die

I'm too tough to die
Ah yeah
I'm too tough to die

We've got a new style
I can cling too
Oh, eight double oh
I can ring you

Now make me a maze of confusion today
As you piss on my shoes
Then you're turning me astray
There's a true oh calm in the night
This man wears a cowboy at right bowtie
They go cuckoo every night
At the sight of a man that's too tough to die

Too tough to die
Too tough to die
I'm too tough to die

Oh, so I tell myself
Oh, so I tell myself
Oh, so I tell myself
Oh, so I tell myself...