

# Pop Will Eat Itself, Eat Me, Drink Me, Love Me, K

Escaping the twilight,  
Driking 'til sunrise,  
I never thought a head like t this would persist,  
I could be dead at 33,  
Like Belushi,  
Drain myself away like Hancock in Sydney,  
Who knows?  
Who cares?  
Who'll remember anyway?  
Welcome to hell!  
Spend your time in hell!  
I could try to change it but it suits me too well...  
A not so private hell.  
You feed my hunger,  
But drown all my senses,  
In the satisfaction stakes,  
It's like sitting on the number nine bus,  
I can't stop me you can't stop me  
I can't stop me you can't stop me  
One's too many...  
Ten's not enough.  
Welcome to hell!  
Spend your time in hell!  
I could try to change it but it suits me too well...  
A not so private hell  
Welcome to hell!  
Feels good to be back with Charlie and Hattie and my...  
Memory lapse.  
Welcome to hell!  
Welcome to hell!  
WELCOME TO HELL!