

Look What The Bats Dragged In

Wednesday 13

I'm dying from my own disease
I'm a villain, I'm a murderer and the victim is me
I've got a date with fate and I just can't wait
I'll see you all down at the morgue
I need some coffee, a corpse, and a cigarette
Just in case that I get bored
Red, white and bruised and bathed in sin
I've been through hell and back again
Bury me now and say it's the end
Oh my god, look at what the bats dragged in
I'm pissing into the wind
I got a face full of it, lick my lips and do it again
My claim to fame is I've got no shame
A corpse is a corpse of course
I've got a handful of nails and a crucifix
Just in case that I get bored
Red, white and bruised and bathed in sin
I've been through hell and back again
Bury me now and say it's the end
Oh my god, look at what the bats dragged in

Songwriters

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