

# Hot Meat

The Sugarcubes

I close the door  
(I close the door)  
I shouldn't burn yet  
(No it won't)

But the wires get hotter  
(It's sure to get hotter)  
My palms are glowing  
(My palms are glowing, oh)

This is hot meat  
This is metallic blood  
This is hot meat  
This is open sweat

I'm gonna show you with my fingers  
(With her fingers)  
I'll have to draw with the eye  
(Draw with the eyes)

With your own breath  
(With her own breath)  
I'll tear your lungs

Oh, this is hot meat  
This is metallic blood  
This is is hot meat  
Open sweat

Well I'll be damned  
If this ain't the country and  
Western version of cold sweat  
I heard that months ago

It's bad, bad, bad  
But in this side of the blackest meadows  
I'll make my winter dwelling  
And then, I crush my bones

Oh, this is hot meat  
This is metallic blood  
Is hot meat  
Open sweat

I'll sail out the window  
I'll walk down the edge  
I will not finish  
'Til I'm fully satisfied

This is hot meat  
This is metallic blood  
This is hot meat

Hot meat  
Metallic blood  
Hot meat  
Open sweat  
Tiskeno z písničky-akordy.cz