

## Eel Pie

L.A. Guns

Drop dead said fred  
Jumped right back down his hole  
You lie, eel pie  
Serve it up hot or cold

I hate your guts but I thought I'd be nice  
I stroked your ego but it didn't suffice  
I smiled politely and laughed at your jokes  
When all I want from you is cash for some smokes

Disguise, nothing but lies  
You wouldn't know the truth if it could keep you alive  
Disgrace boat race  
The oars are pulling for you  
But you're losin' the race

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You don't give a damn about music  
You don't wanna have a good time  
Your tongue's as sharp as razor blades  
It's cut me too many times, too many times

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Hey!