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 ropeYou 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 itAin'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 ropeAnd 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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