

# Down To This

## Soul Coughing

You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists  
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists  
You get the ankles and I'll get the wrists  
You come down to this Nerves are up  
And the eyes all screwy  
Blood like a painful  
Of boiling ratatouille My muscles in a mess  
Like a mess of spaghetti  
Hack through the mess  
With a greased-up machete Hang from the axles of a box car  
Follow the dotted line  
Like a steer to Chicago  
But to the hooks of the Chicago man I get all tripped up  
My eyes turn to water  
Rug burns from a shag rug  
Struck dumb in the presence Polyester burns from a jacket  
Rub the skin thin  
Break down in a diner  
Then I paid the bill Cashier toothpick stuck in the ground  
Tiny lawnmower to mow me down  
I could get lost in a lunch box  
Lie low in the mittens in the lost and found

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