

You say your life's been wasted  
You say there's nothing left  
You've been so disillusioned  
Living on your theft  
You call up ask to meet me  
Under our favourite tree  
I say this must be real bad  
For you to call on me  
I get there and I find you under our favourite tree  
I can smell the blossom, and hear the buzzing bee  
I sit down right beside you and I look into your eyes  
I feel a deep emotion as you look onto the skies and she says  
I've lived a life of evil. Some people say I'm mad  
I've been through prostitution. You can't count the men I've had.  
I've lived on what I've stolen, and hoped inside a lie.  
I beg you stay and hear me now, and help me while I die.  
I say What are you talking of? Oh what is this you say?  
Dying's not for you my love.  
You say It's what I pay!  
You say I thought you'd understand first to make love to me.  
I still remember feeling your gland rubbing deep in me.  
Passionate feelings they arouse. Never ask me why.  
Please make love to me once more, here before I die.  
She's dying, dying  
The best way out  
She's dying, dying  
Please don't shout  
Don't tell the world what I tell you here.  
Nor call a doctor while I die it's drawing near.  
I kiss her once upon the cheek, her arms they embrace me  
She whispers softly while carressing Darling can't you see?  
We both make love so passionate, our feelings they must show.  
Our climaxes now they fulfill. Her eyes they close Oh no!  
She's dying, dying  
The best way out  
She's dying, dying  
Please don't shout  
Don't tell the world what I tell you here.  
Nor call a doctor while I die it's drawing near.  
She's dying  
She's dying  
She's dying  
She's dead