

Whisky Saga

The Fratellis

Well here lie the remains
Of every girl I've loved
The princesses of heaven and hell
Who thought they knew me well
There goes my wishbone
It calms my crooked friend
Screaming he knew I was dead
True right down to the end

I was in a fury with a judge and with a jury
You could tell I was a wicked man
Well there was no one on the wall
But the stupid and the small
But they always do the best they can

Well here lies mother Brown
She always looked so young
I was never too easy to please
Always on my knees
Well there goes my last hope
Here comes my bullet train
Shooting the hole in my head
On the wrong right side of my brain

I was getting ready
I was shaking, I was steady
I was pleading to be left alive
Well I was digging for the gold
Just waiting to be told
That my cheating heart would survive

I was in a fury with a judge and with a jury
You could tell I was a wicked man
Well there was no one on the wall
But the stupid and the small
But they always do the best they can

Well here lie the remains of saving lady death
Her old man streamed up in a hole
Another uneven soul
There goes my last wish
Here comes my audience
Pitchforks pointing my way
And it's no coincidence

I was in a bind of the body and the mind
And my mother was the last to know
When I told her I was runnin'
I was better off a'gone
And she never even said no, no, no, no, no

I was never thick but the fall wouldn't click
So I never had the best excuse
You couldn't say that I was best
So they put me to the test
With a never ending soul abuse

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