Too Stoned to Dance

Terrorvision

Down the way, there's this groovy little place
And when things are looking grave
They always seem to turn out O.K
Down the way, there's a carnival ways
Open as to what you say
If you know how to communicate
Communicate
Communicate

Here he is the most spectacular
Straight in at your jugular
The fantastic Count Dracula
Holding off Frank and Stein
The weird wolf is stuck in the sticks
Selling vampires a crucial fix
He says he only does it for the kicks
They say he's no friend of mine

Too high to be a junkie, but I'm too stoned to dance
Living in the suburbs with a gun in my hands
I'm so intimidated do you fancy my chance
Too high to be a junkie but I'm t-t-t-t-t-too stoned to dance

Silver bullets for sale door to door

From your local friendly Egor
He's been sent down by the doctor
From the castle on the hill
Uncle Fester's festering
He says he's in cahoots with Thing
He says the devil's own plots hatching
He'll be left with the bitterest pill

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It is, can't be, what's that... oh no
Hit a nerve a bit too close to the bone
On the radio with skeleton
Tuning in to Medium wave
In the back a gravely stoned vampire
Who swears to god that you can't get higher
On a diet of blood and fire
In the comfort of your cave (ways)

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

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