

Mother Mother, Burning Pile

All my style, all my grace,
all I try to save my face,
all my guts try to spill,
all my holes try to fill.
All my money been a long time spent,
On my drugs, on my rent.
On my saving philosophy, it goes:
one in the bank and the rest for me.
It goes:
All my troubles on a burning pile,
all lit up and I start to smile.
Live up,
Catch fire then I change my aim,
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates?
Oohh.. oh oh oh..
oh.. oh oh oh ohhh..
Ohh oh oh..
My my my lonely maid,
Renaissance man,
sailed away and he never came back again.
All my troubles on a burning pile,
all lit up and I start to smile.
Live up,
Catch fire then I change my aim,
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates?
Ooohh.. ooohhh..
oohhh you won't be ...
I said all your troubles,
you don't need a thing.
All my troubles on a burning pile,
all lit up and I start to smile.
Live up,
Catch fire then I change my aim,
Throw my troubles at the world again!
It goes:
All my troubles on a burning pile,
all lit up and I start to smile.
Live up,
Catch fire then I take my turn,
to burn and burn, and burn and buurrnn..
Bahh bah bah bahh..