

Bored To Death

G.G. Allin and the Jabbers

All the shadows in the city
Used to love ya, what a pity
I miss the questions you used to ask me
All the shadows in the city
All the shadows in the city
Alright Bored to death, plus expenses
The only trouble is my sentence
You said you'd never love another
Russian doll, one inside the other
Russian doll, one inside the other
Bored to death, cut, mad and lonely
Bored to death, cut, mad and lonely
Bored to death, cut, mad and lonely

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