

The Lord Is My Shotgun

Primal Scream

Cancer mind, grave yard dirt
Name on your tombstone, knife in your skirt
Head on collision, motorcycle crash
Ain't going to prison, bury you alive

Bury you alive, bury you alive
Bury you alive, bury you alive

Bad seed baby, gimme your disease
Death's head angel, lay your curse on me
Lord is my shotgun, your Satan's jewel
Plough your death valley, sow my seed in you

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Sometimes I think you're too sweet to die
Other times I think you should be buried alive

Bury you alive, bury you alive
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