

# Anesthesia

## Bad Religion

Everybody is talking about the girl  
Who went and killed the delivery man  
But she looks so kind and gentle  
It just doesn't stand to reason I saw her right there just the other night  
As stately as a slot machine  
But when she looked my way something mad  
As hell came over me Anesthesia, Mona Lisa, I've got a little gun here comes oblivion  
I never loved you, how did you find me?  
The cops will never prove complicity now, Anna  
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight)  
All good children go to heaven I remember your face that August night  
When we lied about the beautiful time to come  
And that crazy old man who came much to late  
And caused a chain reaction I've been hanging out there for eleven long years  
Like a church mouse wondering where the cat has gone  
And looking at you now  
Is driving me to distraction Anesthesia, Mona Lisa, I've got a little gun here comes oblivion  
I never loved you, how did you find me?  
The cops will never prove complicity now, Anna  
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight)  
All good children go to heaven

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