Black Mamba

Cut Hands

We've got one chance to break out
And we need it now
'Cause I'm sick and tired of waiting
Sick of this fucking apartmentLove me or leave me or rip me apart
This is the voice that I was given and if you don't like it
Take a long walk off of the shortest pier
You can find and I'll be singing it out, I'll be singingOh, Mr. Magazine
I never wrote one single thing for you
Or your so-called music scene
You don't mean a thing to mePick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Well, pick it up, pick it up, you need it too
Pick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Pick it up, pick it upWhen they review the debut
What if the critics hate you
Don't worry 'cause they might just
Catch somebody off their feetWell, they can love it or leave it or rip it apart
We're living what we're singing
So I guess that's a step in the right direction
Clever composition and the honesty, honestyOh, Mr. Magazine
I never wrote one single thing for you
Or your so-called music scene
You both mean shit to mePick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Well, pick it up, pick it up, you need it too
Pick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Pick it up, pick it upSo save your breath and the money you spent
Go work in retail, spare the suspense
Just don't take chances on anything at all
Anything at allSo afraid of anything that may not come that easy
Too afraid of anything, you may not have seen before
So afraid of anything that may not come that easy
Too afraid of anything that may notPick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Well, pick it up, pick it up, you need it too
Pick it up, pick it up, what you wanted
Pick it up, pick it upSo save your breath and the money you spent
Go work in retail, spare the suspense
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