

Salt Bag Spill

Citizen King

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Suckers, suckers, suckers
You got the sideways grip, I'm about to flip
Your backdrop dizzy spell puttin' dents in the padlock
Cold defying the laws of slingshot
A white picket fence
To separate the stones you stand on
Before the tide comes in on the early dawn
The light bulb spins on the horn rims

You blister in the sun
You're just a salt bag spill, another salt bag spill
'Cause it's a green jean battle from the burlap

I break your ribs and it's full contact
Vagabonds, you start a war
But we're the cream of the crop
And you're the cream of the corn
Crash, collide and no good comeback
Flash in the pan like a burnt short stack
But we've got the butter to let your mud slide

You're slippin' on down for the test of time
Salt bag spill, another salt bag spill
I'm pitching my fork in Mr. Rourke

You get the trap door with sawdust splinters
Pepper in the jar gettin' served that dinner

Slam you like a screen door keepin' out the terminal condition
You get the oatmeal bath
You're out of commission, you're tarred, you're feathered
And covered in lacquer, your head's in a bucket

That's ringing with laughter
You suckers, suckers, suckers, suckers
Salt bag spill, another salt bag spill
Salt bag spill, you're just a salt bag spill
Takin' out, you suckers
Takin' out [Incomprehensible]
Takin' out, you suckers

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