Limp

BÎ”DKÎ”RMÎ”

You wanna make me sick;
You wanna lick my wounds,
Don't you, baby?
You want the badge of honour when you save my hide
But you're the one in the way
Of the day of doom, baby
If you need my shame to reclaim your pride
And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists
I never did anything to you, man
But no matter what I try
You'll beat me with your bitter lies
So call me crazy, hold me down
Make me cry; get off now, baby-
It won't be long till you'll be
Lying limp in your own hand
You feed the beast I have within me
You wave the red flag, baby you make it run run run
Standing on the sidelines, waving and grinning
You fondle my trigger, then you blame my gun
And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists
I never did anything to you, man
But no matter what I try
You'll beat me with your bitter lies
So call me crazy, hold me down
Make me cry; get off now, baby-
It won't be long till you'll be
Lying limp in your own hand[instrumental interlude]And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists
I never did anything to you, man
But no matter what I try
You'll beat me with your bitter lies
So call me crazy, hold me down
Make me cry; get off now, baby-
It won't be long till you'll be
Lying limp in your own hand.

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