

# Survival

## Shudder to Think

I put up a song  
sad  
to grease the temple  
start in the middle  
with no hands, no fans to hit me like you do  
I would rather be wrong than to burn forever, mired in achy blue  
The flames they love you but my lips catch  
fire I put up a sign said, "Grease the temple." Startled Tomatoes.  
It sounds like nothing so hip me to the till.  
We would rather belong than to spend our lives cold obfuscate by will  
I feel some lectric bass is up to Hill. Survival. We fight over who comes along.  
We let the dew drops beat us black and blue,  
balloons write the songs. Mistreat me like the the boy you knew  
who sings his life along, and  
spins you like a fool top.  
How long wait STOP I put up a song  
sad  
to grease the temple, start in the middle with no hands  
no hands to hit me like I like  
You can hammer these long words  
and sentences into obscenes you like  
I feel I'm missing;  
bait, just off the mike Survival. We Fight over who comes along. We let the dew drops beat us black and blue,  
balloons light the lawns. Treat me like the the boy you knew  
who swings his life along, and sings you like a fool song.  
How long wait STOP Feet don't want to drag. You lucky Jew,  
you're spot on. Let's see those fingers, hon.  
Spit out your gum and sing along.  
Ooo your luck is through. They all still speak of your sweet decisions, son.  
About a suitcase junky bum.

Lyrics provided by

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