

Last Call

Audrey Horne

This neighborhood has crashed and burned
I brought death to them all through a home-made hurricane
Armed with scissors, fire and booze
I wiped this goth town clean
And left a pool of mascara and blood
Little miss evil, didn't someone tell you
That life is more than just bats and graveyards
You dream of Marilyn but just like Cave In said:
"The reality check is in the mail"

Last call
First wave
They should have told you
They should have called you
Everything is up for sale now

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Reality is a bitter pill you swallow to grow up
I guess by now you should have known you've all been fucked
These so-called freaks are signing multi-million dollar deals
Bats and graveyards are obviously up for sale
So never mind the fact that you are haunted
'Cause all of you ghosts have sneaker brands and cribs in the hill
I guess your checks have bounced
Still you sing along
Well misery loves company

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