Guts

John Cale

The bugger in the short sleeves fucked my wife
Did it quick and split
Back home, fresh as a daisy to Maisy, oh MaisyAnd the twelve-bore it stood in the corner
Quite operatic in its self disgust
It blew him all over the living room floor
Like parrot shit, parrot spit, parrot shit was shotNow suppose it was someone familiar
Someone we all would know
Embarrassing denouement, ne c'est pas?
Familiar hyperboleAnd there would go the secret plot
The piss had missed the hole in the pot
Like that ancient teenage dream
From soul to poison, soul to poison, soulGuts, guts, got no guts
And stitches don't help at all
Guts, guts, got no gutsHoles in the body, holes in the legs
Holes in the forehead, holes in the head
Holes in the body, holes in the legs
There should never be holes at all
There should never be holes at allSo kill all you want or more
Make sure, do it right
Dead is dead and door nails forgetAnd then you'll notice
How the waster and the wasted
Get to look like one anotherIn the end, in the end
In the end, in the end
In the end, in the end
In the end, in the end

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