

# Paper Cuts

## Hatchet Men

When I'm feeling tired  
She puts food through the door  
I crawl towards the cracks of light  
Sometimes I can't find my way  
Newspapers spread around  
Soaking all that they can  
A cleaning is due again  
A good hosing down  
The lady whom I feel maternal love for  
Cannot look me in the eyes  
But I see hers and they are blue  
And they cock and twist and masturbate

I said so!

I said so!

I said so!

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Black windows of paint  
I scratch with my nails  
I see others just like me  
Why do they not try to escape?  
They bring out the older ones  
They point at my way  
They come with the flashing lights  
And take my family away  
And very later I have learned to  
Accept some friends of ridicule  
My whole existence is for your amusement  
And that is why I'm here with you  
To take me with your eyes

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana

Nirvana  
Nirvana

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