

## Guillotine Day

Divinyls

Too many rifles at your head  
Too many lives from which you've fled  
Too many stains in your bed  
Too many wounds that never bled  
Too many tears still to be shed  
Too many reason to be dead

Your time is up the day the guillotine comes down  
Your time is up the day the guillotine comes down

Too many things you shouldn't have said  
Can't see a clearing up ahead  
This silly mess that you're in  
Will all the time be deepening

Your time is up the day the guillotine comes down  
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Time burns you down each day time after time  
You try and tear yourself away  
And your thirst grows and grows  
And you can't find the well  
The clue you need to know  
Only time will tell