

# I Got Cut

Superchunk

Oh, I got cut  
Yeah, sew me up  
I got cut  
But it's what I want

Cut me up  
Cut me up  
Cut me up, yeah

All these old men won't die too soon  
Flesh balloons still waving their arms around and  
Slipping over the sides  
Closing my eyes, making room  
Oh, for somebody else

Oh, I got cut  
Yeah, sew me up  
I got cut  
Yeah, it's what I want

Cut me up  
Cut me up  
Cut me up, yeah

Family planning, free Chelsea Manning  
And all the kids crushed in canning from above  
And fade like vapors, you actual traitors  
To the ones you say you love

Yeah, I got cut  
Yeah, sew me up  
I got cut  
Yeah, it's what I want

I got cut  
Now sew me up  
I got cut  
Yeah, it's what I want

You try to tie us up  
But we're free as fuck  
Try to tie us up  
But we're free, yeah