

# The Red List (Blockhead Remix)

## Hail Mary Mallon

Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out We been at odds with our sins  
We seen 'em crawl from the deep  
We went too far, then we came back  
And now we're falling asleep  
It's been a shadowy war  
It's been a horrible year  
It's been the corner of adored  
And feared in fourth gear  
Part bear part.....barely there in rare heirlooms  
Eyes like the size of an urn in a smurf's spare room  
First dig it's weapons and low fives  
And the rest get to sweat and peck at their own eyes  
Pass out.....Hash browns over home fries  
All spinning bowties and hideous bone piles Close to the cloak and joke with a broke style No smile hotel robe in  
the bulk aisle  
Hail Mary on a hell-bound round-trip  
Clack horns with various rebel outfits  
Marginal charisma lived over brownies  
Lived over Jewson's with the reubens and the house thieves Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out We been a mouthful of beer  
We been a down on our luck  
We been an out on our ear

In theory louder than fuck It's been a hole in the head  
It's been a series of gaffes  
It's been a missionary meddling  
In mysterious craft  
And three the hard way March into harm's way, so what?  
Hem and haw getting all "our day will come"  
With barmaids that cuss and come from the rough side  
Where they shrug at the fuzz and bust like a cup size  
Just die Punks run from the unkind bloodline  
Sock full of drugs on the one nine, dumb high The moonshine runners with their buckets full of mudslides Ten  
erratic moods that commune around a plus sign  
Vulnerable species, life on the red list  
Poached in the city now he hides in the wetlands  
Monologue on a cross doing headstands From the coast where the goats grow up with a deadpan Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Bleak readout  
Leave me out  
Speak freely to be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out  
Be out, be out, be out My DJ is Whiz, when he plays he wins, he go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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