Guillotine Day

Divinyls

Too many rifles at your head
Too many lives from which you've fled
Too many stains in your bed
Too many wounds that never bled
Too many tears still to be shed
Too many reason to be deadYour time is up the day the guillotine comes down
Your time is up the day the guillotine comes downToo many things you shouldn't have said
Can't see a clearing up ahead
This silly mess that you're in
Will all the time be deepeningYour time is up the day the guillotine comes down
Your time is up the day the guillotine comes downTime burns you down each day time after time
You try and tear yourself away
And your thirst grows and grows
And you can't find the well
The clue you need to know
Only time will tell

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