

How To Handle A Rope (A Lesson In The Lariat)

Queens of the Stone Age

Too late to think & filter anymore
A bitter pill to swallow cause maybe you're..
..In a blanket haze of ephedrine
I'm wonderin' where the hell you been
So come on and right this wrong, you know You got it all right
You got a feeling
I'd rather open up my wrist, let it go
You got it all right
You got a feeling
There's devils and ropes around your neck
You can't even know
You can't hear it?
Can't hear it Ain't got a mind to deal with anymore
Saboteur! infiltrator! maybe more.
If you're not blind and deaf, how can we pollute your head?
So come on and right this wrong, you know And I got it all right
I got a feeling
You'd rather open up your wrist, and let it go
I got it all right, yeah
I got a feeling
There's devils and ropes around my neck I can't even know
'Cause they can't hear it
Can't hear it
Can't hear it
Can't hear it

Songwriters

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