Hands That Bleed

Puffball

A mechanics stigmata, work under the gun.
Stuck under the hood, hiding from the sun.
Sleep’s not important, hunger’s not around.
Screwing like a freak, drooling like a hound.
It has gotta click, nothing can go wrong.
Gotta have it running not before too long.
Petrol in my nostrils, chaos in my head.
My palms keep drippin’, staying out of bed.

Hand me the wrench and the trucker speed.
Gonna work ’til I’ve got hands that bleed.

Deadline’s approaching, morning has just come.
Tightening the last bolt, have I made it run ?
I turn the key, it awakes with a shout.
I made it through the night, it’s all set to take ’em out.
It has gotta click, nothing can go wrong.
Gotta have it running not before too long.
Sleep’s not important, hunger’s not around.
Screwing like a freak, drooling like a hound.

Hand me the wrench and the trucker speed.
Gonna work ’til I’ve got hands that bleed.

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