

Walkin' On Nails

Mac Lethal

"Are you absolutely sure she was in love with you?"

"Mmmhm. Why?"

"If you both take this potion, and you are in love with her but she never really was in love with you, you will love her for the rest of your life. And she will hate you for the rest of yours."

Come on.

Man, I got this new girl that I like, heh, I fucked up. I pissed her off today.

Um, you know what though? Let's be in a good mood today. Let's, let's let's go happy with this one.

Shit.

OK-

Ease back the trigger, talks too much and it never listens,
I build a house from all the novels that you read in prison,

I got a bottle full of bud heavy,

I'm bunk bedding with the betty hearing problems 'til there's blood shedding

.

I toss some pizza in the oven for the piece of me that's buggin'

and the women that are trying to make me Jesus for a husband.

But leisurely I'm single 'til I'm capturing your psyche,

I'm passionate; your daddy wouldn't like me.

I'm 5'9" and forty-nine fiftiths

snort a line borderline hippie-flip,

shoot needles porcupine hissie-fits,

From my misery and lit flames,

Kissin' in my '66 kittie with the bent frames,

Suckin' down a camel light,

I poke holes in an empty can of Sprite

'til I make a quick and handy pipe.

And I can smoke all my problems like drugs,

Here's a list of things that I love:

I love Twix bars, credit cards,

new socks, rainy days,

cold beer, shootin' pool, Tupac tapes;

I love little kids, givin' hugs, ladybugs,

Tarantino films, Amelie, and The Boondock Saints.

Readin' magazines backwards, wrinkle-free trousers,

Takin' percocet and masturbatin' in the shower;

I love my independence, my family, my life,

And everyone that came here tonight.

Throw your souls up!

This little life of mine is turning pretty crazy,

so I'm gonna dig into it 'til the harmony just let's me go;

I'm walkin' on nails witcha,

Walkin' on nails witcha,

Walkin' on nails 'til the sun don't show.

This little life of mine is turning pretty crazy,

so I'm gonna dig into it 'til the harmony just let's me go; (uh huh)

I'm walkin' on nails witcha,

Walkin' on nails witcha,

Walkin' on nails 'til the sun don't show.

I read the suicide letter of Hunter S. Thompson,

I gotta say I was inspired by it,
My life is kinda it;
I'm gettin' bored of takin' everything so seriously,
Things are getting crazy now and quite defiant.
Out the cake hole, screamin' "How'd your day go,"
Clouds and halos, couch potatoes,
crowds of girls with bouncy J.Los, (wooo)
You hound the payroll, you're helping me destroy myself now,
count the pesos.
Cuz I should be a vegetarian - I know I should,
But double-decker taco supremes are so good.
Junior bacon cheeseburger rude awakenings further,
This is for the people that still party when they're broke.
This is for the people that find happiness in love,
And this is for the independent rest of us that don't, like Earl.
He joined the yacht club,
Hurled from poison chopped drugs
Surly noisy rock stud with boys and girls in hot tubs.
His cocky ass hit me in the face,
So I wrote him down a list of things I hate:
I hate Larry the Cable Guy, the way cucumbers taste,
People actin' tough and girls that invade my space.
I hate bill collectors, I hate bad news,
And people askin' me to talk about my tattoos;
I hate the person sittin' in your car talkin' shit about my songs,
Don't fight the urge, sing along.
I hate my songs,
I hate Mac Lethal,
I, hate, people.

Take me home.

This little life of mine is turning pretty crazy,
so I'm gonna dig into it 'til the harmony just let's me go;
I'm walkin' on nails witcha,
Walkin' on nails witcha,
Walkin' on nails 'til the sun don't show.
This little life of mine is turning pretty crazy,
so I'm gonna dig into it 'til the harmony just let's me go;
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