

Mash – Anti Tank Nun

It ended in a tragic mash
What he'd held on to rigidly
They turned into a pile of thrash
The dreams he'd pictured vividly
The soaring flames they give no hope
To his long lost serenity
He slips the thin dead-dealing rope
Through planned to hang with dignity
Panic run!
He knows the truth
With glassy eyes
He looks at you
All that he's left is a mash
Turned from diamond into ash
He can't believe that's for real
I don't wanna feel what he feels
Death came so quickly - like a sting
What he had planted turned to stone
And though he was a gracious king
He had to abdicate the throne
He had six women, seven tops
Provoking one - a serious crime
He sought no quarrel with the cops
She had him locked up in no time
Panic run!
He knows the truth
With glassy eyes
He looks at you
All that he's left is a mash
Turned from diamond into ash
He can't believe that's for real
I don't wanna feel what he feels
Disaster struck at highest noon
He took the blow just like a man
To such events who is immune?
The pile of scarp was once his van

All he can see now is his mash
That's all that he has earned in life
His ass has hardened from the bash
He learned his lesson with such strife
Panic run!
He knows the truth
With glassy eyes
He looks at you
All that he's left is a mash
Turned from diamond into ash
He can't believe that's for real
I don't wanna feel what he feels



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych