

Your Lucky Day In Hell

Eels

Mama grapped onto the milkman's hand
And then she finally gave birth
Years go by still I don't know
Who shall inherit this earth And no one will know my name until it's on a stone This could be
your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell Waking up with an ugly face
Winston Churchill in drag
Looking for a new maternal embrace
Another tired old gag
Am I just a walking bag of chewed up dust and bones? This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell Father Theresa you can't make me into you
I never wanna be like you
Why can't you see it's me?
You know it's time to let me go
This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell, in hell This could be your lucky day in hell
Never know who it might be at your doorbell, in hell
This could be your lucky day in hell, in hell, in hell, in hell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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