

(we Were) Electrocute

Type O Negative

We were electrocute
In our has been nineteen eighty's suits
So we electrocute
Everyone we knew said it too
That's when even strangers knew our names
Ten years later sighed, what a shame
We were electrocute
To make the point again is moot
So we electrocutes

How on you I've wasted my youth
Your cold eyes of Coney Island sand
Hair dyed the blood of a foolish man
So proud, to be, by your side
We were, a team, no one, denied
Even, though I, still miss, your lips
You're, about as, real as, yes your tits

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