

# Holland

## The Black Angels

A slew of gypsy acid cats  
On their way off to Holland;  
With their witchy veiny claws,  
They're grabbing at your wallet.  
You too, they kissed your heart.  
You too, they kissed your heart. They are the only ones  
That we ever did connect with  
All that we wanted  
Was to act like someone's lover. Well I, I'd rather die.  
Yeah I, I'd rather die. Made for the weeping tide  
Of vermin donning red veils;  
Looking like a wealthy white  
On their way back from Holland. Yeah I, I'd rather die.  
Yeah I, I'd rather die.  
Than be with you tonight,  
With you tonight. Yeah I, I'd rather die.  
Yeah I, I'd rather die.  
Than be with you tonight,  
With you tonight. You too, you kissed your heart.  
You too, you kissed your heart.

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