

To Hell With You

Screeching Weasel

The old, incontinent, broken, pitiful, and weak
Pagan idols gold and silver light our way
They have eyes but cannot see
They have mouths but cannot speak
If they could, they wouldn't have nothing to say

Rose and I fell with you
I'll go to Hell with you
Wo to the rest of our lives

Are you as bored as I am?
Tell me is it worse to [?] alone
And serve in Heaven on your knees?
Timeless days of endless praise
A [?] prophetic curse, I swear
It sounds like some unspeakable disease

Rose and I fell with you
I'll go to Hell with you
Wo to the rest of our lives

Tonight we'll claim the right
To take what's yours and mine
And leave this all behind
Tonight, turn out the lights
Reviled and condemned
Not gonna be like them

Rose and I fell with you
I'll go to Hell with you
Wo to the rest of our lives

Rose and I fell with you
I'll go to Hell with you
Wo to the rest of our lives

To the rest of our lives
To the rest of our lives
For the rest of our lives