You Know That Ain't Them Dogs' Real Voice

iwrestledabearonce

Shed your skin girl, shed your skin
Dance for him like your mother used to
Just like your father taught you to do
He couldn't help but laugh at the girl
Ripping out eyes from his head
Why don't you believe me
When I tell you you're fucking intimidating?
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
I am the can that holds dirty water
I am the canvas you paint with
I'll be the can that holds dirty water this time
(Mice scratching at the walls in your head,
Mice scratching at the walls in your head)
I am the can that holds dirty water
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
Trust is not a word that dabbles around our block
Drink it down like you have the strength of fifty men
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
I am the can that holds dirty water
I am the canvas you paint with
I am the can that holds dirty water this time
Luck will hit the habitat
Luck will hit the habitat
Mice scratching at the walls in your head
Mice scratching at the walls in your head
Funnier every time I see it
Funnier every time I feel it
Every time I lose it
Funnier every time I lose it
Mice scratching at the walls in your head
Mice scratching at the walls in our heads
(inside of me, inside of you)
Luck will hit the habitat
(inside of me, inside of you)
Luck will hit the habitat

Lyrics submitted by Corpses.

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