

Butcher

Grinspoon

Blood loop beautiful
I was walking down the hall
While the energy is it just
An excuse for the enemy

Butcher, ram it down your throat
Butcher, wish it had a meaning

Late call, hit for six
Walk, stroll in the park
Bored shitless
My mind is on the couch
My mind is all I talk about

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I've woken up again
I've burnt the toast again
I don't need lies again
You're such a selfish motherfucker!!!

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