

## Killing Comb

Rasputina

The summer I  
Simmered simple in the sand  
So tongue-tied  
Mum and dumb

The comb, it just  
Found itself in my hand  
I stood when I  
Should have run

Conspiracy  
Those fellows and me  
The comb, the way it's going  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I even knew him  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I even knew him  
But he had to die

To establish  
Whereabouts, wherefore?  
If guilty, flawed or more  
The world would find me  
Sprawled on the floor  
A vulgar foreigner

Conspiracy  
Those fellows and me  
The comb, the way it's going  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I even knew him  
Hardly I  
Hardly I  
Hardly I even knew him  
But he had to die