

# Where Does It Hurt

Wig Wam

Please come a little closer  
I'll show you my disguise  
Let's cast away your sorrows  
And the panic in your eyes

Yeah, when you're alone and out of sight  
When you are fast asleep, in the dead of night  
I leave no trace where I stood  
This little devil is up to no good

You are not the same again tomorrow  
You have passed the gates of strain and pain

When the stone is thrown  
It gets wild, wild in the burning streets  
When the bomb has blown  
It gets wild, wild from the burning heat  
Off the rails, on the train of pain  
It's whining, "Red alert"  
All I wanna know  
Where does it hurt?

Don't be afraid, flash of the blade  
I have the pin, but you have the grenade  
Fight back, don't kneel  
I search for your Achilles' heel

By the visible light of the pinball machine  
I see your steaming breath, but can't hear you scream

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Where does it hurt?

Broken glass, bleeding fist  
Baseball bats, and split lips  
Crash and burn, slash and rip  
Ready to take another hit

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Yeah