

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 SydneyWho 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 hellYou 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 enoughWelcome 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 hellFeels good to be back with Charlie and Hattie and my memory lapse
Welcome to hell, welcome to hell, welcome to hell

Songwriters

MANSELL, CLINTON DARRYL
Published by
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