Nausea

Cut Off Your Hands

I'm fuckin' sick of you
One more time you've gotten into my head
I've let your words get into me
Every time I try to talk you never listen
You got the answers I don't know a thing
But you ask me what these lights are in my eyes
They're a freight train ahead
And they're straight comin' your way
You've tied yourself down to the tracks
Now you want help from me to cut you free
If it was me my hour of need
You'd leave me there to bleed
I'm fuckin' sick of you all that shit you're pullin'
You're fuckin' attitude had better go on
You cheat and you lie and you stole and denied
And you turned on your friends
When you burned all those bridges
This time you won't be gettin' under my skin
What you had I've taken away
Tell me what you're gonna do it doesn't matter
You're always talkin' it don't mean a thing
So ask me what these lights are in my eyes
They're a freight train ahead
And they're straight comin' your way
You've tied yourself down to the tracks
Now you want help from me to cut you free
If it was me my hour of need
You'd leave me there to bleed
I'm fuckin' sick of you all that shit you're pullin'
You're fuckin' attitude had better go on
You cheat and you lie and you stole and denied
And you turned on your friends
When you burned all those bridges, believe
Well you sat there and cried
As these words came to glide
Through your delicate skin
Leavin' blood on these pages
So how does it feel
To be at one with the fate I seal

They're a freight train ahead
And they're straight comin' your way
You've tied yourself down to the tracks
Now you want help from me to cut you free
If it was me my hour of need
You'd leave me there to bleed
So where's the fuckin' life
'Cause I'm fuckin' sick of you
All that shit you're pullin'
You're fuckin' attitude had better go on
You cheat and you lie and you stole and denied
And you turned on your friends
When you burned all those bridges

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