

Paper Chase, The "I Did A Terrible Thing"

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I did a terrible thing
When I monkey wrenched your circuitry,
And when they finally got to me
I'd built a monster worst than me,
Far worse than you

And I have become such an ungrateful man
Just to hear those words you whispered out
And I snickered in between
The checkpoint, the boot hill, the ass in me
Says some things still best left unsheathed
Or out come the knives

So retire to your anthill,
And cover tire tracks, and learn to choke it back
And when they get to you they'll see that
I did a terrible thing
I did a terrible thing
With a sober mind

Make no mistake
I just couldn't stop the hands
When you're happy and you're safe
You'll do anything to keep it that way
So do you need the baseball bat
And do you need something elite
Do you need that to feel safe,
Do you need that to feel safe?

(for example) Last night I took my sharpest blade
And I cut my tent another five-inch slit
And I made sure I get away
And when our weary heads hit our sleeping bags
The brutal honesty can tend to spill out and me
I like to whisk you all away
Whisk you all away
Whisk you all away
With my terrible mind

And when they finally get past
All of your once tightly seriesed

The check the point the charlies
And when we finally get past their doors
We can hate these sinners
The way we hurt our fathers
And when we finally get past their doors
We can hate these sinners
I hear the boots in the hallway again

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