

Your Lucky Day in Hell

Eels

Mama grapped onto the milkman's hand
And then she finally gave birth
Years go by still I don't know
Who shall inherit this earthAnd no one will know my name until it's on a stoneThis could be your lucky day in
hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hellWaking up with an ugly face
Winston Churchill in drag
Looking for a new maternal embrace
Another tired old gagAm I just a walking bag of chewed up dust and bones?This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hellFather Theresa you can't make me into you
I never wanna be like you
Why can't you see it's me?
You know it's time to let me goThis could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell, in hellThis could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell, in hell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell, in hell, in hell

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