

# Dirt

## Revolting Cocks

Victims burn in the atmosphere  
Breaking our back to get down here  
I took a hand on a switcher?  
Trying to run, keep your hands off  
No one's better at doin' my work  
Make me feel like dirt  
You cross the line, took my freak-show  
How the hell was I to know

Take the flowers out of night-sticks  
Don't break nothing you can't fix  
Pull the body beneath my face  
Probably something you can't fix  
Someone circling someone's eye  
Pulled the wings off a butterfly  
? the handle into reverse  
Just like you did it on purpose

Everybody is faceless  
Stone cold and stateless  
Form? a line to redemption  
To re-increase the tension  
Grab a gun while they're still hot  
Well if you like it or not  
Dream a negative dream for me  
Adjust a hand over free

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