

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>