

You've got me hanging by my throat.  
Swinging from a tree,  
Swaying in the breeze.  
As I die my eyes glaze over.  
Swinging from a tree,  
Swaying in the breeze.  
In the silent twilight I heard the crickets cry.  
As the holocaust horizon victimised the sky.  
In the bowels of a small town spins a vortex of hell.  
Neon red like the vacancy sign at the Vertigo Motel.  
Won't you come and shatter my glass heart?  
Inject black tar in my arteries.  
You always knew just what to say,  
From birth, deathbed into the grave.  
I'm spinning.  
Vital organs on the dance floor,  
Gyrating to the beat.  
As the ghost of the goat head wanders through the street.  
Exacting revenge, he drowns his victims in a well.  
For his murder 40 years ago at the Vertigo Motel.  
Won't you come and shatter my glass heart?  
Inject black tar in my arteries.  
You always knew just what to say,  
From birth, deathbed into the grave.