

Swatting Flies

Bumblefoot

I'm down here by myself
Pickin' dust off the shelf
Company I don't need I don't like to share
I'm surrounded by spies
I feel their segmented eyes
Burnin' holes in my back with predator stare

Something's fillin' my space
Someone's takin' my place
Something's circlin' interrupting my prayer
And I was sick as a dog
And I was lickin' the frog
And I was fillin' the hole I dug in the air

And I was alone - just the two of us
And I heard a drone - so I looked around
To find the sound - yeah, up and down
On the ground - it was you and I swatting flies

Something's suckin' my spine
Swallowin' all that is mine
I'm kissin' the leeches that bury their heads in my skin
Now I'm pickin' my locks
Now I'm breakin' my box
Embracing the kindness of parasites tryin' to get in