

## The Hatchet Song

Sparklehorse

There's too much confusion today  
How can I assure it's to shy away  
And he blew his brains out with a pistol I say  
To cover his arse or make a point someway  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Now  
Stabbed me in the back you know she threw a hatchet  
Buried in my chest when I turned to catch it  
And my lucky days are stuck in quarantine  
I thought I got some kind of warranty  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Meet me on  
Lonely street  
Meet me on  
Lonely street