

Fork Down Throat

Babes In Toyland

Take your fucking fork
And shove it down your own throat
And stop pretending to try to be
That infamous stupid raincoat Well, I dare to confess
'Cause there's an army with me Nine oceans away
Don't even bother me
Well, I can't believe it Things are building from memories they guard
And still you're getting in my way Get out of my way
Nine oceans away
Don't even bother me
I can't believe it Gaze awe vision from my incision
Starved skinny little man Don't even bother me
I can't believe it Gaze awe vision from my incision
Starved skinny little Jack Face up, Catholic black
You're a writer
You better write quick
'Cause your papers on fire

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