

Burning Pile

Mother Mother

All my style
all my grace
All I tried 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
If I, catch fire then I change my aim
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates

Oh, oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh

My momma, lonely maid
Got her buns in the oven, and she never got laid

My papa, 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
If I, catch fire then I change my aim
Throw my troubles at the pearly gates

Oh, oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh all your woe begones be gone
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
If I, 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
If I, catch fire then I'll take my turn
To burn burn and burn, and burn and burn