

Anesthesia

Bad Religion

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 too 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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