

# New Fang

## Them Crooked Vultures

New fang,  
no thang.  
Had it made  
to parade,  
found a sucker,  
now I want another. Stand up,  
step aside,  
open wide,  
handing out and on  
Until the feelings gone Want to?  
Yes, I do.  
Wanna learn,  
taking turns getting carpet burns. Loose lips,  
lipstick spit.  
Come or go,  
I think it's both I gotta know. Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,  
I think you've got me confused with a better man.  
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,  
Say, you've got me confused... I need a better man. No slack,  
cadillac,  
couldn't quit,  
gums flap so  
Here's your teeth back Accept  
what I left  
far behind in a time  
when my mind was like a landmine. Tailgate,  
by the lake,  
too much, too young,  
every button gonna come undone. Tightrope,  
no joke,  
nothing left,  
so you go baroque. Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,  
I said you've got me confused with a better man.  
Sometimes you break a finger on the upper hand,  
I know you've got me confused... Here we come,  
Here we come, New fang, passing out on...  
No point waiting around for New fang passing out and...  
No more waiting around-ah New fang, New fang  
Now you gotta wait? No! New fang, newwww-oh Now you gotta wait, no more

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>