

The Cutter

Echo & the Bunnymen

Who's on the seventh floor
Brewing alternatives
What's in the bottom drawer
Waiting for things to give Spare us the cutter
Spare us the cutter
Couldn't cut the mustard Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean Come to the free for all
With seven tapered knives
Some of them six feet tall
We will escape our lives Spare us the cutter
Spare us the cutter
Couldn't cut the mustard Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean Am I the happy loss
Will I still recoil
When the skin is lost
Am I the worthy cross
Will I still be soiled
When the dirt is off Conquering myself
Until I see another hurdle approaching
Say we can, say we will
Not just another drop in the ocean, ocean Watch the fingers close
When the hands are cold Am I the happy loss
Will I still recoil
When the skin is lost
Am I the worthy cross
Will I still be soiled
When the dirt is off Am I the happy loss
Will I still recoil
When the skin is lost

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