

# If It Kills You

## Drive Like Jehu

Your 47th birthday cake is peeing acid on your face, light a candle it won't light your fire, many bad things that you'll hate, piling higher on your plate. If you ain't starving, you ain't satisfied - learn to relax, if it kills you, you had your chance, old on. 'Cause it's gone - sometimes I'm a mangler, sometimes I sleep on it, sometimes I'm a hamburger, sometimes I dream of it.

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