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 thisNerves are up
And the eyes all screwy
Blood like a painful
Of boiling ratatouilleMy muscles in a mess
Like a mess of spaghetti
Hack through the mess
With a greased-up macheteHang from the axles of a box car
Follow the dotted line
Like a steer to Chicago
But to the hooks of the Chicago manI get all tripped up
My eyes turn to water
Rug burns from a shag rug
Struck dumb in the presencePolyester burns from a jacket
Rub the skin thin
Break down in a diner
Then I paid the billCashier 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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