

# Anesthesia

## Bad Religion

Everybody is talking about the girl who went and killed the delivery man  
But she looks so kind and gentle, it just doesn't stand to reason  
I saw her right there just the other night as stately as a slot machine  
But when she looked my way something mad as hell came over me Anesthesia, Mona Lisa  
I've got a little gun, here comes oblivion  
I never loved you, how did you find me?  
The cops will never prove complicity now Now Anna  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8  
All good children go to heaven  
I remember your face that august night when we lied about the beautiful time to come  
And that crazy old man who came much too late and caused a chain reaction  
I've been hanging out there for eleven long years like a church mouse wondering where the cat  
has gone  
And looking at you now is driving me to distraction  
Anesthesia, my Mona Lisa  
I've got a little gun, here comes oblivion  
I never loved you, how did you find me?  
The cops will never prove complicity Now Anna  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8  
All good children go to heaven

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