

High Score

Eugene McGuinness

Bravo, Encore
All the ravers are still raving
Game over, High score
So type your name in
A perfume scented centipede
We walk the same streets at the same speed.

Dead as a doornail immersed in flame.
I was in no state to call
And it burns a hole in my heart
In my heart

A ladder falls
Just as I walk under
A black cat dies
Are these drivers getting younger,
Like a sequel to another teen horror movie,
But no blood is shed during the killers soliloquy.

Dead as a doornail and dirt of a grave,
I wasn't fit to call
And the worms ate a hole in my heart
In my heart

I've been high as a kite
But never the floor
And the pupperteer holds on tight everytime the Wind blows me,
And i wouldn't come to close you might catch a cold,
And the one remaining skill as the blowing ball rolls
As the bowling ball rolls

(ahhh)

Dead asa doornail immersed in flame,
I was in no state to call.

(cheering)

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