Oh, Injury

Rasputina

Oh, my sweet love
He built a rotary cuffHis shoulder got smashed
He's gotta mend and repair a device
To work where he got hit by the blastOh, woe is he
Unable to see in front of his face
A mistreated machine can start acting meanIt can crack up all over the placeOh, injury
What a nasty woundHere, let me seeIf you put metal inside of a man
He can work much faster than you can
With a toothpick, a penknife, a can openerOh, injuryOne kind of folk, they don't know it's broke
The others don't care
They just sit and complain about some imagined pain
About some uncle who fell down the stairs"Since he got hurt
He don't go to work
We try to get by
He just sits in his chair
With a glazed-over stareWe can't help but ask ourselves why"Oh, injuryOh, injuryOh, injuryWhat a nasty wound
Here, let me seeIf you put metal inside of a man
He can work much faster than you canWith a toothpick, a penknife, a can openerOh, injury

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