

Cut to Pieces

Knucklehead

You know we all tried to warn you, we seen it before
She's a cat with a mouse and she'll always leave you dead on the floor
You thought it was luck when she asked your name, and for a few weeks there she was entertained
To you it was something, to her it was just a game

Cut to peaces..

Now you're hanging your head in the corner alone at the bar
And the whole damn room's been watching, they know who you are
And you're raising your hand for another, shot, she was running with you and now she's not
Another poor bastard who didn't deserve what he got

Cut to peaces...

Lyrics submitted by Rod Beaudry.

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