

Bite Marks

Screeching Weasel

Cracked open, left hanging
With my tail swinging in the wind.
Grab a hold of me darling,
I'm about to break down again.
Now I'm reeling sideways.
Ain't it always the case?
I had to do it my own way
And it blew up right in my face.

Time and again
I manage to fuck up
Everything I come in contact with.
Grab a hold of me darling
Cause I think you're all that I've got left.

Bite marks and bruises
Come and go every day
But breaks and contusions
Take a little more time to fade.
I gotta get it under control now
Cause I know I'm only getting worse.
I know what all of my friends say
I can quote them chapter and verse.
Grab a hold of me darling
Even though I'm always such a mess.
Grab a hold of me darling
Cause I think you're all that I've got left.
Grab a hold of me darling
Cause I know you're all that I've got left.