

Cancer Of The Skull

Cameron Winter

I am full of heavy metals
I am a heavy metal man
I have work in the morning
I have two bags over each hand
I came up the stairs
I came to meet your cigarettes
You'd like to keep my salesman's teeth, wouldn't you, baby?
Well, I'm on a pirates crazy-eyed quest, mm
I am wired to the man
I take the train at dawn for him
I threw the horrible secret out, mm
I bring the front door into our house
I came up here freeze
I came up here to sleep in your infamous kitchen
You're holding out your baby's shoes, I can't take 'em
I pray to a pirate's maniac religion

Oh, cancer of the fingers
And the hands of a beginner
Songs are meant for bad singers
I can't reach cancer of the 80s
I was beat with ukuleles
Oh, songs are a hundred ugly babies
I can't feed

My face is on the dollars
I am one dollar in your hand
I'd write a hell of a letter
And anyone who doesn't know any better
Would tell you, I am that \$0 man
Oh, I painted over the perfect nose
That touches something you learned in 2011
I buckled up for the fatal crash
Took a bullet through the bullet proof glass
I kissed the emptiest car on the road

Oh, cancer of the fingers
And the hands of a beginner
Songs of legendary swingers
I can't keep cancer of the 80s
I've been getting spanked by everybody lately
All these songs are a hundred ugly babies, oh