

Paper Chase, The "Out Come The Knives"

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Did sweet daddy die square on your birthday
In some macabish attempt to see you rue the day
Or appear in the end and be happy he made it back,
To be just in time to cut the cake
And watch you boil alive in your own butterscotch
His ghost might appear as a venomous backlash
His ghost might appear as a motive in fear
And everyone tells you there's nobody down there
In between the chinging glasses
Where they eat up slow down too awkward again

Did sweet daddy die square on your birthday
In some macabish attempt to see you rue the day again
So here comes the pride
And out stretched the hand that we chop and cut clean,
And here come the chefs
So ante up the bets to see how long it will be,
So out come the knives
And down swings the axe the one you sharpened with
me
So here comes the pride
Here comes the pride
Here comes the pride

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