

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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