

Eat Me, Drink Me, Love Me, Kill Me

Pop Will Eat Itself

Escaping the twilight, drinking till sunrise
I never thought a head like this would persist
I could be dead at 33 like Belushi
Drain myself away like Hancock in Sydney Who knows? Who cares?
Who'll remember anyway? Welcome to hell
Spend your time in hell
I could try to change it but it suits me too well
A not so private hell You feed my hunger but drown all my senses
In the satisfaction stakes, it's like sitting on the number nine bus
I can't stop me, you can't stop me, I can't stop me, you can't stop me
One's too many, ten's not enough Welcome to hell
Spend your time in hell
I could try to change it but it suits me too well
A not so private hell, welcome to hell Feels good to be back with Charlie and Hattie and my memory lapse
Welcome to hell, welcome to hell, welcome to hell

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