

Brain Surgery

Direct Hit!

She's got a cancer sitting on the base of her brain
She's gotta know we've got an answer, but it's not entirely sane or rational

It comes in pills, poppers poisonous so much they'll inflame the lining sitting safe inside of her skull

Why don't we drill, suck the fucker out, and hope it'll heal and it won't grow?

Can you explain what she's eating how does she exercise?
We've gotta know so we can say what the side effects will be on her mind, or if she'll croak

We admit that it's a problem and nobody has answers
Might as well give her a cup of tea
It's the least we can do to ease the tension before the surgery
But we're not offering a guarantee

Everybody knows by now she's gotta go right now
To the operating table with her lights out
Everybody knows by now she's gotta go right now
Might as well just make a habit, bend and kowtow now

Can she speak?
Can she feel it when you tickle or poke between her toes?
Does she feel weak?
How remarkable... You're sure she awoke and then arose?

What's the deal?
How's that moving?
What's the sound from the stairs?
Could we have woken up a power inside?

Confide in me brother - Did wake up a god?
Should we lie? Or should we go and just curl up and die?

Woke a fucking monster with the power of science
Can you pass me that bag and IV?
I'm gonna mainline morphine, close my eyes,
And just hope that she don't see me before I pass out

I'm so sorry