

A Song for the Deaf

Queens of the Stone Age

Nobody's coming down the hall
Nobody echoes in my head
Broken reflection had a look
Nobody ever needed her I got what was
I want to take what's left
Ready now Beautiful senses are gone
Canary in a gilded cage
Singin' Sweet, soft, and low
I will poison you all
Come closer, racing to your turn I got what was
I want to take what's left
No talk will cure
What's lost, or save what's left
For the deaf I can go get fucked
Lie beside the ditch
So low round my neck
Strung out every stitch Who are you hiding
Is it safe for the deaf
Beautiful cancer
Infiltrate and forget
And I saw you coming
And I heard not a thing
A mistake not to listen
When I knew where you'd been And I got what was
I want to take what's left
No talk will cure
What's lost, or save what's left
For the deaf

Songwriters

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