

Cut Throat Boogie

King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard

As a child I felt inclined
To fold my ears in twine
Never once was I confined
I picked and choosed about my ride
So buckle me in before we set sail ahead
For it smells like cabbage
Got way too stale like death

Oh you're white as a ghost, I never felt so pale
As the blood dripped across the floor

So put it buried in your chest
With the rest of your drunken regrets
Inches from your jugular
As the room fills in front of ya
It took them long enough
For them to stop and suggest
Hey we better get him some help
We better get him out of here

How did I manage to cope as the blood soaked
Through my clothes and to the floor
From outside to the bathroom door
I was inches from my life
Yeah that's what keeps me up at night

Oh how did I survive you should'a died
How did I manage to cope being alive
After all it was just a innocent play fight
I hope they don't stop to sympathize
Oh, stitch up the past to cure their whoremented heart, ah
Oh, tormented dreams it's all left in between