

Laughing With The Dead

Bulletboys

Stuck between the thirst of too little
And the abyss of too much
A blast from a tower and a thirty day ride
I need a shot with a punch
Skeletons dancing in a jittery daze
With a sparkling gleam in their eyes
Above apologizing for our devious ways
I've taken a word from the wise
I don't need nasty
I don't need nice
I won't heed your self-serving advice
While you're weeping over wounds in your head
I'm here laughing with the dead
Quiero tequila!
Where's my beer?
Unbutton my peyote now it's crystal clear
When ya'll get over f**king with your head
I'll be laughing with the dead
Waking up crudo in the white hot sun
Nightmares of Melrose and you
Bedmates with the red ants and a scorprion
Looks like my fates have come through
Oh, skeletons dancing an ethereal haze
Keeps a sparkling gleam in their eyes
Above apologizing for our devious ways
This is a word from the wise
I don't need nasty
I don't need nice
I don't hear your self-righteous advice
You keep on digging at the hole in your head
I'm here laughing with the dead
Quiero tequila!
One more beer
Unbutton my peyote
Now it's crystal clear
When ya'll get over screwing with your head
I'll be laughing
Laughing with the dead