

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