

Butcher the Song

Cursive

There's a time and a place, this is neither the time nor the place.

"Where do I fit in, in this jigsaw of a relationship?!?
Why should I play the fall guy to your love?
I keep getting snubbed... what dumb luck, what dumb luck."

'So rub it in... in your dumb lyrics.
Yeah, that's the time and place to wring out your bullshit.
And each album I'll get shit on a little more, 'Who's Tim's latest whore?'
Now, that's not fair - no, that's just obscene.
I'll stop speaking for you if you stop speaking for me.

I'm writing songs to entertain,
but these people... they just want pain.
They want to hear my deepest sins
the songs from the ugly organ.
And what comes out is a horrible mess,
songs I can't forget
what's been said and this guilt I can't shed.
It still rings in my ears - Oh, get out
the butcher's knife.
I've been screaming for years
but it gets me nowhere
just get out the butcher's knife.

That organ's playing my song,
but this song's gone on too long.
What a day to sever such ugly extremities.
"What a lovely day", says the butcher
as he raises his arm.

And I am what is left: a puppet!
Laughing at the look of amazement on the musician's face,
Pinocchio dove off the cliff and swam away