

Marky got with Sharon, Sharon got Sherice  
She was sharin' Sharon's outlook on the topic of disease  
Mikey had a facial scar, and Bobby was a racist  
They were all in love with dyin', they were doin' it in Texas

Tommy played piano like a kid out in the rain  
Then he lost his leg in Dallas, he was dancin' with a train  
They were all in love with dyin', they were drinking from a fountain  
That was pourin' like an avalanche comin' down the mountain

I don't mind the sun sometimes, the images it shows  
I can taste you on my lips and smell you in my clothes  
Cinnamon and sugary and softly spoken lies  
You never know just how you look through other people's eyes

Some will die in hot pursuit in fiery auto crashes  
Some will die in hot pursuit while sifting through my ashes  
Some will fall in love with life and drink it from a fountain  
That is pouring like an avalanche comin' down the mountain

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Another Mikey took a knife while arguing in traffic  
Flipper died a natural death, he caught a nasty virus  
Then there was the ever present football player-rapist  
They were all in love with dyin', they were doin' it in Texas

Paulie caught a bullet, but it only hit his leg  
Well, it should have been a better shot, and got him in the head  
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