

# Code Blue (with gunshot) - Liv

## T.S.O.L.

I never got along with the girls at my school  
Filling me up with all their morals and their rules  
They'd pile all their problems on my head  
I'd rather go out and fuck the dead 'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain  
I wanna fuck, I wanna fuck the dead Middle of the night so silently  
I creep on over to the mortuary  
Lift up the casket and fiddle with the dead  
Their cold blue flesh makes me turn erect  
'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain  
I wanna fuck I wanna fuck the dead  
And I don't even care how she died...  
But I like it better if she smells of formaldehyde!  
Never on the rag or say leave me alone  
They don't scream and they don't moan  
Don't even cry if I shoot in their hair  
Lying on the table she smiles and she stares 'Cause I can do what I want and they won't complain  
I wanna fuck I wanna fuck the dead  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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