

# 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