

S.K.A.

Meat Puppets

Here we go again
Of what's left of the fool on the floor
And here once again
Through the cellar and out through the back door
And I don't want a lose it
Tattooed on my thought on no more
It takes me back there
Straight back to 1904
And they say awake no more
And they stay awake no more
The guns were cryin'
And lowered the bar on the door
They hate thee, hate thee
Because they are soul lost and poor
And they say awake no more
And they stay awake no more
And here we go again
Through what's left of a hole on the floor
And back through the cellar
And out of what's left of the back door
And here we go again through
What's left in the hole on the floor
And out through the cellar
And out of what's left of the back door

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