

# 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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