Well you always were one of life's sensitive souls The needle on you soon got a hold

Your life became a shallow sham

You didn't turn into strawberry jam

You jumped out the window you'd had enough

Life became just a little too rough

But your suicide didn't quite go to plan you didn't quite turn into strawberry jam

Pushed up your spine entered your brain your friends said you'r e not quite the same

But your suicide didn't quite go to plan you didn't quite turn into strawberry jam

You're still on the drugs and you're still on the score You're stupid when you're off them and on them you're a bore But your suicide didn't quite go to plan you didn't quite turn into strawberry jam

Lost your memory now people think you're thick you're limping a round on your walking stick

But your suicide didn't quite go to plan you didn't quite turn into strawberry jam