

Music For A Raw Nerve Ending

Bill Ward

I am at night an undertaker
I do thy dirty work for thee
And after doing, ask this question,
"What in the hell are you to me?"

Push, push, push
Silly bugger
You're a vagabond
Yeah, yeah
Get you out of this town

You are at best distorted pleasure (pleasure)
Between the lipstick and the rouge
Too bad my instinct has been sleeping
And let your thoughts become my food.

Expect short measure in your payload
I'm through with working out with thee
I'm on my way to higher places (places)
Don't need the hole that you've been saving just for me.