

Spleen Merchant

Clutch

When I die you can cut me up and take all that you please
But pity the poor dumb fool who gets my bleeding spleen
Corn pone, I born tomorrow, my bone marrow protein filled
Scotch whiskey men of stain have come to split your skillsHey, hey
I got your heaven
I got your burning hell
I got it all right hereWrap them tight in zip-lock bags to benefit good medicines
If bad you can toss them back and stuff them in sausages
Isn't it something so becoming, a gentlemen of good taste
The appetizer's quite the pleaser
But might you pass the pepper please this wayHey, hey
I got your heaven
I got your burning hell
I got it all right hereFertilizer makes your corn row higher
But makes your back yard stink
And all the crows know where the wind blows
Where water sinksHey, hey
I got your heaven
I got your burning hell
I got it all right here

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