

Rainy April Day

Fury In the Slaughterhouse

A million dollar baby
Has lost its father today
The fallen angel stays in bed
With a bullet in his head
Success makes you horny
And pills calm you down
No more excuses
Silent cries the clown
Your wife will light a candle
To guide you on your way
Hope that you'll find
What you've been looking for
On a rainy April, rainy April day
The public wants answers
They don't wanna hear
And every kiss of yours
Is public property

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