

Hammer

Kitchens of Distinction

I am the sinner with only socks on.
They huddle around me and cross their arms.
Seeking chaos in injury
Fear of breathing close to me. Hammer it home I want to hammer it in.
Take the lot on and never give in.
You don't know the pain it can cause
You don't know how far we had got. Now there is blood swirling inside of me.
I cannot cut it and hurl it away.
The problem returner a gift from hell
It licks and holds onto your fear. Hammer it home I want to hammer it in.
Take the lot on and never give in.
You don't know the pain it can cause
You don't know how far we'd got. Hammer it home if you'll believe me still
And my surprise at this kill.
What would you do if you were like me
Taken in when he said That he wanted to take me home
And he takes me up to his room
And he says no no no no it's good
But it's a last fatal fuck. Then you know that love is hell.

Songwriters

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