

Say Whatever

Direct Hit!

I've got a body in the back of my Chevrolet
It's minus both eyes out of its sockets
I pulled the teeth from its mouth and kept the screaming contained
Before I dumped it on the side of the road

There must be 10, 15, 20, maybe 50 of them
They're plugging sewers, drainage ditches and noses
Because the stench spilling into the township streets is choking children,
Making faces corrode

And nobody's catching on because I cover my tracks,
And keep 'em guessing
Wonder when they'll think to look in the back of my car?

Say whatever you want to
They won't figure it out
No one's got evidence
There's no cut-dry reason to quit

Cleaning blood and bile is as bad as it gets
But I can guarantee it's better than retail
The salary is even richer than horse track bets
And benefits are overrated, you know

It satisfies a neurological necessity
No, I haven't tried to get it treated or dampened
Because I haven't had a single problem keeping it down low
No, I haven't had a problem at all

Tell me I should stop again, and you might find yourself below
the floor
Who are you to say what I can talk about
In the privacy of my own home?
Say whatever you want to, but I can guarantee it's not gonna help you