

Dead Meat

Bush

Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
YourIt's your dead meat from former days
I am your crisis
Blue asbestos in your veins
I'm your broken fingersI've killed you twice, I will again
Revenge is eager
See first you'll crash
And then you'll burnDorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather, weatherYour dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
YourIs your dead meat formaldehyde?
Didn't phase me
I soon returned to track you down
For your confessionI'll be your poison and your pain
I'll be your struggle to be sane
Exploited, lament
And the places you never wentDorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather
Car crash weatherDorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
In this car crash weather
Car crash weather
Car crash weather, weatherI'm doing you in tomorrow
That's why I'm dressed in all this sorrow
I'm doing you in tomorrow
I'll burn before I mellowDorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
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