

Holes In Your Coffin

Phidel

Now your kindest remark does not move me.
Both your face and your heart do not suit me.
Holes in your coffin, fool.
And the girl that you had, she won't save you,
And the face that you have will enslave you.
Holes in your coffins prove.

Nothing less will
Do, do, do, do.
Do, do, do, do.

And the words on your grave, go to show for
The way you have behaved and I know, for
Holes in your coffin prove.
What you get for being just too playful,
What you get for being so distasteful:
Holes in your coffin, fool.

Nothing less will
Do, do, do, do.
Do, do, do, do.

If the, if the, if the -
If the word of the law doesn't get you
And the guilt you ignore is gonna set you
Free, free, free,
If the cross on the door doesn't scare you
And the beast of the moor's gonna spare you,
Boy, come home to me.

Nothing less will
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