

Rats (Live in Flint)

Clutch

Rats over the dishes, rats over the dishes
Please tell me what the ratties say
Please tell me what the ratties say
Rats over the dishes And God is certainly the genius
To expose the human weakness Rats over the dishes, rats over the dishes
Please tell me what the ratties say
Please tell me what the ratties say
Rats over the dishes And to think that this was once my home
But now some sick bastard's pleasure dome
They say to build a better man trap
The rats, they will beat a path to your door And the doorway is a cutaway of flesh and bone
And the doorway is a cutaway of flesh and bone
Lay me down upon a bed of roses
Lay me down upon a bed of roses Rats, rats, rats, beat a path to my door
[Incomprehensible] build a better man trap
And the rats will beat a path to your door
Build a better man trap
And the rats will beat a path to your door Build a better man trap
And the rats will beat a path to your door
Build a better man trap
And the rats will beat a path to your door

Songwriters

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