

# Better Off Dead

## Golden Earring

Carmalita's in the doorway, with her hand on her hip  
Smilin' at all the boys as they shuffle on by  
She makes a lot of money with a brand new trick  
They come in from all over just to give her a try  
Give her try

She doesn't seem to notice, that she's being bled  
The streetlights throw shadow lovers onto her bed  
She doesn't seem to notice that she is being bled  
If this is living then you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la  
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead  
Ooh ooh la la la la la

Lupe, Lupe gets more crazy as the moon gets full  
She papered all the walls with the NY Times  
She thinks that she is the Queen reborn of the Nile  
Swears at all the people as they walk on by  
Walk on by

The streetlights throw shadow lovers onto her bed  
No one ever understand a single word she says  
The street lights throw shadow lovers onto her bed  
If this is living then you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la  
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead  
Ooh ooh la la la la la

Well they've got every kind of remedy to make you feel right  
Pills and thrills in every shape and size  
You scramble up your brain in cocktail shaker  
And throw it out the window for a big surprise, big surprise

Wake up in the morning, nothing left in your head  
If this is livin', you're better off dead

Ooh ooh la la la la la  
Ooh ooh ohh, better off dead  
Ooh ooh la la la la la

If this is livin', you're better off dead  
If this is livin'  
If this is livin', you're better off dead