

Bubble Gum Years

[Gomez](#)

Lost souls, you and I, my dear
Whiskey bottle and a 45, my dear
We're on a roll, suitcase and cellophane my dear
Whiskey bottle and a 45 satisfies, my dear
And someone's whispering, into my ear
Asking softly, what do you fear today God
In faithless times, I know your hate
I've seen your crime, felt your cruelty
In the bubble gum years
In the bubble gum years
You're wasting time, I lost my money
I found someone to call me honey, heart of gold was never clear
Go look for something much less sincere my dear
Whiskey bottle and a 45 satisfies my dear
And someone's whispering, into my ear
Asking softly, what do you fear today God
In faithless times, I know your hate
I've felt your crime, felt your cruelty
In the bubble gum years
In the bubble gum years
In the bubble gum years

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