

Without You My Life Would Be Boring

The Knife

A handful of elf pee
That's my soul
Spray it all over
Fill the bowl

Legs astride
An axe to grind
Generous actions with the speed of light

Without you my life would be boring

Under the iceberg
There's a tomb
Working the way up
Picking a hole in the cocoon

A bucket of tiger pee
Come with me
Bottoms up
Reaching a dream

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What if we can't make it but we say that we can
Shaking the habitual
Relate it to time
We're laughing at the future and we cry 'bout the past
I'm holding on forever but how long will forever last

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The piss is territorial

What if we can't make it but we say that we can
Shaking the habitual
Relate it to time
We're laughing at the future and we cry 'bout the past
I'm holding on forever but how long will forever last

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