

The Warmth of a Tomb

Superdrag

Hang on, 'til your dying day
Swinging in the breeze, whistle while you freeze
And pray for something you believe
Sing it out to sea, sing it out to me

While in the warmth of a tomb
I was thinking to presume
You had the gall
Something kept me waiting
For your call to get through
I was sinking in my room

Hang on, waiting for the way
Take it while you can satisfy demands
And pray for liar's blood to be
Carried out to sea, buried out to sea

While in the warmth of a tomb
I was thinking to presume
You had the gall
Something left me waiting
For the fall to assume
There was nothing left in bloom