

Bodies As Suitcases

A Wilhelm Scream

I look for car wrecks when I'm bored, can't stop watching.
'Cause I was promised that a killer time would be had by all.
In a town famous for automobiles,
They were with us and making daiquiri's on ice.
I had to work that night,
But they partied it up like champs 'til they died.
All right.
They didn't take it to the chest.
A mountain of rich bodies in the tub,
Another mess for the maid to clean up.
No, you got to move on.
Don't leave me yet.
No, you got to believe me.
Those fuckers killed themselves.
Poor Marcy scampers on the floor; she can't stop coughing.
Ironically she had the most abdominal fortitude of us all.
All we are, are suitcases, holding other people's stuff.
No, you got to move on.
Don't leave me yet.
No, you got to believe me.
Follow, make me follow.
They tried to make me follow, make me follow.