

# Monster Magnet, Little Bag Of Gloom

Take your pills, take your pets, and go rolling down the road  
I got a nasty little bruise, thanks to your last episode  
Well you're so cold and I'm so gray, and I can hardly save the day  
Think we're falling into darkness, running blind

You got troubles, yes it's true, and they all begin with you  
If you don't let somebody in, you're gonna die in liar's gin  
But you never wanna row, towards the origin of stones  
And you locked away your heart, one more time

So take your books, take your broom, take your little bag of gloom  
And I'm lost, and I'm through, and I'm crying out for truth  
Maybe when you're all alone, you'll realise where love comes from  
But until you take that time, you're just blind