

# How To Handle A Rope

## Queens Of The Stone Age

Too late to think or filter anymore  
The bitter pill to swallow, maybe you're  
In a blanket haze of ephedrine  
I'm wonderin' where the hell you been  
So come on and right this wrong the rope You got it all right, you got a feeling  
I'd rather open up my wrist, let it go  
You got it all right, you got a feeling  
'Cause devils and ropes around your neck  
Cursing them all and you can't hear it, can't hear it Ain't got a mind to deal with anymore  
Sabatuer, infiltrator and maybe wrong  
If you're not blind and deaf  
Then how can we pollute your head?  
So come on and right this wrong the rope And I got it all right, I got a feeling  
You'd rather open up your wrist, let it go  
I got it all right, yeah, I got a feeling  
'Cause devils and ropes around my neck  
Can't even know 'cause they can't hear it  
Can't hear it, can't hear it, can't hear it

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