

## For The Damned

Bulletboys

I don't care about the future now  
'Cuz it don't care about me  
Paparazzi, glitter, gossips  
Lord they always crucify me  
Street urchin baby  
It's someone's old lady on the lam  
He's the man of the hour  
And anyone who's seen the face of the damned  
Whoa  
Lift your glasses for a final toast  
L'haim, ching-ching cheers  
Degredated, desecrated  
Been playin' Russian roulette for all my years  
She's a street urchin baby  
It's someone's old lady on the lam  
He's the man of the hour  
And anyone who's seen the face of the damned  
Whoa  
The face of the damned  
Oooh  
There's a message here you probably won't get  
Just what I'm thinking about  
That the bad die young  
And the good will never carry the clout, ooh  
She's a street urchin baby  
It's someone's old lady on the lam  
He's the man of the hour  
And anyone who's seen the face of the damned  
It's a chip on a shoulder  
As a woman grows older without grace  
A priest with a problem  
With anyone who wears the face of the damned  
Whoa!  
The face of the damned  
Sings about me, oh