Life in the D

Brendan Benson

My life in the D is a tragicomedy, a poetic verse
Its voodoo, some say black magic ettouffe, a dead mans curse
Its just like the Egyptian tombs, tunnels leading to empty rooms
Skeptics think its a doctored photo of a U.F.OYoure wasting your breath on life after death 'cause Im almost sure
If hell does exist, then the Devils a scientist, finding a cure
Its life, microscopic size, unseen by the naked eye
The answers encoded with ink thats invisibleWhen God made the earth and saw his net worth, he posed for a shot
And life in the D is what was handed to me and thats what Ive got
Its all just a hologram, locked in a vault, its a cryptogram
A lie on the polygraph test, its detectable

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