

# Snake Eyes

## This Is Hell

It thundered like hell in the city  
Count one hundred, ten Mississippi  
Go inside and find some things  
You think you'd like to keep  
Too quiet here for anyone  
With any sense to sleep  
They're meeting tonight at the docks  
For blood and dry pair of socks  
I saw George Washington ready afloat  
Embracing a man in a big yellow coat

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