

Rigor Mortis

Wussy

We can go out to the country, I will let you drive my car.

It's not so hard as you imagine and the trip is not too far.

Here's the cure for rigor mortis.

Here's the place that you call home.

There are voices in you yet that,

Haven't made their presence known.

I will smuggle something in to get me through.

I'm resigned and I can't win this fight with you.

I'm not laughing at you, baby.

You're so worried all the time.

I could not replace her.

Much as I would try to change your mind.

I will smuggle something in to get me through.

I will sling the epithets at everyone but you.

We can go out to the country.

You can drive my car around.

We will drive away from nothing.

And count crosses that I've found...

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