Code Blue (With Gunshot)

T.S.O.L.

Code blue
I never got along with the girls at my school
Filling me up with all their morals and their rules
They'd pile all their problems on my head
I'd rather go out and fuck the dead'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain
I want to fuck I want to fuck the dead
Middle of the night so silently
I creep on over to the mortuary
Lift up the casket and fiddle with the dead
Their cold blue flesh makes me turn red'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain
I want to fuck I want to fuck the dead
And I don't even care how she died...
But I like it better if she smells of formaldehyde!
Never on the rag or say leave me alone
They don't scream and they don't moan
Don't even cry if I shoot in their hair
Lying on the table she smiles and she stares'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain
I want to fuck I want to fuck the dead
Middle of the night so silently
I creep on over to the mortuary
Lift up the casket and fiddle with the dead
Their cold blue flesh makes me turn re

Songwriters
MORGAN, EMORY, ROCHE, BARNESPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/