

Your Lucky Day In Hell (Michael Simpson Remix)

Eels

Mama grapped onto the milkman's hand
And then she finally gave birth
Years go by still I don't know
Who shall inherit this earth
And no one will know my name until it's on a stone This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell Waking up with an ugly face
Winston Churchill in drag
Looking for a new maternal embrace
Another tired old gag
Am I just a walking bag of chewed up dust and bones This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell Father Theresa you can't make me into you
I never want to be like you
Why can't you see it's me
You know it's time to let me go This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell

Songwriters

EVERETT, MARK O. / GOLDENBERG, MARK Published by

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