Guts

Alex Winston

Stronghold in my poor soul
You come around, you come around, you come after me
And sweat cold tenfold and you come around, after meI know you're alive, throw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have known
God damn you're alive, threw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have knownBut I, I, I
My body's full of guts and other stuff
I, I, I
My body's full enough
To pull myself out, to pull myself out
To pull myself out, to pull myself outSad sword with the pitchfork,
Got me spun around, spun around, spun on the spit
And move quick, why pick from your mix
You wash it down, you wash it down and see how it sitsI know you're alive, throw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have known
God damn you're alive, threw me into the fire
Man I should have known, I should have knownBut I, I, I, My body's full of guts and other stuff
I, I, I, My body's full enough
To pull myself out, to pull myself out
To pull myself out, to pull myself outYou, let the bottom drop out, it's such a copout
You led me to the slaughter, but I'm someone's daughter
You let the bottom drop out, it's such a copout don't you feel ashamed?
You led me to the slaughter, but I'm someone's daughter, I'm someone's daughter
You let the bottom drop out, it's such a copout don't you feel ashamed?
You led me to the slaughter, but I'm someone's daughterMy body's full of guts and other stuff
My body's full enough
To pull myself out, to pull myself out
To pull myself out, to pull myself out

Songwriters
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