Burning Pile

Mother Mother

All my style, all my grace
All I try to save my face
All my guts, try to spill
All my holes, try to fill
All my money's been a long time spent
On my drugs, on my rent
On my saving philosophy
It goes, one in the bank and the rest for me
It goes,
All my troubles on a burning pile
All lit up and I start to smile
If I catch fire than I'll change my aim
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates
My mamma, lonely maid
Got her buns in the oven then she never got laid
My papa, renaissance man
Sailed away and he never came back again
All my troubles on a burning pile

All lit up and I start to smile
If I catch fire than I'll change my aim
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
All my woebegones begone
I said, all you troubles
You don't mean a thing
All my troubles on a burning pile
All lit up and I start to smile if
I catch fire than I'll change my aim
Throw my troubles at the world again
It goes,
All my troubles on a burning pile
All lit up and I start to smile
If I catch fire than I'll take my turn
To burn and burn and burn
Ba, ba, ba ba.....

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