

Lucretia (Live At Wembley)

Megadeth

Sitting up, late at night
I tiptoe through the darkness
Cold as hell, black as spades
Aware of my immediate surrounding
In my place I escape up into my hideout
Hiding from everyone
My friends all say,
"Dave you're mental anyway" hey!
Drift into a deeper state
I stalk the cobwebbed stairways
Dirt grits between my feet
The stair creaks, I precariously sneak
Hypnosis guides my hand
I slipside through the walkways
Sit in granny's rockin' chair
Memories are whirling by, yeah
Reminisce in the attic
Lucretia waits impatiently
Cobwebs make me squint
The cobra so eloquently glints
Moonbeams surge through the sky
The crystal ball's energized
Surely that like the cat waiting
Lucretia rocks away

Songwriters

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