Drizzlehell

Strapping Young Lad

I watch the way you move,
and I count by the way you press your eyes
and by the little things that put you down,
ride the rails to where you are - help me thank you all,
let me fuck you all, and by the way you bitch and masturbate,
the bold ones carry on and on the way your prayer come up
and have fun - the way to carry onI'm a dog, I know, I'm a dog
it's the only way, it's the corner stay
push the freight along and grant them all their little
goddamn shitty things
in the light it grows, slower than before,
"ten-four, they've got to burn, the 9. 3 will come to carry on..."
gimme some of your good loving,
I need your good lovingdog, I'm a dog, I know I'm a dog,
I'm a dog, I know I'm a dog...
oh, elvis yer just standin' there and completely naked
and i's jest thinkin' to m'self
"goddamn-it boy! you've come a quite a little while for
such a little country doggie..."and now he's touching himself in private
how may people do you know who can make it through
life without ever buying a goddamn vowel

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