

Dead Meat

Bush

Your dead meat from former days

I am your crisis

Blue asbestos in your veins

I'm your broken fingers

I've killed you twice

I will again

Revenge is eager

See first you'll crash

Then you'll burn

Dorothy died for your pleasure

It's hard to get along in this car crash weather

Your dead meat

Your dead meat

Your dead meat

Your dead meat formaldehyde

Didn't phase me

I soon returned to track you down

For your confession

I'll be your poison and your pain

I'll be your struggle to be sane

Exploited lament

And the places you never went

Dorothy died for your pleasure

It's hard to get along in this car crash weather

Car crash weather

Dorothy died for your pleasure

It's hard to get along

Car crash weather

Car crash weather, weather

I'm doing you in tomorrow

That's why I'm dressed

In all this sorrow

I'm doing you in tomorrow

I'll burn before I mellow

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along, it's hard to get along
Your dead meat from former days
Your dead meat from former days
Your dead meat from former days
Your dead meat from former days

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