

Zita Swoon, Couldnt She Get Drowned?

The locomotive gal in my rearview mirror
Has put a spell on me
The other one and the russian likor
Won't ever let me be
So bye bye pride
Bye bye thoughtfulness
Hello sweet success
It's all I wanna be

It's in the state of the greatest hatred that the
Greatest men were born
But it's the state of the craving hatred
That puts the
Devil on his throne

I hurt inside
My pain is never less
Than is my life
And that's alright by me

Time was when I could spend my money
On that hoochie-coochie you do
I got to get a grip on this a scene here honey
This here boat ain't build for two

I put you down
Down under the waterline
I wear no frown
That's alright by me

There are a ways about the state of hatred
That gonna sacrifice a few
So you just gotta grand me some good good loving baby
I wanna get my soul renewed

That's understood
Your ass has got to go
It ain't no good in this world no more